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KING HENRY IV.—part I.
Act II. Sc. IV.

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УДАЛО! ОБОТНАТ

CONTENTS OF VOL. IV.

| | | |
|--|-----------|-----|
| <i>The First Part of Henry the Fourth</i> | . . . | 1 |
| <i>The Second Part of Henry the Fourth</i> | . . . | 93 |
| <i>The Life of Henry the Fifth</i> | | 189 |
| <i>The First Part of Henry the Sixth</i> | | 283 |

ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOL. FOURTH.

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| | |
|---|---------------|
| The First Part of Henry the Fourth. <i>Act II.,</i> <i>Sc. IV.</i> | To face Title |
| The Second Part of Henry the Fourth. <i>Act V., Sc. V.</i> | 93 |
| The Life of Henry the Fifth. <i>Act I., Sc. II.</i> . . . | 189 |
| The First Part of Henry the Sixth. <i>Act II., Sc. V.</i> . . | 283 |



The First Part of Henry the Fourth,
with the Life and Death of HENRY
Sirnamed HOT-SPURRE.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland,
with others.*

King.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breath shortwinded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in Stronds a-farre remote :

No more the thirsty entrance of this Soile,
Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood :
No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields,
Nor bruise her Flowrets with the Armed hooves
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heaven,
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shocke,
And furious cloze of civil Butchery,
Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming ranks
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allie.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends,

As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ,
 Whose Souldier now under whose blessed Crosse
 We are impressed and ingag'd to fight.
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levie,
 Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,
 To chase these Pagans in those holy Fields,
 Over whose Acres walk'd those blessed feete
 Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd
 For our advantage on the bitter Crosse.
 But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
 And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we will go :
 Therefore we meete not know. Then let me heare
 Of you my gentle Cousin Westmerland,
 What yesternight our Councell did decree,
 In forwarding this deere expedience.

West. My Liege : This haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the Charge set downe
 But yesternight : when all athwart there came
 A Post from Wales, loaden with heavy Newes ;
 Whose worst was, That the Noble *Mortimer*,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered :
 Upon whose dead corpes there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shamelesse transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
 (Without much shame) re-told or spoken of.

King. It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
 Brake off our businesse for the Holy land.

West. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,
 Farre more uneven and unwelcome Newes
 Came from the North, and thus it did report :
 On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspurre* there,
 Young *Harry Percy* and brave *Archibald*,

That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At *Holmeden* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre :
As by discharge of their Artillerie,
And shape of likely-hood the newes was told :
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Heere is a deere and true industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,
Strain'd with the variation of each soyle,
Betwixt that *Holmeden*, and this Seat of ours :
And he hath brought us smooth and welcomes newes.
The Earle of *Dowglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedons* Plaines. Of Prisoners, *Hotspurre* tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle of *Atboll*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable spoyle ?
A gallant prize ? Ha Cosin, is it not ? Infaith it is.

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin,
In envy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne :
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue ;
Among'st a Grove, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride :
Whil'st I by looking on the' praise of him,
See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prov'd,
That some Night-tripping-Faiery, had exchang'd
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet* :

Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine :
 But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze
 Of this young *Percies* pride ? The Prisoners
 Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
 To his owne use he keepes, and sends me word
 I shall have none but *Morduke* Earle of *Fife*.

West. This is his Unckles teaching. This is Worcester
 Malevolent to you in all Aspects :
 Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle up
 The crest of Youth against your Dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this :
 And for this cause a-while we must neglect
 Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
 Cosin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold
 At Windsor, and so informe the Lords :
 But come your selfe with speed to us againe,
 For more is to be said, and to be done,
 Then out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will my Liege.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Falstaffe,
 and Pointz.*

Fal. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it Lad ?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde Sacke,
 and unbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping upon Benches
 in the afternoone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly,
 which thou wouldest truly know. What a divell hast thou to do
 with the time of the day ? unlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and
 minutes Capons, and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls
 the signes of Leaping-houses, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a
 faire hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata ; I see no reason,

why thou shouldest bee so superfluous, to demanda the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*, for we that take Purse, go by the Moone and seven Starres, and not by Phœbus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God save thy Grace, Majesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt have none.

Prin. What, none?

Fal. No, not so much as will serve to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd Theeves of the Dayes beautie. Let us be *Dianaes* Forresters, Gentlemen of the Shade. Minions of the Moone; and let them say, we be men of good Government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chast mistris the Moone, under whose countenance we steale.

Prin. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too: for the fortune of us that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and flow like the Sea, beeing governed as the Sea is, by the Moone; as for prooffe. Now a Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday Morning; got with swearing, Lay by: and spent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Fal. Thou say'st true Lad: and is not my Hostesse of the Taverne a most sweet Wench?

Prin. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Castle: and is not a Buffe Jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to doe with a Buffe-Jerkin?

Prin. Why, what a poxe have I to doe with my Hostesse of the Taverne?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reck'ning many a time and oft.

Prin. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile give thee thy due, thou hast paid al there.

Prin. Yea and elsewhere, so farre as my Coine would stretch, aud where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it heere apparant, that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag; shall there be Gallowes standing in England when thou art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rustie curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Ile be a brave Judge.

Prin. Thou judgest false already. I meane, thou shalt have the hanging of the Theeves, and so become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well *Hal*, well: and in some sort it jumpes with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prin. For obtaining of suites?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare.

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Lovers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

Prin. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moore Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury smiles, and art indeed the most comparative rascaldest sweet yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the street about you sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet hee talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.

Prin. Thou didst well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme unto me *Hal*, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee *Hal*, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man shold speake truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: and I do not. I am a Villaine, Ile be damn'd for never a Kings sonne in Christendome.

Prin. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, Jacke?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and I doe not, call me Villaine, and baffle me.

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee: From Praying, to Purse-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation *Hal*: 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his Vocation.

Pointz. Now shall wee know if Gads hill have set a Watch. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine, that ever cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow *Ned*.

Paines. Good morrow sweet *Hal*. What saies Monsieur Remoraë? What sayes Sir John Sacke and Sugar: Jacke? How agrees the Divell and thee about thy Soule, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir John stands to his word, the divel shall have his bargaine, for he was never yet a Breaker of Proverbs: *He will give the divell his due.*

Pain. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the divell.

Prin. Elæe he had damn'd for cozening the divell.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Pursees. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for your selves: Gads-hill lyes to night in Rochester, I have bespoke

Supper to morrow in Eastcheape; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stuffe your Purses full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poy. Sir *John*, I prythee leave the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, maist thou have the Spirit of perswasion; and he the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may move; and what he heares may be beleev'd, that the true Prince, may (for recreation sake) prove a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Farwell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

Prin. Farwell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer.

Poy. Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a jest to execute, that I cannot mannage alone.

Falstaffe, *Harvey*, *Rossill*, and *Gads-bill*, shall robbe those men that wee have already way-layde, your selfe and I, wil not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

Prin. But how shal we part with them in setting forth?

Poy. Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to

faile ; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner atchieved, but wee'l set upon them.

Prin. I, but tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment to be our selves.

Poy. Tut our horses they shall not see, Ile tye them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leave them : and sirrah, I have Cases of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poin. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred Cowards as ever turn'd backe : and for the third if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear Armes. The vertue of this Jest will be, the incomprehensible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell us, when we meete at Supper : how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured ; and in the reproofe of this, lyes the jest.

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, provide us all things necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile sup. Farewell.

Poy. Farewell, my Lord.

Exit Pointz.

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while uphold
The unyoak'd humor of your idlenesse :
Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes
To smother up his Beauty from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foule and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holidiaies,
To sport, would be as tedious as to worke ;
But when they seldome come, they wisht-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So when this loose behaviour I throw off,

And pay the debt I never promised ;
By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright Mettall on a sullen ground :
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no soyle to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspurre,
Sir Walter Blunt, and others.*

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stirre at these indignities,
And you have found me ; for accordingly,
You tread upon my patience : But be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition
Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, soft as yong Downe,
And therefore lost that Title of respect,
Which the proud soule ne're payes, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my Sovereigne Liege) little deserves
The scourge of greatnesse to be used on it,
And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands
Have holpe to make so portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worcester get thee gone : for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And Majestie might never yet endure
The moody Frontier of a servant brow,
You have good leave to leave us. When we need

Your use and counsell, we shall send for you.
You were about to speake.

North. Yes, my good Lord.
Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* heere at *Holmedon* tooke,
Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied
As was delivered to your Majesty :
Who either through envy, or misprision,
Was guilty of this fault ; and not my Sonne.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle,
Breathlesse, and Faint, leaning upon my Sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest ;
Freshe as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt,
Shew'd like a stubble Land at Harvest home.
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held
A Pouncet-box : which ever and anon
He gave his Nose, and took't away againe :
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in Snuffe. And still he smil'd and talk'd :
And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught Knaves, Unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome Coarse
Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.
With many Holiday and Ladie tearme
He question'd me : Among the rest, demanded
My Prisoners, in your Majesties behalfe.
I then, all-smarting, with my wounds being cold,
(To be so pestered with a Poppingay)
Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience,
Answer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,
He should, or should not : For he made me mad,
To see him shide so briake, and smell so sweet,

And talke so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds : God save the marke ;
And telling me, the Sovereign'st thing on earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruise :
And that it was great pitty, so it was,
That villainous Salt-peter should be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the harmlesse Earth,
Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd
So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes,
He would himselfe have beene a Souldier.
This bald, unjoynted Chat of his (my Lord)
Made me to answer indirectly (as I said.)
And I beseech you, let not this report
Come currant for an Accusation,
Betwixt my Love, and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord,
What ever *Harry Percie* then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably dye, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,
But with Proviso and Exception,
That we at our owne charge, shall ransome straight
His Brother-in-Law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
Who (in my soule) hath wilfully betraid
The lives of those, that he did leade to Fight,
Against the great Magitian, damn'd *Glendower* :
Whose daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,
Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treason, and indent with Feares,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves.
No : on the barren Mountaine let him sterve :

For I shall never hold that man my Friend,
Whose tongue shall aske me for one peny cost
To ransome home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*?

He never did fall off, my Sovereigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,
Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Severnes siedgie banke.
In single Opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Upon agreement, of swift Severnes flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,
Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his crise-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-stained with these Valiant Combatants.
Never did base and rotten Policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the Noble *Mortimer*
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be sland'red with Revolt.

King. Thou do'st bely him *Percy*, thou dost bely him;
He never did encounter with *Glendower*:
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the divell alone,
As *Owe Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But sirrah, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*.
Send me your Prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me
As will displease ye. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We License your departure with your sonne,
Send us your Prisoners, or you'll heare of it.

Exit King.

Hot. And if the divell come and roare for them

I will not send them. I will after straight
And tell him so : for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunke with choller? stay & pause awhile,
Heere comes your Unckle. *Enter Worcester.*

Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?
Yes, I will speake of him, and let my soule
Want mercy, if I do not joyne with him.
In his behalfe, Ile empty all these Veines,
And shed my deere blood drop by drop i'th dust,
But I will lift the downfall *Mortimer*
As high i'th Ayre, as this Unthankfull King,
As this Ingrate and Cankred *Bullingbrooke*.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.

Wor. Who strooke this heate up after I was gone?

Hot. He will (forsooth) have all my Prisoners :
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my Wives Brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him : was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

Nor. He was : I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon) did set forth
Upon his Irish Expedition ;
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and shortly murthered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft I pray you ; did King *Richard* then
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,
Heyre to the Crowne?

Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,

That wish'd him on the barren Mountaines starv'd.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne
Upon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake, wore the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergoe,
Being the Agents, or base second meanes.
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range under this subtile King.
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalfe
(As Both of you, God pardon it, have done)
To put down *Richard*, that sweet lovely Rose,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker *Bullingbrooke*?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No: yet time serves, wherein you may redeeme
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selves
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Revenge the geering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the Debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody Payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say ——

Wor.

Peace Cousin, say no more.

And now I will unclasp a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyving Discontents,
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and adventurous Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud

On the instant footing of a Speare.

Hst. If he fall in good night, or sink or swimme :
Send danger from the East unto the West,
So Honor come it from the North to South,
And let them grapple : The blood more stives
To rowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare.

Nw. Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hst. By heaven, me thinks it were an easie leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or dive into the bottom of the deepe,
Where Fadome-line could never touch the ground,
And plucke up drowned Honor by the Lockes :
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-sivall, all her Dignities :
But out upon this pale-fac'd Fellowship.

Nw. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend :
Good Cousin give me audience for a-while,
And list to me.

Hst. I cry you mercy.

Nw. Those same Noble Scottes
That are your Prisoners.

Hst. Ile keep them all.
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them :
No, if a Scot would save his Soule, he shall not.
Ile keep them by this Hand.

Nw. You start away,
And lend no eare unto my purposes.
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

Hst. Nay, I will ; that's flat :
He said, he would not ransom *Mortimer* :
Forbad my tongue to speake of *Mortimer*,
But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe,
And in his care, Ile holla *Mortimer*.

Nay, Ile have a Starling shall be taught to speake
Nothing but *Martinez*, and give it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion.

War. Heare you Cousin : a word.

Hos. All stacies heere I solemnly defie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.
But that I thinke his Father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have poyson'd him with a pot of Ale.

War. Farewell Kinsman : Ile talke to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

Nor. Why what a Waspe-tongu'd & impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne ?

Hos. Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods,
Netled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke*.

In *Richards* time : What de'ye call the place ?

A plague upon't, it is in Gloustershire :

'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Uncle kept,

His Uncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke* :

When you and he came backe from Ravenspargh.

Nor. At Barkley Castle.

Hos. You say true :

Why what a candie deale of curtesie,

This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me.

Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,

And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kinde Cousin :

O, the Divell take such Couzeners, God forgive me,

Good Uncle tell your tale, for I have done.

War. Nay, if you have not, too't againe,

Wee'l stay your leysure.

Hos.

I have done insooth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransome straight,
And make the *Dowglas* sonne your onely meane
For powres in Scotland: which for divers reasons
Which I shall send you writtē, be assur'd
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Sonne in Scotland being thus imploy'd,
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate, well belov'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of Yorke, is't not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
 His Brothers death at *Bristow*, the Lord *Scroope*.
 I speake not this in estimation,
 As what I thinke might be, but what I know
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
 And onely stayes but to behold the face
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it :

Upon my life, it will do wond'rous well.

Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a Noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
To joyne with *Mortimer*, Ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. Infaith it is exceedingly well aym'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads, by raising of a Head :
For, beare our selves as even as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke, we thinke our selves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth beginne
To make us strangers to his lookes of love.

Hot. He does, he does; wee'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be sodainly :
Ile steale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Douglas*, and our powres at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hos. Uncle, adieu : O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1. *Car.* Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be hang'd.
Charles waine is over the new Chimney, and yet our horse not
packt. What Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few Flockes
in the point : the poore Jade is wrung in the withers, out of all
cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

2. *Car.* Pease and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog, and this
is the next way to give poore Jades the Bottes : This house is
turned upside downe since *Robin* the Ostler dyed.

1. *Car.* Poore fellow never joy'd since the price of oats rose,
it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I thinke this is the most villanous house in al London
rode for Fleas : I am stung like a Tench.

1. *Car.* Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Chris-
tendome, could be better bit, then I have beene since the first
Cocke.

2. *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne're a'Jourden, and then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. *Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hangd: come away.

2. *Car.* I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be delivered as farre as Charing-crosse.

1. *Car.* The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starved. What Ostler? A plague on thee, hast thou never an eye in thy head? Can'st not heare? And t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villaine. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gelding in the stable.

1. *Car.* Nay soft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when, canst tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne (quoth-a) marry Ile see thee hang'd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come to London?

2. *Car.* Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Mugges*, wee'll call up the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they have great charge.

Exeunt.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

Gad. That's even as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: For thou variest no more from picking of Purses, then giving direction, doth from labouring. Thou lay'st the plot, how.

Cham. Good morrow Master *Gads-Hill*, it holds currant that

I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with him in Gold : I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at Supper ; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are up already, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S. Nicholas Clarks, Ile give thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it : I prythee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S. Nicholas as truly as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman ? If I hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with mee, and thou know'st hee's no Starveling. Tut, there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the Profession some grace ; that would (if matters should bee look'd into) for their owne Credit sake, make all Whole. I am joyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-staffe six-penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquillitie ; Bourgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can helde in, such as will strike sooner then speake ; and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray : and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Commonwealth ; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her : for they ride up & downe on her, and make hir their Bootes.

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Bootes ? Will she hold out water in foule way ?

Gad. She will, she will ; Justice hath liquor'd her. We steale as in a Castle, cocksure ; we have the receipt of Fern-seede, we walke invisible.

Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernseed, for your walking invisible.

Gad. Give me thy hand.
Thou shalt have a share in our purpose,

As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let mee have it, as you are a false Theefe.

Gad. Goe too: *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy Knave.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.

Poines. Come shelter, shelter, I have removed *Falstaffs* Horse, and he frets like a gum'd Velvet.

Prin. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. *Poines, Poines*, and be hang'd *Poines*.

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe.

Fas. What *Poines. Hal?*

Prin. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, Ile go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Theefe company: that Rascall hath removed my Horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travell but foure foot by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that Rogue, I have forsworne his company hourelly any time this two and twenty yeare, & yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Rascall have not given me medicines to make me love him, Ile be hang'd; it could not be else: I have drunke Medicines. *Poines, Hal*, a Plague upon you both. *Bardolph, Peto*: Ile starve ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leave these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that ever chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore & ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines knowe it well enough. A plague upon't, when Theeves cannot be true one to another.

They whistle.

Whew: a plague light upon you all. Give my Horse you Rogues: give me my Horse, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Travellers.

Fal. Have you any Leavers to lift me up again being downe? Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou ly'st, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prethee good Prince *Hal*, help me to my horse, good Kings sonne.

Prin. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparent Garters: If I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I have not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyson: when a jest is so forward, & a foote too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-bill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my will.

Prin. O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce:

Bardolfe, what newes?

Bar. Case ye, case ye; on with your Vizards, there's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd,

Prin. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned* and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob us?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir *John* Paunch?

Fal. Indeed I am not *John of Gaunt* your Grandfather: but yet no Coward, *Hal*.

Prin. Wee'l leave that to the prooffe.

Poin. Sirra Jacke, thy horse stands behinde the hedg, when thou need'st him, there thou shalt finde him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prin. *Ned*, where are our disguises?

Poin. Heere hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his businesse.

Enter Travellers.

Tra. Come Neighbor: the boy shall leade our Horses downe the hill: Wee'l walke a-foot a while, and ease our Legges.

Theeves. Stay.

Tra. Jesu blesse us.

Fal. Strike: down with them, cut the villains throates; a whorson Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaves, they hate us youth; downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaves, are you undone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. On Bacons on, what ye knaves? Yong men must live, you are Grand Jurers, are ye? Wee'l jure ye ifaith.

Heere they rob them, and binde them.

Enter the Prince and Poin.

Prin. The Theeves have bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeves, and go merily to London, it would be argument for a Weekke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good jest for ever.

Poynes. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter Theeves againe.

Fal. Come my Masters, let us share, and then to horse before day; and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrand Cowards

there's no equity stirring. There's no moe valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.

Prin. Your money.

Poin. Villaines.

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set upon them. They all run away, leaving the booty behind them.

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse: The Theeves are scattred, and possest with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good *Ned*, *Falstaffe* sweares to death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wer't not for laughing, I should pittie him.

Poin. How the Rogue roar'd.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Hotspurre solus, reading a letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could bee well contented to be there, in respect of the love I beare your house.

He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of the love he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loves his owne Barne better then he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertaine, the Time it selfe unsorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition.* Say you so, say you so: I say unto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-braine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our Friends true and constant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited

rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Uncle, and my Selfe, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my Lord of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendour*? Is there not besides, the *Douglas*? Have I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my selfe, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim'd Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I must leave you within these two hours.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
 For what offence have I this fortnight bin
 A banish'd woman from my *Harries* bed?
 Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee
 Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth?
 And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes?
 And given my Treasures and my rights of thee,
 To thicke-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly?
 In my faint-slumbers, I by thee have watcht,
 And heard thee murmore tales of Iron Warres:
 Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
 Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd
 Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,
 Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets,
 Of Basiliskes, of Canon, Culverin,
 Of Prisoners ransome, and of Souldiers slaine,
 And all the current of a headdy fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at Warre,
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleepe,
 That beds of sweate hath stood upon thy Brow,
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame;
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when men restraints their breath
 On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these?
 Some heauey businesse hath my Lord in hand,
 And I must know it: else he loves me not.

Hot. What ho; Is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those horses from the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What Horse? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not.

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will backe
 him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the
 Parke.

La. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What say'st thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my Love) my horse.

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not such a
 deale of Spleene, as you are tost with. In sooth Ile know your
 businesse *Harry*, that I will. I feare my Brother *Mortimer* doth
 stirre about his Title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize.
 But if you go——

Hot. So farre a foot, I shall be weary, Love.

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly unto this
 question, that I shall aske. Indeepe Ile breake thy little finger
Harry, if thou wilt not tel me true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler: Love, I love thee not,
 I care not for thee *Kate*: this is no world
 To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips.
 We must have bloodie Noses, and crack'd Crownes,

And passe them currant too. Gods me, my horse.
What say'st thou *Kate*? what wold'st thou have with me?

La. Do ye not love me? Do ye not indeed?
Well, do not then. For since you love me not,
I will not love my selfe. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in jest or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare
I love thee infinitely. But hearke you *Kate*,
I must not have you henceforth, question me,
Whether I go: nor reason whereabouts.
Whether I must, I must: and to conclude,
This Evening must I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wise, but yet no further wise
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecie,
No Lady closer. For I will beleewe
Thou wilt not utter what thou do'st not know,
And so farre wilt I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How so farre?

Hot. Not an inch further. But harke you *Kate*,
Whither I goe, thither shall you go too:
To day will I set forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you *Kate*?

La.

It must of force.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines. Where hast bene *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3. or foure-score Hogshheads. I have sounded the verie base string of

humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom, Dicke, and Francis*. They take it already upon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Curtesie: telling me flatly I am no proud Jack like *Falstaffe*, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I shall command al the good Laddes in East-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wer't not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under Skinker, one that never spake other English in his life, then *Eight shillings and six pence*, and, *You are welcome*: with this shril addition, *Anon, Anon sir, Score a Pint of Bastard in the Halfe Moone*, or so. But *Ned*, to drive away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prythee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end hee gave me the Sugar, and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: step aside, and Ile shew thee a President.

Poines. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poin. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon sir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet, *Ralfe*.

Prince. Come hither *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. How long hast thou to serve, *Francis*?

Fran. Forsooth five yeares, and as much as to——

Poin. *Francis.*

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. Five yeares : Berlady a long Lease for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it ?

Fran. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne upon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. How old art thou, *Francis* ?

Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shalbe—

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a penyworth, was't not ?

Fran. O Lord sir, I would it had bene two.

Prin. I will give thee for it a thousand pound : Aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Francis ? No Francis, but to morrow Francis : or Francis, on thursday : or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch.

Fran. O Lord sir, who do you meane ?

Prin. Why then your browne Bastard is your onely drinke : for looke you Francis, your white Canvas doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What sir ?

Poin. Francis.

Prin. Away you Rogue, dost thou heare them call ?

Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Looke to the Guests within: My Lord, olde Sir *John* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: shall I let them in?

Prim. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore.
Poines.

Enter Poines.

Poin. Anon, anon sir.

Prim. Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the rest of the Theeves, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Poin. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But hark yee, What cunning match have you made with this jest of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Prim. I am now of all humors, that have shewed themselves humors, since the old dayes of goodman *Adam*, to the pupill age of this present twelve a clock at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prim. That ever this Fellow should have fewer words then a Parret, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His industry is up-staires and down-staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hotspurre of the North, he that killes me some sixe or seauen dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and saies to his wife; Fie upon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet *Harry* sayes she, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Give my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answeres, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falstaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawne shall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rino*, sayes the drunkard. Call in *Ribs*, call in *Tallow*.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poin. Welcome Jacke, where hast thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too,

marry and Amen. Give me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, Ile sowe nether stockes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Give me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant ?

Prin. Didst thou never see Tⁱtan kisse a dish of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne ? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too : there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man ; yet a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Jacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring : there lives not three good men unhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a Weaver, I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Woolsacke, what mutter you ?

Fal. A Kings Sonne ? If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geese, Ile never weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales ?

Prin. Why you horson round man ? what's the matter ?

Fal. Are you not a Coward ? Answer me to that, and *Poinet* there ?

Prin. Ye fatch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward ? Ile see thee damn'd ere I call the Coward : but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe : Call you that backing of your friends ? a plague upon such backing : give me them that will face me. Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk'et last.

Falst. All's one for that.

He drinks.

A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Falst. What's the matter? here be foure of us, have ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.

Prince. Where is it, *Jack*? where is it?

Falst. Where is it? taken from us, it is: a hundred upon poore foure of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my sword hackt like a Hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Prince. Speake sirs, how was it?

Gad. We foure set upon some dozen.

Falst. Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. You Rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gad. As we were sharing, some sixe or seven fresh men set upon us.

Falst. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought yee with them all?

Falst. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fiftie upon poore olde *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poin. Pray Heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Falst. Nay, that's past praying for, I have pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I have payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my

face, call me Horse : thou knowest my olde word : here I lay, and thus I bore my point ; foure Rogues in Buckrom let drive at me.

Prince. What, foure ? thou sayd'st but two, even now.

Falst. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he said foure.

Falst. These foure came all a-front, and mainely thrust at me ; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seven points in my Targuet, thus.

Prince. Seven ? why there were but foure, even now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falst. Seven, by these Hiltz, or I am a Villaine else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Falst. Doest thou heare me *Hal* ?

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Jack*.

Falst. Doe so, for it is worth the listning too : these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more alreadie.

Falst. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Hose.

Falst. Began to give me ground : but I followed me close, came in foot and hand ; and with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

Prin. O monstrous ! eleven Buckrom men growne out of two ?

Falst. But as the Devill would have it, three mis-begotten Knaves, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let drive at me ; for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.

Prin. These Lyes are like the Father that begets them, grosse as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brayn'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horson obscene greasie Tallow Catch.

Falst. What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth, the truth ?

Prin. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reason *Jack*, your reason.

Falst. What, upon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would give no man a Reason upon compulsion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-presser, this Hors-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.

Falst. Away you Starveling, you Elfe-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulles-pissell, you stocke-fish: O for breth to utter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you sheath, you Bow-case, you vile standing tucke.

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe: and when thou hast tyr'd thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but thus.

Poin. Marke *Jacke*.

Prin. We two, saw you foure set on foure, and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and have it: yea, and can shew it you in the House. And *Falstaffe*, you caried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and still ranne and roar'd, as ever I heard Bull-Calse. What a Slave art thou, to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what device? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

Poines. Come, let's heare *Jacke*: What tricke hast thou now?

Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as

valiant as *Hercules*: but beware Instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you have the Mony. Hostesse, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a Play extemporary.

Prin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. A. no more of that *Hall*; and thou lovest me.

Enter Hostesse.

Host. My Lord, the Prince?

Prin. How now my Lady the Hostesse, what say'st thou to me?

Hostesse. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would speake with you: hee sayes, hee comes from your Father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my Mother.

Falst. What manner of man is hee?

Hostesse. An old man.

Falst. What doth Gravitie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Prin. Prethee doe *Jacke*.

Falst. 'Faith, and Ile send him packing. *Exit.*

Prince. Now Sirs: you fought faire; so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardol*: you are Lyons too, you ranne away upon instinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith, I ranne when I saw others runne.

Prin. Tell mee now in earnest, how came *Falstaffes* Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said, hee would swear truth out of England, but hee would make you beleeve it was done in fight, and perswaded us to doe the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Noses with Spear-grasse, to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven yeeres before, I blusht to heare his monstrous devices.

Prin. O Villaine, thou stolest a Cup of Sacke eightene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blusht extempore: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, doe you see these Meteors? doe you behold these Exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Livers, and cold Purses.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falstaffe.

Heere comes leane *Jacke*, heere comes bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe, *Jacke*, since thou saw'st thine owne Knee?

Falst. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waste, I could have crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of sighing and griefe, it blowes a man up like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad: heere was Sir *John Braby* from your Father; you must goe to the Court in the Morning. The same mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and hee of Wales, that gave *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and swore the Devill his true Liege-man upon the Crosse of a Welch-hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower*.

Falst. *Owen, Owen*; the same, and his Sonne in Law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of Scots, *Dowglas*, that runnes a Horse-backe up a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high speede, and with a Pistoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Falst. You have hit it.

Prin. So did he never the Sparrow.

Falst. Well, that Rascall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a Rascall art thou then, to praye him so for running?

Falst. A Horse-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes *Jacke*, upon instinct: Well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blew-Cappes more. *Worcester* is stolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as stinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this civill buffetting hold, we shall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds.

Falst. By the Masse Lad, thou say'st true, it is like wee shall have good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou horrible afear'd? thou being Heire apparant, could the World picke thee out three such Enemies againe, as that Fiend *Douglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Devill *Glendower*? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke some of thy instinct.

Falst. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow, when thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe love me, practise an answer.

Prin. Doe thou stand for my Father, and examine mee upon the particulars of my Life.

Falst. Shall I? content: This Chayre shall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Joyn'd-Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Falst. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee now shalt thou be moved. Give me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyses* vaine.

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.

Falst. And heere is my speech : stand aside Nobilitie.

Hostesse. This is excellent sport, yfaith.

Falst. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Hostesse. O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance ?

Falst. For Gods sake Lords, convey my trustfull Queen,
For teares doe stop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hostesse. O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Players, as ever I see.

Falst. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine. *Harry*, I do not onely marvell where thou spendest thy time ; but also, how thou art accompanied : For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes ; yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares. Thou art my Sonne : I have partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion ; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point : why, being Sonne to me, art thou so poynted at ? Shall the blessed Sonne of Heaven prove a Micher, and eate Black-berryes ? a question not to bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England prove a Theefe, and take purses ? a question to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch : this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile ; so doth the companie thou keepest : for *Harry*, now I doe not speake to thee in Drinke, but in Teares ; not in Pleasure, but in Passion ; not in Words onely, but in Woes also : and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy companie, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Majestie ?

Falst. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a chearefull Looke, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I thinke, his age some fiftie, or (byrlady) inclining to threescore; and now I remember mee, his Name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lewdly given, hee deceives mee; for *Harry*, I see Vertue in his Lookes. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue in that *Falstaffe*: him keepe with, the rest banish. And tell mee now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where hast thou beene this moneth?

Prin. Do'st thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for mee, and Ile play my Father.

Falst. Depose me: if thou do'st it halfe so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heeles for a Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am set.

Falst. And heere I stand: judge my Masters.

Prin. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falst. My Noble Lord, from East-cheape.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Falst. Yfaith, my Lord, they are false: Nay, Ile tickle ye for a young Prince.

Prin. Swarest thou, ungracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carried away from Grace: there is a Devill haunts thee, in the likenesse of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'st thou converse with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulting-Hutch of Beastlinesse, that swolne Parcell of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stuft Cloake-bagge of Guts, that rosted Manning Tree Oxe with the Pudding in his Belly, that reverend Vice, that grey Iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a Capon, and eat it? wherein Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falst. I would your Grace would take me with you : whom meanes your Grace ?

Prince. That villanous abhominable mis-leader of Youth, *Falstaffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Falst. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou do'st.

Falst. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say, more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witnesse it : but that hee is (saving your reverence) a Whore-master, that I utterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heaven helpe the Wicked : if to be olde and merry, be a sinne, then many an olde Hoste that I know, is damn'd : if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to be loved. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poines* : but for sweete *Jacke Falstaffe*, kinde *Jacke Falstaffe*, true *Jacke Falstaffe*, valiant *Jacke Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde *Jack Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harryes* companie, banish not him thy *Harryes* companie ; banish plumpe *Jacke* and banish all the world.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most most monstrous Watch, is at the doore.

Falst. Out you Rogue, play out the Play : I have much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaffe*.

Enter the Hostesse.

Hostesse. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falst. Heigh, heigh, the Devill rides upon a Fiddle-sticke : what's the matter ?

Hostesse. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the doore : they are come to search the House, shall I let them in ?

Falst. Do'st thou heare *Hal*, never call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit : thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

Falst. I deny your *Major* : if you will deny the Sherife, so : if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up : I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter, as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke up above. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Falst. Both which I have had : but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me. *Exit.*

Prince. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Master Sherife, what is your will with mee ?

She. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men unto this house.

Prince. What men ?

She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe assure you, is not heere, For I my selfe at this time have imploy'd him : And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow Dinner time, Send him to answere thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall : And so let me entreat you, leave the house.

She. I will, my Lord : there are two Gentlemen Have in this Robberie lost three hundred Markes.

Prince. It may be so : if he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable : and so farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not ?

She. Indeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke. *Exit.*

Prince. This oyle Rascall is knowne as well as Poules : goe call him forth.

Peto. *Falstaffe* ? fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and snorting like a Horse.

Prince. Harke, how hard he fetches breath : search his Pockets.

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine Papers.

Prince. What hast thou found ?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's see, what be they ? reade them.

Peto. Item, a Capon. ii.s.ii.d.

Item, Sawce. iii.d.

Item, Sacke, two Gallons. v.s.viii.d.

Item, Anchoves and Sacke after Supper. ii.s.vi.d.

Item, Bread. ob.

Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke ? What there is else, keepe close, wee'le reade it at more advantage : there let him sleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning : Wee must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be honorable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelve-score. The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning : and so good morrow *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotspurre, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are faire, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hotsp. Lord *Mortimer*, and Cousin *Glendower*,
Will you sit downe ?

And Uncle *Worcester* ; a plague upon it,
I have forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is :

Sit Cousin *Percy*, sit good Cousin *Hotspurre* :

For by that Name, as oft as *Lancaster* doth speake of you,

King Henry the Fourth. ACT III.

And I will die with a falling eye.

—*Exit*—

Enter the King, as he is to be bound. *Enter* *Chamberlain*

—*Enter* *North* and *the Nobles*—

—*Enter* *the Duke of York* and *other shapes*—

Chamberlain—*Enter* *the Duke*—

Chamberlain—*Enter* *the Duke*—

Chamberlain—

—*Enter* *the Duke of York* and *other shapes*—*Enter* *the Duke of York* and *other shapes*—*Enter* *the Duke of York* and *other shapes*—

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—*Enter* *the Duke of York* and *other shapes*—

And all the courses of my Life doe shew,
 I am not in the Roll of common men.
 Where is the Living, clipt in with the Sea,
 That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,
 Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?
 And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,
 Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,
 And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hotsp. I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh: Ile to
 Dinner.

Mort. Peace Cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vastie Deepe.

Hotsp. Why so can I, or so can any man:
 But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the Devill.

Hotsp. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Devil,
 By telling truth. *Tell truth, and shame the Devill.*

If thou have power to rayse him, bring him hither,
 And Ile be sworne, I have power to shame him hence.
 Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Devill.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
 Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye,
 And sandy-bottom'd Severne, have I hent him
 Bootlesse home, and Weather-beaten backe.

Hotsp. Home without Bootes,
 And in foule Weather too,
 How scapes he Agues in the Devils name?

Glend. Come, heere's the Mappe:
 Shall wee divide our Right,
 According to our three-fold order ta'ne?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath divided it
 Into three Limits, very equally:
 England, from Trent, and Severne, hitherto
 By South and East is to my part assign'd:

All Westward, Wales, beyond the Severne shore,
 And all the fertile Land within that bound,
 To *Owen Glendower* : And deare Couze, to you
 The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,
 And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:
 Which being sealed enterchangeably,
 (A Businesse that this Night may execute)
 To morrow, Cousin *Percy*, you and I,
 And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth,
 To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power,
 As is appointed us at Shrewsbury.
 My Father *Glendower* is not readie yet ;
 Nor shall wee neede his helpe these foureteene dayes :
 Within that space, you may have drawne together
 Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords :
 And in my Conduēt shall your Ladies come,
 From whom you now must steale, and take no leave,
 For there will be a World of Water shed,
 Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hotsp. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,
 In quantitie equals not one of yours :
 See, how this River comes me cranking in,
 And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
 A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Cattle out.
 Ile have the Currant in this place damn'd up,
 And here the smug and Silver Trent shall runne,
 In a new Channell, faire and evenly :
 It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,
 To rob me of so rich a Bottome here.

Glend. Not winde ? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but marke how he beares his course,
 And runnes me up with like advantage on the other side,
 Gelding the opposed Continent as much,
 As on the other side it takes from you.

Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North side winne this Cape of Land,
And then he runs straight and even.

Hotsp. Ile have it so, a little Charge will doe it.

Glend. Ile not have it alter'd.

Hotsp. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hotsp. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hotsp. Let me not understand you then, speake it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you :

For I was trayn'd up in the English Court ;
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe
Many an English Dittie, lovely well,
And gave the Tongue a helpefull Ornament ;
A Vertue that was never scene in you.

Hotsp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Then one of these same Meeter Ballad-mongers :
I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie ;
'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling Nagge.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hotsp. I doe not care : Ile give thrice so much Land
To any well-deserving friend ;
But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,
Ile cavill on the ninth part of a hayre.
Are the indentures drawne ? shall we be gone ?

Glend. The Moone shines faire,
You may away by Night :
Ile haste the Writer ; and withall,
Breake with your Wives, of your departure hence :
I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,

So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*.

Exit.

Mort. Fic, Cousin *Percy*, how you crosse my Father.

Hotsp. I cannot chuse : sometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies ;
And of a Dragon, and a finne-lesse Fish,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Raven,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble-skamble Stuff,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me last Night, at least, nine howres,
In reckoning up the severall Devils Names,
'That were his Lacqueyes :

I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,
Worse then a smoakie House. I had rather live
With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill farre,
'Then feede on Cates, and have him talke to me,
In any Summers House in Christendome :

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exercising well warre, and profited,
In strange Concoctements,
Valiant as a Lion, and wondrous affable,
And as beautifull, as Muses of India.
Shall I tell you, Cousin,

He holds you wiser in a high respect,
And values himselfe even at his naturall scope.
When you do crosse his humor : 'Faith he does.
I warrant you, that man be not alive,
Might as have misquell him, as you have done,
Without the pain of danger, and reproche :
But shee may as it were, let me censure you.

Mort. In faith, may I wish you are too wilfull blame,
And since your censuring bidnes have done enough,

To put him quite besides his patience.
 You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault :
 Though sometimes it shew Greatnesse, Courage, Blood,
 And that's the dearest grace it renders you ;
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,
 Defect of Manners, want of Government,
 Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdaine :
 The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
 Loseth mens hearts, and leaves behinde a stayne
 Upon the beautie of all parts besides,
 Beguiling them of commendation.

Hotsp. Well, I am school'd :
 Good-manners be your speede ;
 Heere come your Wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight, that angers me,
 My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My Daughter weepes, shee'le not part with you,
 Shee'le be a Souldier too, shee'le to the Warres.

Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt *Percy*
 Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.

*Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she answers him
 in the same.*

Glend. Shee is desperate heere :
 A peevish selfe-will'd Harlotry,
 One that no perswasion can doe good upon.

The Lady speakes in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy Lookes : that pretty Welsh
 Which thou pow'r'st down from these swelling Heavens,
 I am too perfect in : and but for shame,
 In such a parley should I answer thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy Kisses, and thou mine,
 And that's a feeling disputation :
 But I will never be a Truant, Love,
 Till I have learn'd thy Language : for thy tongue
 Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
 Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,
 With ravishing Division to her Lute.
Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne madde.

The Lady speaks againe in Welsh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this.
Glend. She bids you,
 On the wanton Rushes lay you downe,
 And rest your gentle Head upon her Lappe,
 And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
 And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,
 Charming your blood with pleasing heavinesse ;
 Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,
 As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
 The houre before the Heavenly Harneis'd Teeme
 Begins his Golden Progresse in the East.
Mort. With all my heart Ile sit, and heare her sing :
 By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.
Glend. Doe so :
 And those Musicians that shall play to you,
 Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence ;
 And straight they shall be here : sit, and attend.
Hotsp. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe :
 Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe.
Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Gooe.

The Musicke playes.

Hotsp. Now I perceive the Devill understands Welsh,
 And 'tis no marvell he is so humorous :

Byrlady hee's a good Musitian.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musicall,
For you are altogether governed by humors :

Lye still ye Theefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hosp. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in Irish.

Lady. Would'st have thy Head broken ?

Hosp. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hosp. Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.

Lady. Now God helpe thee.

Hosp. To the Welsh Ladies Bed.

Lady. What's that ?

Hosp. Peace, shee sings.

Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hosp. Come, Ile have your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hosp. Not yours, in good sooth ?

You sweare like a Comfit-makers Wife :

Not you, in good sooth ; and, as true as I live ;

And, as God shall mend me ; and, as sure as day :

And givest such Sarcenet suretie for thy Oathes,

As if thou never walk'st further then Finsbury.

Sweare me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,

A good mouth-filling Oath : and leave in sooth,

And such protest of Pepper Ginger-bread,

To Velvet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizena.

Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hosp. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Redbreast
teacher : and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away within these
two howres : and so come in, when yee will. *Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow,

As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By this our Booke is drawne : wee'le but seale,

And then to horse immediately.

Mort.

With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales and others.

King. Lords, give us leave :
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must have some private conference :
But be neere at hand,
For wee shall presently have neede of you. *Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether Heaven will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done ;
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'le breede Revengement, and a Scourge for me :
But thou do'st in thy passages of Life,
Make me beleewe, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their levell with thy Princely heart ?

Prince. So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall :
Yet such extenuation let me begge,
As in reproofe of many Tales devis'd,
Which oft the Eare of Greatnesse needes must heare,
By smiling Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers ;
I may for some things true, wherein my youth

Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true submission.

King. Heaven pardon thee :

Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'de ;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of every man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence beene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar Company ;
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment,
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,
But like a Comer, I was wondred at,
That men would tell their Children, This is hee :
Others would say ; Where, Which is *Bullingbrooke*.
And then I stole all Courtesie from Heaven,
And drest my selfe in such Humilitie,
That I did plucke Allegeance from mens hearts,
Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes,
Even in the presence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my Person fresh and new,
My Presence like a Robe Pontificall,
Ne're seene, but wondred at : and so my State,
Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,
And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnitie.
The skipping King hee ambled up and downe,

With shallow Jesters, and rash Bavin Wits,
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,
Had his great Name prophaned with their Scornes,
And gave his Countenance, against his Name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
Of every Beardlesse vaine Comparative ;
Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,
Enfeoff'd himselfe to Popularitie :
That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,
They surfeted with Honey, and began to loathe
The taste of Sweetnesse, whereof a little
More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seene,
He was but as the Cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded : seene but with such Eyes,
As sicke and blunted with Communitie,
Affoord no extraordinarie Gaze,
Such as is bent on Sunne-like Majestie,
When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes :
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect
As Cloudie men use to doe to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, *Harry*, standest thou :
For thou hast lost thy Princely Priviledge,
With vile participation. Not an Eye
But is awareie of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more :
Which now doth that I would not have it doe,
Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernesse.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my selfe.

King. For all the World,
As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,

When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh ;
 And even as I was then, is *Percy* now :
 Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the State
 Then thou, the shadow of Succession ;
 For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.
 He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,
 Turnes head against the Lyons armed Jawes ;
 And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
 Leades ancient Lords, and reverent Bishops on
 To bloody Battailes, and to brusing Armes.
 What never-dying Honor hath he got,
 Against renowned *Douglas* ? whose high Deedes,
 Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes,
 Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Majoritie,
 And Militarie Title Capitall.
 Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
 Thrice hath the *Hotspur Mars*, in swathing Clothes,
 This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,
 Discomfited great *Douglas*, ta'ne him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance up,
 And shake the peace and safetie of our Throne.
 And what say you to this ? *Percy, Northumberland,*
 The Arch-bishops Grace of Yorke, *Douglas, Mortimer,*
 Capitulate against us, and are up.
 But wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee ?
 Why, *Harry*, doe I tell thee of my Foes,
 Which are my neer'st and dearest Enemy ?
 Thou, that art like enough, through vassall Feare,
 Base Inclination, and the start of Spleene,
 To fight against me under *Percies* pay,
 To dogge his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
 To shew how much thou art degenerate.
Prince. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so :

And Heaven forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your Majesties good thoughts away from me :
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,
When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,
And staine my favours in a bloody Maske :
Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights,
That this same Child of Honor and Renowne,
This gallant *Hotspur*, this all-prayed Knight,
And your unthought-of *Harry* chance to meet :
For every Honor sitting on his Helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange
His glorious Deedes for my Indignities :
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engrosse up glorious Deedes on my behalfe :
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every Glory up,
Yea, even the sleightest worship of his time,
Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Heaven, I promise here :
The which, if I performe, and doe survive,
I doe beseech your Majestie, may salve
The long-growne Wounds of my intemperature :
If not, the end of Life cancells all Bands,
And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths,
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this Vow.

King. A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this :
Thou shalt have Charge, and soveraigne trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good *Blunt* ? thy Lookes are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the Businesse that I come to speake of.

Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath sent word,
That *Douglas* and the English Rebels met
The eleventh of this moneth, at Shrewsbury :
A mightie and a fearefull Head they are,
(If Promises be kept on every hand)
As ever offered foule play in a State.

King. The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day :
With him my sonne, Lord *John* of Lancaster,
For this advertisement is five dayes old.
On Wednesday next, *Harry* thou shalt set forward :
On Thursday, wee our selves will march.
Our meeting is Bridgenorth : and *Harry*, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire : by which account,
Our Businesse valued some twelve dayes hence,
Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete.
Our Hands are full of Businesse : let's away,
Advantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolpb.

Falst. *Bardolpb*, am I not 'falne away vilely, since this last
action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinne
hangs about me like an olde Ladies loose Gowne : I am withered
like an olde Apple *John*. Well, Ile repent, and that suddenly,
while I am in some liking : I shall be out of heart shortly, and
then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not for-
gotten what the in-side of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-
Corne, a Brewers Horse, the in-side of a Church. Company,
villanous Company, hath beene the spoyle of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are so fretfull, you cannot live long.

Falst. Why there is it : Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make
me merry : I was as vertuously given, as a Gentleman need to
be ; vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not above seven times a

weeke, went to a Bawdy-house not above once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times : lived well, and in good compasse : and now I live out of all order, out of compasse.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *John*, that you must needes bee out of all compasse ; out of all reasonable compasse, Sir *John*.

Falst. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life : Thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee ; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my Face does you no harme.

Falst. No, Ile be sworne : I make as good use of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a *Memento Mori*. I never see thy Face, but I thinke upon Hell fire, and *Dives* that lived in Purple ; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to vertue, I would sweare by thy Face ; my Oath should bee, *By this Fire* : But thou art altogether given over : and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of utter Darkenesse. When thou ran'st up Gads-Hill, in the Night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst beene an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an everlasting Bone-fire-Light : thou hast saved me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Taverne and Taverne : But the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I have maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heaven reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falst. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostesse,

How now, Dame *Parilet* the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket ?

Hostesse. Why Sir *John*, what doe you thinke, Sir *John*? doe you thinke I keepe Theeves in my House? I have search'd, I have enquired, so haz my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant: the tight of a hayre was never lost in my house before.

Falst. Ye lye Hostesse: *Bardolph* was shav'd, and lost many a hayre; and Ile be sworne my Pocket was pick'd: goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

Hostesse. Who I? I defie thee: I was never call'd so in mine owne house before.

Falst. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hostesse. No, Sir *John*, you doe not know me, Sir *John*: I know you, Sir *John*: you owe me Money, Sir *John*, and now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

Falst. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I have given them away to Bakers Wives, and they have made Boulters of them.

Hostesse. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir *John*, for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twentie pounds.

Falst. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Hostesse. Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath nothing.

Falst. How? Poore? Looke upon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coyne his Nose, let them coyne his Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall have my Pocket pick'd? I have lost a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie Marke.

Hostesse. I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falst. How? the Prince is a Jacke, a Sneake-Cuppe: and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Truncbion like a Fife.

Falst. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hostesse. My Lord, I pray you heare mee.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistresse *Quickly*? How does thy Husband? I love him well, hee is an honest man.

Hostesse. Good, my Lord, heare mee.

Falst. Prethee let her alone, and list to mee.

Prince. What say'st thou, *Jacke*?

Falst. The other Night I fell asleepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, *Jacke*?

Falst. Wilt thou beleewe me, *Hal*? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grandfathers.

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and (my Lord) hee speakes most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee would cudgell you.

Prince. What hee did not?

Host. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me else.

Falst. There's no more faith in thee then a stu'de Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Wooman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing: go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falst. What thing? why a thing to thanke heaven on.

Host. I am no thing to thanke heaven on, I wold thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife: and setting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Falst. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? Why an Otter.

Prim. An Otter, sir *John*? Why an Otter?

Fal. Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to have her.

Host. Thou art unjust man in saying so; thou, or anie man knowes where to have me, thou knave thou.

Prince. Thou say'st true Hostesse, and he slanders thee most grossely.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and sayde this other day, You ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Falst. A thousand pound *Hal*? A Million. Thy love is worth a Million: thou ow'st me thy love.

Host. Nay my Lord, he call'd you Jacke, and said hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bar. Indeed Sir *John*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.

Prince. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou bee as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare, but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himselve is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'st thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay if I do, let my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guttes fall about thy knees. But sirra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine: it is all fill'd uppe with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horson impudent imboast Rascall, if there

were any thing in thy Pocket but Taverne Rockings, Memorandums of Bredic-houses, and one poore penny-worth of Sagar-candie to make thee long-winded : if thy pocket were carich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a Villaine : And yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket up wrong. Art thou not askin'd ?

Fal. Do'st thou heare *Ha'?* Thou know'st in the state of Innocency, *Adam* fell : and what should poore *Jacke Falstaffe* do, in the dayes of Villany ? Thou seest, I have more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty. You confesse then you pickt my Pocket ?

Prin. It appeares so by the Story.

Fal. Hostesse, I forgive thee :

Go make ready Breakfast, love thy Husband,
Looke to thy Servants, and cherish thy Guests :
Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason :
Thou seest, I am pacified still.

Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit Hostesse.

Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad ?

How is that answered ?

Prin. O my sweet Beefe :

I must still be good Angell to thee.

The Monie is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do my Lord.

Prin. I have procured thee *Jacke*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of Horse. Where shal I finde one that can steale well ? O, for a fine theefe, of two and twentie, or thereabout : I am heynously unprovided. Wel God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the Vertuouse. I laud them, I praise them.

Prin. *Bardolph.*

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this Letter to Lord *John* of Lancaster
To my Brother *John*. This to my Lord of Westmerland,
Go *Peto*, to horse : for thou, and I,
Have thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner Time.
Jacke, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive
Money and Order for their Furniture.
The Land is burning, *Percie* stands on hye,
And either they, or we must lower lye.

Fal. Rare words ! brave world.

Hostesse, my breakfast, come :

Oh, I could wish this Taverne were my drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Harrie Hotspurre, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth
In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie,
Such attribution should the *Douglas* have,
As not a Souldiour of this seasons stampe,
Should go so generall currant through the world.
By heaven I cannot flatter : I defie
The Tongues of Soothers. But a Braver place
In my hearts love, hath no man then your Selfe.
Nay, taske me to my word : approve me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honor :
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will Beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast there?
I can but thanke you.

Mess. These Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him?

Why comes he not himselfe?

Mes. He cannot come, my Lord,
He is greivous sick.

Hot. How? haz he the leysure to be sicke now,
In such a justling time? Who leades his power?
Under whose Government come they along?

Mess. His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed?

Mess. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Physician.

Wor. I would the state of time had first beene whole,
Ere he by sicknesse had beene visited:
His health was never better worth then now.

Hotsp. Sicke now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterprise,
'Tis catching hither, even to our Campe.
He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,
To lay so dangerous and deare a trust
On any Soule remov'd, but on his owne.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how Fortune is dispos'd to us:
I'or, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possesst
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your Fathers sicknesse is a mayme to us.

Hotsp. A perillous Gash, a very Limme lopt off :
 And yet, in faith, it is not his present want
 Seemes more then we shall finde it.
 Were it good, to set the exact wealth of all our states
 All at one Cast ? To set so rich a mayne
 On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,
 It were not good : for therein should we reade
 The very Bottome, and the Soule of Hope,
 The very List, the very utmost Bound
 Of all our fortunes.

Dowg. Faith, and so wee should,
 Where now remains a sweet reversion.
 We may boldly spend, upon the hope
 Of what is to come in :
 A comfort of retyrement lives in this.

Hotsp. A Randevous, a Home to flye unto,
 If that the Devill and Mischance looke bigge
 Upon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had beene here :
 The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempt
 Brookes no division : It will be thought
 By some, that know not why he is away,
 That wisdom, loyaltie, and meere dislike
 Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
 And thinke, how such an apprehension
 May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction,
 And breede a kinde of question in our cause :
 For well you know, wee of the offering side,
 Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,
 And stop all sight-holes, every loope, from whence
 The eye of reason may prie in upon us :
 This absence of your Father draws a Curtaine,
 That shewes the ignorant a kinde of feare,
 Before not dreamt of.

Hotsp. You strayne too farre.

I rather of his absence make this use :
It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here : for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To push against the Kingdome ; with his helpe,
We shall o're-terne it topsie-turvy downe :
Yet all goes well, yet all our joynts are whole.

Dowg. As heart can thinke :
There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland,
As this Dreame of Feare.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotsp. My Cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soule.

Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Westmerland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hither-wards, with Prince *John*.

Hotsp. No harme : what more ?

Vern. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,
Or hither-wards intended speedily,
With strong and mightie preparation.

Hotsp. He shall be welcome too.
Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Cumrades, that daft the World aside,
And bid it passe ?

Vern. All furnisht, all in Armes,
All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde
Bayted like Eagles, having lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,
As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls.
I saw young *Harry* with his Bever on,

His Cushes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with such ease into his Seat,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a fierie *Pegasus*,
And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship.

Hotsp. No more, no more,
Worse then the Sunne in March :
This prayse doth nourish Agues : let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre,
All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them :
The mayled *Mars* shall on his Altar sit
Up to the eares in blood. I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarse ?
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes :
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this foureteene dayes.

Doug. That's the worst Tidings that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.

Hotsp. What may the Kings whole Battaile reach unto ?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be,
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powres of us, may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily :
Doomesday is neere ; dye all, dye merrily.

Dow. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Exeunt Comes.

*Scæna Secunda.**Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.*

Falst. *Bardolph*, get thee before to Coventry, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through : wee'le to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you give me Money, Captaine ?

Falst. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falst. And if it doe, take it for thy labour : and if it make twentie, take them all, Ile answere the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meete me at the Townes end.

Bard. I will Captaine : farewell.

Exit.

Falst. If I be not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a sowe't-Gurnet : I have mis-us'd the Kings Presse damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I presse me none but good House-holders, Yeomens Sonnes : enquire me out contracted Batchelers, such as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes : such a Commoditie of warme slaves, as had as lieve heare the Devill, as a Drumme ; such as feare the report of a Caliver, worse then a struck-Foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I prest me none but such Tostes and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellies no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they have bought out their services : And now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons Dogges licked his Sores ; and such, as indeed were never Souldiers, but dis-carded unjust Servingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, revolted Tapsters and Ostlers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient ; and such have I to fill up the roomes of them that have bought out their services : that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-

keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead bodyes. No eye hath seene such skar-Crowes : Ile not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyves on ; for indeede, I had the most of them out of Prison.

There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company : and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne over the shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without sleeves : and the Shirt, to say the truth, stolne from my Host of S. Albones, or the Red-Nose Inne-keeper of Davintry. But that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prince. How now blowne *Jack* ? how now *Quilt* ?

Falst. What *Hal* ? How now mad *Wag*, what a Devill do'st thou in Warwickshire ? My good Lord of Westmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already beene at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too : but my Powers are there alreadie. The King, I can tell you, lookes for us all : we must away all to Night.

Falst. Tut, never feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale Creame.

Prince. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath alreadie made thee Butter : but tell me, *Jack*, whose fellows are these that come after ?

Falst. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pittifull Rascals.

Falst. Tut, tut, good enough to tosse : foode for Powder, foode for Powder : they'le fill a Pit, as well as better : tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

Westm. I, but Sir *John*, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Falst. Faith, for their povertie, I know not where they had

that ; and for their barenesse, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be sworne, unlesse you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But sirra, make haste, *Percy* is already in the field.

Falst. What, is the King encamp'd ?

Westm. Hee is, Sir *John*, I feare wee shall stay too long.

Falst. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Guest. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hotsp. Wee'le fight with him to Night.

Worc. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Vern. - Not a whit.

Hotsp. Why say you so ? lookes he not for supply ?

Vern. So doe wee.

Hotsp. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Worc. Good Cousin be advis'd, stirre not to night.

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.

Doug. You doe not counsaile well :
You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vern. Doe me no slander, *Douglas* : by my Life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,

If well-respected Honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsaile with weake feare,

As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day lives.

Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell,

Which of us feares.

Doug. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hotsp. To night, say I.

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are
That you fore-see not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition : certaine Horse
Of my Cousin *Vernons* are not yet come up,
Your Unckle *Worcesters* Horse came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hotsp. So are the Horses of the Enemie
In generall journey bated, and brought low :
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Worc. The number of the King exceedeth ours :
For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hotsp. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*.
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of us love you well : and even those some
Envie your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie.
But stand against us like an Enemie.

Blunt. And Heaven defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anynted Majestic.
But to my Charge.

The King hath sent to know
The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon
You conjure from the Brest of Civill Peace,
Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Crueltie. If that the King
Have any way your good Deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed

You shall have your desires, with interest ;
And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,
Herein mis-led, by your suggestion.

Hotsp. The King is kinde :

And well wee know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.
My Father, my Unckle, and my selfe,
Did give him that same Royallite he weares :
And when he was not sixe and twentie strong,
Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,
A poore unminded Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the shore :
And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his Liverie, and begge his Peace,
With teares of Innocence, and tearmes of Zeale ;
My Father, in kinde heart and pittie mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did leane to him.
The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gave him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Even at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as Greatnesse knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh :
And now (forsooth) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
That lay too heavie on the Common-wealth ;
Cries out upon abuses, seemes to weepe
Over his Countries Wrongs : and by this Face,

This seeming Brow of Justice, did he winne
The hearts of all that hee did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favorites, that the absent King
In deputation left behinde him heere.
When hee was personall in the Irish Warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hotsp.

Then to the point.

In short time after, hee depos'd the King.
Soone after that, depriv'd him of his Life :
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman *March*,
Who is, if every Owner were plac'd,
Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without Ransome, to lye forfeited :
Disgrac'd me in my happie Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Unckle from the Councell-Boord,
In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusion, drove us to seeke out
This Head of safetie ; and withall, to prie
Into his Title : the which wee finde
Too indirec't, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King ?

Hotsp. Not so, Sir *Walter*.

Wee'le with-draw a while :

Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the Morning early shall my Unckle
Bring him our purpose : and so farewell,

Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Love.

Hotsp. And't may be, so wee shall.

Blunt.

Pray Heaven you doe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of Yorke and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir *Michell*, beare this sealed Briefe
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin *Scroope*, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haste.

Sir Mich. My good Lord, I guesse their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you doe.

To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayesd Power,
Meetes with Lord *Harry*: and I feare, Sir *Michell*,
What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*,
Whose Power was in the first proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in, over-rul'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.

Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir Mic. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of Worcester,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The speciall head of all the Land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord *John* of Lancaster,

The Noble Westmerland, and warlike *Blunt* ;
And many moe Corrivalls, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in Armes.

Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no lesse? Yet needfull 'tis to feare,
And to prevent the worst, *Sir Michell* speed ;
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the King
Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit us :
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,
And, 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him :
Therefore make hast, I must go write againe
To other Friends : and so farewell, *Sir Michell.* *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle
of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.*

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Above yon busky hill : the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.

Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leaves,
Fortels a Tempest, and a blust'ring day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that win.

The Trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of Worster? 'Tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such tearmes,
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doffe our easie Robes of Peace,
To crush our old limbes in ungentle Steele :

This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you againe unknot
This churlish knot of all-abhorred Warre?
And move in that obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did give a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhall'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent
Of broached Mischiefe, to the unborne Times?

Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I do protest,
I have not fought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not fought it: how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty, to turne your lookes
Of Favour, from my Selfe, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you my Lord,
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
For you, my staffe of Office did I breake
In *Richards* time, and poasted day and night
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I;
It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to us,
And you did sweare that Oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The seate of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of Lancaster,
To this, we sware our aide: But in short space,
It rain'd downe Fortune showing on your head,
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell on you,

What with our helpe, what with the absent King,
 What with the injuries of wanton time,
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
 And the contrarious Windes that held the King
 So long in the unlucky Irish Warres,
 That all in England did repute him dead :
 And from this swarme of faire advantages,
 You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,
 To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
 Forgot your Oath to us at Doncaster,
 And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
 As that ungentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,
 Useth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest,
 Grew by our Feeding, to so great a bulke,
 That even our Love durst not come neere your sight
 For feare of swallowing : But with nimble wing
 We were inforc'd for safety sake, to flye
 Out of your sight, and raise this present Head,
 Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes
 As you your selfe, have forg'd against your selfe,
 By unkinde usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworne to us in yonger enterprize.

Kin. These things indeede you have articulated,
 Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,
 To face the Garment of Rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,
 Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
 Of hurly burly Innovation :
 And never yet did Insurrection want
 Such water-colours, to impaint his cause :
 Nor moody Beggars, starving for a time
 Of pell-mell havocke, and confusion.

Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a soule

Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they joyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth joyne with all the world
In praise of *Henry Percie* : By my Hopes,
This present enterprize set off his head,
I do not thinke a braver Gentleman,
More active, valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeda.
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I have a Truant beene to Chivalry,
And so I heare, he doth account me too :
Yet this before my Fathers Majesty,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we venter thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it : No good Worster, no,
We love our people well ; even those we love
That are misled upon your Cousins part :
And will they take the offer of our Grace :
Both he, and they, and you : yea, every man
Shall be my Friend againe, and Ile be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on us,
And they shall do their Office. So bee gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it advisedly.

Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotspurre* both together,
Are confident against the world in Armes.

King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge.

For on their answer will we set on them ;
And God befriend us, as our cause is just.

Exeunt.

Manet Prince and Falstaffe.

Fal. *Hal*, if thou see me downe in the battell,
And bestride me, so ; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship.
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why, thou ow'st heaven a death.

Falst. 'Tis not due yet : I would bee loath to pay him before his day. What neede I bee so forward with him, that call's not on me ? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour prickes me on. But how if Honour prickes me off when I come on ? How then ? Can Honour set too a legge ? No : or an arme ? No : Or take away the greefe of a wound ? No. Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then ? No. What is honour ? A word. What is that word Honour ? Ayre : A trim reckoning. Who hath it ? He that dy'de a Wednesday. Doth he feele it ? No. Doth hee heare it ? No. Is it insensible then ? yea, to the dead. But wil it not live with the living ? No. Why ? Detraction wil not suffer it, therefore Ile none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and so ends my Catechisme.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir *Richard*,
The liberall kinde offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in loving us,
He will suspect us still, and finde a time

To punish this offence in others faults :
 Supposition, all our lives, shall be stucke full of eyes ;
 For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
 Who ne're so tame, so cherisht, and lock'd up,
 Will have a wilde trickes of his Ancestors,
 Looke how he can, or sad or merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our lookes.
 And we shall feede like Oxen at a stall,
 The better cherisht, still the nearer death.
 My Nephewes trespasses may be well forgot,
 It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,
 And an adopted name of Priviledge.
 A haire-brain'd *Hotspurre*, govern'd by a Spleene.
 All his offences live upon my head,
 And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
 And his corruption being tane from us,
 We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all :
 Therefore good Cousin, let not *Harry* know
 In any case, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, Ile say 'tis so.
 Heere comes your Cosin.

Enter Hotspurre.

Hot. My Unkle is return'd,
 Deliver up my Lord of Westmerland.
 Unkle, what newes ?

Wor. The King will bid you battell presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas* : Go you and tell him so.

Dow. Marry and shall, and verie willingly.

Exit Dowglas.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you begge any ? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our greivances,
 Of his Oath-breaking : which he mended thus,

By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He calls us Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Armes Gentlemen, to Armes, for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henries* teeth :
And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell mee,
How shew'd his Talking ? Seem'd it in contempt ?

Vcr. No, by my Soule : I never in my life
Did heare a Challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unlesse a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle exercise, and prooffe of Armes.
He gave you all the Duties of a Man,
Trimm'd up your praises with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better then his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valed with you :
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his Trewant youth with such a Grace,
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly :
There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
If he out-live the envie of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his Wantonnesse. .

Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies : never did I heare

Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrink under my curtesie.
Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
That I that have not well the gift of Tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perswasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, heere are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot reade them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short ;
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long.
If life did ride upon a Dials point,
Still ending at the arrivall of an houre,
And if we live, we live to treade on Kings :
If dye ; brave death, when Princes dye with us.
Now for our Consciences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale :

For I professe not talking : Onely this,
Let each man do his best. And heere I draw a Sword,
Whose worthy temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meeete withall,
In the adventure of this perillous day.
Now Esperance *Percy*, and set on :
Sound all the lofty Instruments of Warre,
And by that Musicke, let us all imbrace :
For heaven to earth, some of us never shall,
A second time do such a curtesie.

They embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King entereth with his power, alarum unto the battell. Then enter Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blu. What is thy name, that in battel thus thou crossest me ?
What honor dost thou seeke upon my head ?

Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
Thy likenesse : for insted of thee King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Unlesse thou yeeld thee as a prisoner.

Blu. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,
And thou shalt finde a King that will revenge
Lord Staffords death.

Fight, Blunt is slaine, then enters Hotspur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
I never had triumphed o're a Scot.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the king.

Hot. Where ?

Dow. Heere.

Hot. This *Dowglas* ? No, I know this face full well :
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himselve.

Dow. Ah foole : go with thy soule whither it goes,
A borrowed Title hast thou bought too deere.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wer't a King ?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece,
Untill I meet the King.

Hot. Up, and away,
Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day.

Exeunt.

Alarum, and enter Falstaffe solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot heere : here's no scoring, but upon the pate. Soft who are you? Sir *Walter Blunt*, there's Honour for you : here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heavy too ; heaven keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more weight then mine owne Bowelles. I have led my rag of Muffins where they are pepper'd : there's not three of my 150. left alive, and they for the Townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere ?

Enter the Prince.

Pri. What, stand'st thou idle here ? Lend me thy sword.
Many a Nobleman likes starke and stiffe
Under the hooves of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Prethy lend me thy sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee give me leave to breath a while : *Turke Gregory* never did such deeds in Armes, as I have done this day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and living to kill thee :
I prethee lend me thy sword.

Falst. Nay *Hal*, if *Percy* bee alive, thou getst not my Sword ;
but take my Pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Give it me : What, is it in the Case ?

Fal. I *Hal*, 'tis hot : There's that will Sacke a City.

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to jest and dally now. *Exit.*

Throwes it at him.

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, Ile pierce him : if he do come in my way, so : If he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath : Give mee life, which if I can save, so : if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and ther's an end. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Alarum, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too much : Lord *John of Lancaster*, go you with him.

P. Job. Not I, my Lord, unlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Majesty make up,
Least your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so :

My Lord of Westmerland leade him to his Tent.

West. Come my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe ;
And heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd Nobility lyes troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

Job. We breath too long : Come cosin Westmerland,
Our duty this way lies, for heavens sake come.

Prin. By heaven thou hast deceiv'd me Lancaster,
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit :
Before, I lov'd thee as a Brother, *John* ;
But now, I do respect thee as my Soule.

King. I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the point,
With lustier maintenance then I did looke for
Of such an ungrowne Warriour.

Prin. O this Boy, lends mettall to us all.

Exit.

Enter Douglas.

Dow. Another King? They grow like Hydra's head :
I am the *Douglas*, fatall to all those
That weare those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit't the person of a King?

King. The King himselfe : who *Douglas* grieves at hart

So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
 And not the very King. I have two Boyes
 Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe about the Field :
 But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
 I will assay thee : so defend thy selfe.

Dow. I feare thou art another counterfeit :
 And yet infaith thou bear'st thee like a King :
 But mine I am sure thou art, whoere thou be,
 And thus I win thee. *They fight, the K. being in danger.*

Enter Prince.

Prin. Hold up thy head vile Scot, or thou art like
 Never to hold it up againe : the Spirits
 Of valiant *Sberly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes ;
 It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
 Who never promiseth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Douglas flyeth.

Cheerely My Lord : how fare's your Grace ?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
 And so hath *Clifton* : Ile to *Clifton* straight.

King. Stay, and breath awhile.
 Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
 And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
 In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee.

Prin. O heaven, they did me too much injury,
 That ever said I hearkned to your death.
 If it were so, I might have let alone
 The insulting hand of *Douglas* over you,
 Which would have bene as speedy in your end,
 As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
 And sav'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make up to *Clifton*, Ile to *Sir Nicholas Gawsey.* *Exit.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth.*

Prin. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harrie Percie*.

Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more :

Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it *Harry*, for the houre is come
To end the one of us ; and would to heaven,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honours on thy Crest,
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay you shall finde no Boyes
play heere, I can tell you.

*Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falstaffe, who falls down as if he
were dead. The Prince killeth Percie.*

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast rob'd me of my youth :
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me,
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh :
But thought's the slave of Life, and Life, Times foole ;
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could Prophesie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue : No *Percy*, thou art dust
And food for ——

Prin. For Wormes, brave *Percy*. Farewell great heart :
Ill-wean'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke ?
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,
A Kingdome for it was too small a bound :

But now two paces of the vilest Earth
 Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
 Beares not alive so stout a Gentleman,
 If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,
 I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.
 But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
 And even in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe
 For doing these fayre Rites of Tendernessee.
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven,
 Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the grave,
 But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
 What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh
 Keepe in a little life? Poore Jacke farewell:
 I could have better spar'd a better man.
 O, I should have a heavy misse of thee,
 If I were much in love with Vanity.
 Death hath not stricke so fat a Deere to day,
 Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
 Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
 Till then, in blood, by Noble *Percie* lye. *Exit.*

Falstaffe riseth up.

Falst. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile give you
 leave to powder me, and eat me too to morrow. 'Twas time to
 counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot, had paid me scot and
 lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit; to dye, is to be a
 counterfeit, for hee is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not
 the life of a man: But to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby
 liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of
 life indeede. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the
 which better part, I have saved my life. I am affraide of this
 Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if hee should
 counterfeit too, and rise? I am affraide he would prove the bet-
 ter counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure: yea, and Ile sweare
 I kill'd him. Why may not hee rise as well as I: Nothing con-

futes me but eyes, and no-bodie sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh come you along me.

Takes Hotspurre on his backe.

Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come Brother *John*, full bravely hast thou flesht thy Maiden sword.

John. But soft, who have we heere?
Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasie that playes upon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but if I be not *Jacke Falstaffe*, then am I a Jacke: There is *Percy*, if your Father will do me any Honor, so: if not, let him kill the next *Percie* himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of Breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may bee beleaved, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne upon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death I gave him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece of my sword.

John. This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard,

Prin. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *John*.
Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
Ile gil'd it with the happiest tearmes I have.

A Retreat is sounded.

The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:

Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what Friends are living, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Fal. Ile follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that rewards
me, heaven reward him. If I do grow great again. Ile grow
lesse? For Ile purge, and leave Sacke, and live cleanly, as a
Nobleman should do. *Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

The Trumpets sound.

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester &
Vernon Prisoners.*

King. Thus ever did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Love to all of you?
And would'st thou turne our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust?
Three Knights upon our party slaine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this houre,
If like a Christian thou had'st truly borne
Betwixt our Armis, true Intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoyded, it falls on mee.

King. Beare Worcester to death, and *Vernon* too:
Other Offenders we will pause upon. *Exit Worcester and Vernon.*
How goes the Field?

Prin. The Noble Scot Lord *Dowglas*, when hee saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble *Percy* slaine, and all his men,
Upon the foot of feare, fled with the rest;

And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beseech your Grace.
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then Brother *John* of Lancaster,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong :
Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free :
His Valour shewne upon our Crests to day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosome of our Adversaries.

King. Then this remains : that we divide our Power.
You Sonne *John*, and my Cousin Westmerland
Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your deere speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who (as we heare) are busily in Armea.
My Selfe, and you Sonne *Harry* will towards Wales,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Checke of such another day :
And since this Businesse so faire is done,
Let us not leave till all our owne be wonne.

Exeunt.

FINIS







KING HENRY IV.—part II.

Act V. Sc. V.



The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,
Containing his Death: and the Coronation
of King Henry the Fift.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

INDUCTION.

Enter Rumour.



Pen your Eares : For which of you will stop
The vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumor* speaks ?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping West
(Making the winde my Post-horse) still unfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth,
Upon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in every Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports.
I speake of Peace, while covert Enmitie
(Under the smile of Safety) wounds the World :
And who but *Rumour*, who but onely I
Make fearfull Musters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil'st the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre,
And no such matter ? *Rumour*, is a Pipe
Blowne by Surmises, Jelousies, Conjectures ;
And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,

That the blunt Monster, with uncouth heads,
The still discordant, wavering Multitude,
Can play upon it. But what neede I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anatomize
Among my houshold? Why is *Rumour* heere!
I run before King *Harries* victory,
Who in a bloodie field by *Shrewsburie*
Hath beaten downe yong *Hotspurre*, and his Troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
Even with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
To speake so true at first? My Office is
To noyse abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Under the Wrath of Noble *Hotspurres* Sword:
And that the King, before the *Douglas* Rage
Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant-Townes,
Betweene the Royall Field of *Shrewsburie*,
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where *Hotspurres* Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes crafty sicke. The Postes come tying on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they have learn'd of Me. From *Rumours* Tongues,
They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse then True-wrongs.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L. Bar. Who keeps the Gate heere ho?
Where is the Earle?

Por. What shall I say you are?

Bar. Tell thou the Earle
That, the Lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him heere.

Per. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard.

Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himselfe will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bar. Heere comes the Earle.

Nor. What newes Lord *Bardolfe*? Ev'ry minute now
Should be the Father of some Stratagem;
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.

L. Bar. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

Nor. Good, and heaven will.

L. Bar. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince *Harrie* slaine out-right: and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Douglas*. Yong Prince *John*,
And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field,
And *Harrie Monmouth's* Brawne (the Hulke Sir *John*)
Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day.
(So fought, so follow'd, and so fairely wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Cesars* Fortunes.

Nor. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bar. I spake with one (my L.) that came from thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely tender'd me these newes for true.

Nor. Heere comes my Servant *Travers*, whom I sent
On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.

Enter Travers.

L. Bar. My Lord, I over-rod him on the way,
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,

More then he (haply) may retaile from me.

Nor. Now *Travers*, what good tidings comes from you?

Tra. My Lord, Sir *John Umfreuill* turn'd me backe
With joyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)
Out-rod me. After him, came spurring head
A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)
That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him
I did demand what *Newes* from *Shrewsbury*:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold.
With that he gave his able Horse the head,
And bending forwards strooke his able heeles
Against the panting sides of his poore Jade
Up to the *Rowell* head, and starting so,
He seem'd in running, to devoure the way,
Staying no longer question.

North.

Ha? Againe:

Said he yong *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold?
(Of *Hot-Spurre*, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,
Had met ill lucke?

L. Bar.

My Lord: Ile tell you what,

If my yong Lord your Sonne, have not the day,
Upon mine Honor, for a silken point
Ile give my Barony. Never talke of it.

Nor. Why should the Gentleman that rode by *Travers*
Give then such instances of Losse?

L. Bar.

Who, he?

He was some hielding Fellow, that had stolne
The Horse he rode-on: and upon my life
Speake at adventure. Looke, here comes more *Newes*.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaf,
Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragick Volume:

So looks the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witnest Usurpation.

Say *Morton*, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
Where hatefull death put on his ugliest Maske
To fright our party.

North. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?
Thou trembl'st; and the whitenesse in thy Cheeke
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priams* Curtaine, in the dead of night,
And would have told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.
But *Priam* found the Fire, ere he his Tongue;
And I, my *Percies* death, ere thou report'st it.
This, thou would'st say: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble *Dowglas*,
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to stop mine Eare indeed)
Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

Mor. *Dowglas* is living, and your Brother, yet:
But for my Lord, your Sonne.

North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue Suspition hath:
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Instinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake (*Morton*)
Tell thou thy Earle, his Divination Lies,
And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainsaid:
Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.

North. Yet for all this, say not that *Percies* dead.
I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:

Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it Feare, or Sinne,
 To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say so :
 The Tongue offends not, that reports his death :
 And he doth sinne that doth belye the dead :
 Not he, which sayes the dead is not alive :
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome Newes
 Hath but a loosing Office : and his Tongue,
 Sounds ever after as a sullen Bell
 Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

L. Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to beleewe
 That, which I would to heaven, I had not seene.
 But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,
 Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)
 To *Henric Monmouth*, whose swift wrath beate downe
 The never-daunted *Percie* to the earth,
 From whence (with life) he never more sprung up.
 In few ; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,
 Even to the dullest Peazant in his Campe)
 Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate away
 From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes.
 For from his Mettle, was his party steel'd ;
 Which once, in him abated, all the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy Lead :
 And as the Thing, that's heavy in it selfe,
 Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speede,
 So did our Men, heavy in *Hotspurres* loose,
 Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,
 That Arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayme,
 Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their safety)
 Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcester
 Too soone ta'ne prisoner : and that Furious Scot,
 (The bloody *Douglas*) whose well-labouring sword
 Had three times slaine th'appearance of the King,
 Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame

Of those that turn'd their backs : and in his flight,
 Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The summe of all,
 Is, that the King hath wonne : and hath sent out
 A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,
 Under the conduct of yong Lancaster
 And Westmerland. This is the Newes at full.

North. For this, I shall have time enough to mourne.
 In Poyson, there is Physicke : and this newes
 (Having beene well) that would have made me sicke,
 Being sicke, have in some measure, made me well.
 And as the Wretch, whose Feaver-weakened joynts,
 Like strengthlesse Hindges, buckle under life,
 Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire
 Out of his keepers armes : Even so, my Limbes
 (Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,
 Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,
 A scalie Gauntlet now, with joynts of Steele
 Must glove this hand. And hence thou sickly Quoife,
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which Princes, flesh'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.
 Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach
 The ragged'st houre, that Time and Spight dare bring
 To frowne upon th'enrag'd Northumberland.
 Let Heaven kisse Earth : now let not Natures hand
 Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd : Let Order dye,
 And let the world no longer be a stage
 To feede Contention in a ling'ring A&t :
 But let one spirit of the First-borne *Caine*
 Reigne in all bosomes, that each heart being set
 On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,
 And darknesse be the burier of the dead.

L. Bar. Sweet Earle, divorce not wisdom from your Honor.

Mor. The lives of all your loving Complices
 Leane-on your health, the which if you give-o're
 To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.

You cast th'event of Warre (my Noble Lord)
 And summ'd the accompt of Chance, before you said
 Let us make head : It was your presumize,
 That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.
 You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
 More likely to fall in, then to get o're :
 You were advis'd his flesh was capeable
 Of Wounds, and Scarres ; and that his forward Spirit
 Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,
 Yet did you say go forth : and none of this
 (Though strongly apprehended) could restraine
 The stiffe-borne Aſtion : What hath then befallne ?
 Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,
 More then that Being, which was like to be ?

L. Bar. We all that are engaged to this losse,
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,
 That if we wrought out life, was ten to one :
 And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,
 Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,
 And since we are o're-set, venture againe.
 Come, we will all put forth ; Body, and Goods.

Mor. 'Tis more then time : And (my most Noble Lord)
 I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth :
 The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is up
 With well appointed Powres : he is a man
 Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
 My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpses,
 But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight.
 For that same word (Rebellion) did divide
 The aſtion of their bodies, from their soules,
 And they did fight with queasinesse, constrain'd
 As men drinke potions ; that their Weapons only
 Seem'd on our side : but for their Spirits and Soules,
 This word (Rebellion) it had froze them up,
 As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
 Turnes Insurrection to Religion,

Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts :
 He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde :
 And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood
 Of faire King *Richard*, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,
 Derives from heaven, his Quarrell, and his Cause :
 Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,
 Gasping for life, under great *Bullingbrooke*,
 And more, and lesse, do flocke to follow him.

North. I knew of this before. But to speake truth,
 This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.
 Go in with me, and counsell every man
 The aptest way for safety, and revenge :
 Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
 Never so few, nor never yet more need.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what saies the Doct. to my water ?

Pag. He said sir, the water it selfe was a good healthy water:
 but for the party that ow'd it, he might have more diseases then
 he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee : the braine
 of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able to invent any
 thing that tends to laughter, more then I invent, or is invented on
 me. I am not onely witty in my selfe, but the cause that wit is
 in other men. I doe heere walke before thee, like a Sow, that
 hath o'rewhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee
 into my Service for any other reason, then to set mee off, why
 then I have no judgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art
 fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heele. I was
 never mann'd with an Agot till now : but I will sette you neyther
 in Gold, nor Silver, but in vilde apparell, and send you backe
 againe to your Master, for a Jewell. The *Juvenall* (the Prince
 your Master) whose Chin is not yet fledg'd, I will sooner have a
 beard grow in the Palme of my hand, then he shall get one on his

cheeke: yet he will not sticke to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a haire amisse yet he may keepe it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall never earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his Father was a Batchellour. He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said M. *Dumbledon*, about the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

Pag. He said sir, you should procure him better Assurance, then *Bardolfe*: he wold not take his Bond & yours, he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a horson *Achitophel*; a Rascally-yea-forsooth-knave, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then stand upon Security? The horson smooth-pates doe now weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at their girdles: and if a man is through with them in honest Taking-up, then they must stand upon Securitie: I had as lief they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should have sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he have his owne Lanthorne to light him. Where's *Bardolfe*?

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee a horse in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiv'd.

Enter Chiefe Justice, and Servant.

Pag. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolfe*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Ser. Falstaffe, and't please your Lordship.

Just. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with some Charge, to the Lord *John of Lancaster*.

Just. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Pag. You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe.

Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.

Ser. Sir *John*.

Fal. What? a yong knave and beg? Is there not wars? Is there not employment? Doth not the K. lack subjects? Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worae shame to begge, then to be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You mistake me Sir.

Fal. Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldiership aside, I had lyed in my throat, if I had said so.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and your Souldier-ship aside, and give mee leave to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay a-side that which growes to me? If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me: if thou tak'st leave, thou wer't better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter, hence: Avant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

Just. Sir *John Falstaffe*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: give your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heard say your Lordship was sicke. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by advise. Your Lordship (though not clean past your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you: some relish of the saltnesse of

Time, and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Just. Sir *John*, I sent you before your Expedition, to Shrewsburie.

Fal. If it please your Lordship, I heare his Majestie is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Just. I talke not of his Majesty: you would not come when I sent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreover, his Highnesse is falne into this same whorson Apoplexie.

Just. Well, heaven mend him. I pray let me speak with you.

Fal. This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethargie, a sleeping of the blood, a horson Tingling.

Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it originall from much greefe; from study and perturbation of the braine. I have read the cause of his effects in *Galen*. It is a kinde of deafenesse.

Just. I thinke you are falne into the disease: For you heare not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't please you) it is the disease of not Listning, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Just. To punish you by the heeles, would amend the attention of your eares, & I care not if I be your Physitian.

Fal. I am as poore as *Job*, my Lord; but not so Patient: your Lordship may minister the Potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of Povertie: but how I should bee your Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeede, a scruple it selfe.

Just. I sent for you (when there were matters against you for your life) to come speake with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned Councel, in the lawes of this Land-service, I did not come.

Just. Wel, the truth is (sir *John*) you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, canot live in lesse.

Just. Your Meanes is very slender, and your wast great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise : I would my Meanes were greater, and my waste slenderer.

Just. You have mislead the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The yong Prince hath misled mee. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound : your daies service at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded over your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the unquiet time, for your quiet o're-posting that Action.

Fal. My Lord ?

Just. But since all is wel, keep it so : wake not a sleeping Wolfe.

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Ju. What ? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A Wassell-Candle, my Lord ; all Tallow : if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Just. There is not a white haire on your face, but shold have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.

Just. You follow the yong Prince up and downe, like his evill Angell.

— *Fal.* Not so (my Lord) your ill Angell is light : but I hope, he that lookes upon mee, will take mee without, weighing : and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go : I cannot tell. Vertue is of so little regard in these Costormongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard. Pregnancie is made a Tapster, and hath his quicke wit wasted in giving Recknings : all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not woorth a Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are yong : you measure the heat of our Livers, with the bitternes of your gals : & we that are in the raward of our youth, I must confesse, are waggess too.

Just. Do you set downe your name in the scrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charraacters of age ? Have

you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde short? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with Antiquity? and wil you cal your selfe yong? fy, fy, fy, sir *John*.

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallowing and singing of Anthemes. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in judgement and understanding: and he that will caper with mee for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & have at him. For the boxe of th'eare that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a sensible Lord. I have checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents: Marry not in ashes and sacke-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Just. Wel heaven send the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heaven send the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince *Harry*, I heare you are going with Lord *John* of Lancaster, against the Archbishop, and the Earle of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes, I thanke your pretty sweet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that kisse my Ladie Peace, at home) that our Armies joyn not in a hot day: for if I take but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat extraordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing but my Bottle, would I might never spit white againe: There is not a daungerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well I cannot last ever.

Just. Well, be honest, be honest, and heaven blesse your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Just. Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient to beare crosses. Fare you well. Commend mee to my Cosin Westmerland.

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more separate Age and Covetousnesse, than he can part yong limbes and letchery : but the Gowt galles the one, and the pox pinches the other ; and so both the Degrees prevent my curses. Boy ?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse ?

Page. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to old Mistris *Urrula*, whome I have weekly sworne to marry, since I perceiv'd the first white haire on my chin. About it : you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this poxe : for the one or th'other plays the rogue with my colour, and it is no matter, if I do halt, I have the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing : I will turne diseases to commodity.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus have you heard our causes, & kno our Means :
And my most noble Friends, I pray you all
Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes,
And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it ?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes,
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How (in our Meanes) we should advance our selves
To looke with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puisance of the King.

Hast. Our present Musters grow upon the File

To five and twenty thousand men of choice :
 And our Supplies, live largely in the hope
 Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes
 With an incensed Fire of Injuries.

L. Bar. The question then (*Lord Hastings*) standeth thus,
 Whether our present five and twenty thousand
 May hold-up-head, without Northumberland :

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point :
 But if without him we be thought to feeble,
 My judgement is, we should not step too farre
 Till we had his Assistance by the hand.
 For in a Theame so bloody fac'd, as this,
 Conjecture, Expectation, and Surmise
 Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true *Lord Bardolfe*, for indeed
 It was yong *Hotspurres* case, at Shrewsbury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope,
 Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply,
 Flatt'ring himselfe with project of a power,
 Much smaller, than the smallest of his Thoughts,
 And so with great imagination
 (Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,
 And (winking) leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But (by your leave), it never yet did hurt,
 To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre,
 Indeed the instant action : a cause on foot,
 Lives so in hope : As in an early Spring,
 We see th'appearing buds, which to prove fruite,
 Hope give not so much warrant, as Dispaire
 That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build,
 We will survey the Plot, then draw the Modell,
 And when we see the figure of the house,
 Then must we rate the cost of the Erection,

Which if we finde out-weighes Ability,
 What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell
 In fewer offices? Or at least, desist
 To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,
 (Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,
 And set another up) should we survey
 The plot of Situation, and the Modell;
 Consent upon a sure Foundation:
 Question Surveyors, know our owne estate,
 How able such a Worke to undergo,
 To weigh against his Opposite? Or else,
 We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,
 Using the Names of men, instead of men:
 Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house
 Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through)
 Gives o're, and leaves his part-created Cost
 A naked subject to the Weeping Clouds,
 And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth)
 Should be still-borne: and that we now possess
 The utmost man of expectation:
 I thinke we are a Body strong enough
 (Even as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but five & twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more: nay not so much Lord *Bardolf*.
 For his divisions (as the Times do brawle)
 Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,
 And one against *Glendower*: Perforce a third
 Must take up us: So is the unfirme King
 In three divided: and his Coffers sound
 With hollow Poverty, and Emptiness.

Ar. That he should draw his severall strengths together
 And come against us in full puissance
 Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,

He leaves his backe unarm'd, the French, and Welch
Baying him at the heeles : never feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither ?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland :
Against the Welsh himselfe, and *Harrie Monmouth*.
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certaine notice.

Arch.

Let us on :

And publish the occasion of our Armes.
The Common-wealth is sick of their owne Choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfetted :
An habitation giddy, and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many, with what loud applause
Did'st thou beate heaven with blessing *Bullingbrooke*,
Before he was, what thou would'st have him be ?
And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires,
Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thy selfe to cast him up.
So, so, (thou common Dogge) did'st thou disgorge
Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall *Richard*,
And now thou would'st eate thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times ?
They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him dye,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave.
Thou that threw'st dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on,
After th'admired heeles of *Bullingbrooke*,
Cri'st now, O Earth, yeeld us that King agine,
And take thou this (O thoughts of men accur'd)

" *Past, and to Come, seemes best; things Present, worst.*

Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on ?

Hast. We are Times subjects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.

Hostesse. Mr *Fang*, have you entred the Action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Hostesse. Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?
Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare*?

Hostesse. I, I, good M. *Snare*.

Snare. Heere, heere.

Fang. *Snare*, we must Arrest Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Host. I good M. *Snare*, I have enter'd him, and all.

Sn. It may chance cost some of us our lives: he wil stab.

Hostesse. Alas the day: take heed of him: he stabd me in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not what mischeefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will foyne like any divell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor childe.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Hostesse. No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fist him once: if he come but within my Vice.

Host. I am undone with his going: I warrant he is an infinitive thing upon my score. Good M. *Fang* hold him sure: good M. *Snare* let him not scape, he comes continuantly to Py-Corner (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in Lombardstreet, to M. *Smootbes* the Silkman. I pra'ye, since my Exion is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer: A 100. Marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have bin sub'doff, and sub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unles a woman should be made an Asse and a Beast, to beare every Knaves wrong.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Nose *Bardolfe* with him. Do your Offices, do your offices : *M. Fang*, & *M. Snare*, do me, do me, do me your Offices.

Fal. How now ? whose Mare's dead ? what's the matter ?

Fang. Sir *John*, I arrest you, at the suit of Mist. *Quickly.*

Falst. Away Varlets, draw *Bardolfe* : Cut me off the Villaines head : throw the Queane in the Channel.

Host. Throw me in the channell ? Ile throw thee there. Wilt thou ? wilt thou ? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, murder, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers, and the Kings ? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art a honyseed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Falst. Keep them off, *Bardolfe*.

Fang. Arescu, a rescu.

Host. Good people bring a rescu. Thou wilt not ? thou wilt not ? Do, do thou Rogue : Do thou Hempseed.

Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustillirian. Ile tucke your Catastrophe.

Enter Ch. Justice.

Just. What's the matter ? Keepe the Peace here, hoa.

Host. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beseech you stand to me.

Ch. Just. How now sir *John* ? What are you brauling here ? Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse ? You should have bene well on your way to Yorke. Stand from him Fellow ; wherefore hang'st upon him ?

Host. Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what summe ?

Host. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all : all I have, he hath eaten me out of house and home ; hee hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his : but I will have some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o'Nights, like the Mare.

Falst. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I have any vantage of ground, to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir *John*? Fy, what a man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to so rough a course, to come by her owne?

Falst. What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?

Host. Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy selfe, & the mony too. Thou didst sweare to mee upon a parcell gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week, when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a singing man of Windsor; Thou didst sweare to me then (as I was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my Lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife *Keech* the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me gossip *Quickly*? comming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar: telling us, she had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby thou didst desire to eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And did'st thou not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee 30.s? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad soule: and she sayes up & downe the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath bin in good case, & the truth is, poverty hath distracted her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I may have redresse against them.

Just. Sir *John*, sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come with such (more then impudent) sawcines from you, can thrust me from a levell consideration, I know you ha' practis'd upon the easie-yeelding spirit of this woman.

Host. Yes in troth my Lord.

Just. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, & the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not undergo this sneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcinesse: If a man will curt'sie, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty remembred) I will not be your sutor. I say to you, I desire deliv'rance from these Officers being upon hasty employment in the Kings Affaires.

Just. You speake, as having power to do wrong: But answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the poore woman.

Falst. Come hither Hostesse.

Enter M. Gower.

Ch. Just. Now Master Gower; What newes?

Gow. The King (my Lord) and Henric Prince of Wales Are neere at hand: The rest the Paper tellea.

Falst. As I am a Gentleman.

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this Heavenly ground I tread on, I must be faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my dyning Chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the onely drinking: and for thy wallee a pretty slight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tapestries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canst.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou was't set on to this.

Host. Prethee (Sir *John*) let it be but twenty Nobles, I loath to pawne my Plate, in good earnest la.

Fal. Let it alone, Ile make other shift: you'l be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper. You'l pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I live? Go with her, with her : hooke-on, hooke-on.

Host. Will you have *Dall Tear-sheet* meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

Ch. Just. I have heard bitter newes.

Fal. What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch. Ju. Where lay the King last night?

Mes. At Basingstoke my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his Forces backe?

Mes. No : Fiftene hundred Foot, five hundred Horse
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L?

Ch. Just. You shall have Letters of me presently.
Come, go along with me, good M. *Gowre*.

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master *Gowre*, shall I entreate you with mee to dinner?

Gow. I must waite upon my good Lord heere.
I thanke you, good Sir *John*.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, you loyter heere too long being you are
to take Souldiers up, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master *Gowre*?

Ch. Just. What foolish Master taught you these manners, Sir
John?

Fal. Master *Gower*, if they become mee not, hee was a Foole
that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my
Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foole.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

Prin. It doth me: though it discolours the complexion of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vildely in me, to desire small Beere?

Poin. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weake a Composition.

Prince. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got, for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede these humble considerations make me out of love with my Greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk stockings thou hast? (Viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones :) Or to beare the Inventorie of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for use. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou kept'st not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countries, have made a shift to eate up thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it followes, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talke so idly? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so sicke, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins*?

Poin. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It shall serve among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poin. Go to: I stand the push of your one thing, that you'll tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad

now my Father is sicke: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poin. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

Prin. Thou think'st me as farre in the Divels Booke, as thou, and *Falstaffe*, for obduracie and persistencie. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is so sicke: and keeping such vild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all ostentation of sorrow.

Poin. The reason?

Prin. What would'st thou think of me, if I shold weep?

Poin. I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be every mans thought: and thou art a blessed Fellow, to thinke as every man thinkes: never a mans thought in the world, keepes the Rode-way better then thine: every man would thinke me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your most worshipful thought to thinke so?

Poin. Why, because you have beene so lewde, and so much ingrafted to *Falstaffe*.

Prin. And to thee.

Pointz. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with mine owne eares: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of my hands: and those two things I confesse I canot helpe. Looke, looke, here comes *Bardolfe*.

Prince. And the Boy that I gave *Falstaffe*, he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat villain have not transform'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Save your Grace.

Prin. And yours, most Noble *Bardolfe*.

Poin. Come you pernicious Asse, you bashfull Foole, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window : at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wives new Petticoat, & peeped through.

Prin. Hath not the boy professed ?

Bar. Away, you horson upright Rabbet, away.

Page. Away, you rascally *Altheas* dreame, away.

Prin. Instruct us Boy : what dreame, Boy ?

Page. Marry (my Lord) *Altheas* dream'd, she was deliver'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him hir dream.

Prince. A Crowne-worth of good Interpretation : There it is, Boy.

Pain. O that this good Blossome could bee kept from Cankers : Well, there is six pence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall be wrong'd.

Prince. And how doth thy Master, *Bardolph* ?

Bar. Well, my good Lord : he heard of your Graces coming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

Pain. Deliver'd with good respect : And how doth the Martlemas, your Master ?

Bard. In bodily heath Sir.

Pain. Marry, the immortall part needes a Physitian : but that moves not him : though that bee sicke, it dyes not.

Prince. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with me, as my dogge : and he holds his place, for looke you he writes.

Pain. Letter. John Falstaffe Knight : (Every man must know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe :) Even like those that are kinne to the King, for they never pricke their finger, but they say, there is som of the kings blood spilt. How comes that (sayes he) that takes upon him not to conceive ? the answer is as ready as a borrowed cap : I am the Kings poore Cousin, Sir.

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they wil fetch it from *Japhet*. But to the Letter : — *Sir John Falstaffe, Knight, to*

the Sonne of the King, nearest his Father, Harrie Prince of Wales, greeting.

Poin. Why this is a Certificate.

Prin. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romaines in brevitie.

Poin. Sure he meanes brevity in breath : short-winded.

I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Bee not too familiar with Pointz, for hee misuses thy Favours so much, that he sweares thou art to marrie his Sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no : which is as much as to say, as thou usest him. Jacke Falstaffe with my Familiars : John with my Brothers and Sister : & Sir John with all Europe.

My Lord, I will steepe this Letter in Sack, and make him eate it.

Prin. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words. But do you use me thus *Ned*? Must I marry your Sister?

Poin. May the Wench have no worse Fortune. But I never said so.

Prin. Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, & the spirits of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mocke us : Is your Master heere in London?

Bard. Yes my Lord.

Prin. Where suppes he? Doth the old Bore, feede in the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape.

Prin. What Company?

Page. Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church.

Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. None my Lord, but old Mistris *Quickly*, and M. *Doll Tear-sheet*.

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman of my Masters.

Prin. Even such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the Towne-Bull?

Shall we steale upon them (*Ned*) at Supper?

Poin. I am your shadow, my Lord, Ile follow you.

Prin. Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your Master that I am yet in Towne.

There's for your silence.

Bar. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will governe it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.

This *Doll Teare-sheet* should be some Rode.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might we see *Falstaffe* bestow himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not our selves be seene?

Poin. Put on two Leather Jerkins, and Aprons, and waite upon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God, to a Bull? A heavie declension: It was Joves case. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low transformation, that shall be mine: for in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me *Ned*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, his Ladie, and Harrie Percies Lady.

North. I prethee loving Wife, and gentle Daughter,
Give an even way unto my rough Affaires:
Put not you on the visage of the Times,
And be like them to Percie, troublesome.

Wife. I have given over, I will speak no more,
Do what you will: your Wisedome, be your guide.

North. Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

La. Oh yet, for heavens sake, go not to these Wars;
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,
When you were more endeer'd to it, then now,

When your owne Percy when my heart-deere-*Harry*,
 Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father
 Bring up his Powres : but he did long in vaine.
 Who then perswaded you to stay at home ?
 There were two Honors lost ; Yours, and your Sonne.
 For Yours, may heavenly glory brighten it :
 For His, it stucke upon him, as the Sunne
 In the gray vault of Heaven : and by his Light
 Did all the Chevalrie of England move
 To do brave Acta. He was (indeed) the Glasse
 Wherein the Noble-Youth did dresse themselves.
 He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate :
 And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish)
 Became the Accents of the Valiant.
 For those that could speake low, and tardily,
 Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuse,
 To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,
 In Diet, in Affections of delight,
 In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,
 He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppy, and Booke,
 That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous ! him,
 O Miracle of Men ! Him did you leave
 (Second to none) un-seconded by you,
 To looke upon the hideous God of Warre,
 In dis-advantage, to abide a field,
 Where nothing but the sound of *Hotspurs* Name
 Did seeme defensible : so you left him.
 Never, O never doe his Ghost the wrong,
 To hold your Honor more precise and nice
 With others, then with him. Let them alone :
 The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.
 Had my sweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers,
 To day might I (hanging on *Hotspurs* Necke)
 Have talk'd of *Monmouth's* Grave.

North.

Beahrew your heart,

(Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,
 With new lamenting ancient Over-sights.
 But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,
 Or it will seeke me in another place,
 And finde me worse provided.

Wife. O flye to Scotland,
 Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
 Have of their Puissance made a little taste.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
 Then joyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steeles,
 To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loves,
 First let them trye themselves. So did your Sonne,
 He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow;
 And never shall have length of Life enough,
 To raine upon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
 That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heaven;
 For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde
 As with the Tyde, swell'd up unto his height,
 That makes a still-stand, running neyther way.
 Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,
 But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.
 I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
 Till Time and Vantage crave my company.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Drawer.* What hast thou brought there? Apple-Johns?
 Thou know'st Sir *John* cannot endure an Apple-John.

2. *Draw.* Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish of
 Apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir
Johns: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my leave

of these sixe drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then cover, and set them downe: and see if thou canst finde out *Sneakes* Noyse; Mistris *Teare-sheet* would faine have some Musique.

2. *Draw.* Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Master *Points*, anon; and they will put on two of our Jerkins, and Aprons, and Sir *John* must not know of it: *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* Then here will be old *Uis*: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2. *Draw.* Ile see if I can finde out *Sneake*. *Exit.*

Enter Hostesse, and Dol.

Host. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalie: your Pulsidge beates as extraordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you have drunke too much Canaries, and that's a marvellous searching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

Host. Why that was well said: A good heart's worth Gold. Looke, here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Falstaffe.

Falst. When *Arthur* first in Court—(emptie the Jordan) and was a worthy King. How now Mistris *Dol*?

Host. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-sooth.

Falst. So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme, they are sick.

Dol. You muddie Rascall, is that all the comfort you give me?

Falst. You make fat Rascalls, Mistris *Dol*.

Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Diseases make them, I make them not.

Falst. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Diseases (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chaynes, and our Jewels.

Falst. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to serve bravely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent bravely, and to Surgerie bravely; to venture upon the charg'd-Chambers bravely.

Host. Why this is the olde fashion: you two never meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Tostes, you cannot one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yere? One must beare, and that must bee you: you are the weaker Vessel; as they say, the emptier Vessell.

Dol. Can a weake emptie Vessell beare such a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Burdeaux-Stuffe in him: you have not seene a Hulke better stufft in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee *Jacke*. Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I shall ever see thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient *Pistoll* is below, and would speake with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'dst Rogue in England.

Host. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must live amongst my Neighbors, Ile no swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very best: shut the doore, there comes no Swaggerers heere: I have not liv'd all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the doore, I pray you.

Falst. Do'st thou heare, Hostesse?

Host. Pray you pacifie your selfe (Sir *John*) there comes no Swaggerers heere.

Falst. Do'st thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally (Sir *John*) never tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Master *Tisick* the Deputie, the other day: and as hee said to me, it was no longer

agoe then Wednesday last : Neighbour *Quickly* (sayes hee;) Master *Dombe*, our Minister, was by then : Neighbour *Quickly* (sayes hee) receive those that are Civill ; for (sayth hee) you are in an ill Name : now hee said so, I can tell whereupon : for (sayes hee) you are an honest Woman, and well thought on ; therefore take heede what Guests you receive : Receive (sayes hee) no swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would blesse you to heare what hee said. No, Ile no Swaggerers.

Falst. Hee's no Swaggerer (Hostesse :) a tame Cheater, hee ; you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound : hee will not swagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call him up (Drawer.)

Host. Cheater, call you him ? I will barre no honest man my house, nor no Cheater : but I doe not love swaggering ; I am the worse when one sayes, swagger : Feele Masters, how I shake : looke you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, Hostesse.

Host. Doe I ? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an Aspen Leafe : I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Pist. 'Save you, Sir *John*.

Falst. Welcome Ancient *Pistol*. Here (*Pistol*) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke : doe you discharge upon mine Hostesse.

Pist. I will discharge upon her (Sir *John*) with two Bullets.

Falst. She is Pistoll-prooffe (Sir,) you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, Ile drinke no Prooffes, nor no Bullets : I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you (Mistris *Dorothie*) I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me ? I scorne you (scurvie Companion) what ? you poore, base, rascally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate : away you mouldie Rogue, away ; I am meat for your Master.

Pist. I know you, Mistris *Dorothie*.

Dol. Away you Cut-purse Rascall, you filthy Bung, away : By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie Chappes, if

you play the sawcie Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Rascall, you Basket-hilt stale Jugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your shoulder? much.

Pist. I will murder your Ruffe, for this.

Host. No, good Captaine *Pistol*: not heere, sweete Captaine.

Dol. Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Chester, art thou not asham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for taking their Names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a Captaine? you slave, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee lives upon mouldie stew'd-Pruines, and dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

Bard. 'Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falst. Hearke thee hither, Mistris *Dol.*

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I could teare her: Ile be reveng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee goe downe.

Pist. Ile see her damn'd first: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe Dogges, down Fates: have wee not *Hiren* here?

Host. Good Captaine *Peess* be quiet, it is very late: I beseeke you now, aggravate your Choler.

Pist. These be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-Hornes, and hollow-pamper'd Jades of Asia, which cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with *Cesar*, and with Caniballa, and Trojan Greekes? nay, rather damne them with King *Corberus*, and let the Welkin roare: shall wee fall foule for Toyes?

Host. By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Pist. Die men, like Dogges; give Crownes like Pinnes: Have we not *Hiren* here?

Host. On my word (Captaine) there's none such here. What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would deyne her? I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat (my faire *Calipolis*.) Come, give me some sack, *Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contents.* Feare wee broad-sides 'No, let the Fiend give fire; Give me some Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here, and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kisse thy Neaffe: what? wee have seene the seven Starres.

Dol. Thrust him downe stayrea, I cannot endure such a Fustian Rascall.

Pist. Thrust him downe stayrea? know we not Galloway Nagges?

Fal. Quoit him downe (*Bardolpb*) like a shove-groat shilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe stayrea.

Pist. What? shall wee have Incision? shall wee embrew? then Death rocke me asleepe, abridge my dolefull dayes: why then let grievous, gastly, gaping Wounds, untwin'd the Sisters three: Come *Atropos*, I say.

Host. Here's good stuffe toward.

Fal. Give me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee *Jack*, I prethee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe stayrea.

Host. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forswear keeping house, before Ile be in these tiritts, and frights. So: Murther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked Weapons, put up your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee *Jack* be quiet, the Rascall is gone: ah, you whorson little valiant Villaine, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i'th'Groyne? me thought hee made a shrewd Thrust at your Belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doores?

Hurd. Yea Sir: the Rascall's drunke: you have hurt him (Hh) in the shoulder.

Fal. A Rascall to brave me.

Dol. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alaa, poore Ape, how thou swear'st! Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whommen Chough: Ah Rogue, I love thee: Thou art as valorous an *Hector* of *Troy*, worth five of *Agamemnon*, and tenne times better, then the nine *Worthies*: ah Villaine.

Fal. A rascally slave, I willASSE toss the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Dost thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou doo'st, Ile canASSE thee betwene a paire of Sheetes.

Enter Musique.

Paggs. The Musique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Rascally, laughing Slave: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-silver.

Dol. And thou followd'st him like a Church: thou whorson little tyke *Bartholmew Bore-pigge*, when wilt thou leave fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch up thine old Budy for Heaven?

Enter the Prince and Poines disguis'd.

Fal. Peace (good *Dol*) doe not speake like a Deaths-head: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: hee would have made a good Pantler, hee would have chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They say *Poines* hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him *Baboone*, his Wit is as thicke as *Tewkesburie Mustard*: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mullet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a bignes: and hee

playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinkes off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and jumpes upon Joyn'd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very smooth, like unto the Signe of the Legge; and breedes no bate with telling of discreete stories: and such other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that shew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their *Haber-de-pois*.

Prince. Would not this Nave of a Wheele have his Eares cut off?

Poin. Let us beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not strange, that Desire should so many yeeres out-live performance?

Fal. Kisse me *Dol*.

Prince. *Saturne* and *Venus* this yeere in conjunction? What sayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fierie *Trigon*, his Man, be not lipping to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Councell-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'st give me flatt'ring Busses.

Dol. Nay truly, I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Dol. I love thee better, then I love ere a scurvie young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou have a Kirtle of? I shall receive Money on Thursday: thou shalt have a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late, wee will to bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'st so: prove that ever I dresse my selfe handsome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Francis*.

Prim. Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Bastard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou *Poincs*, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of sinfull Continenta, what a Life do'st thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Host. Oh, the Lord preserve thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heaven blesse that sweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorson mad Compound of Majestie: by this light Flesh, and corrupt Blcod, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I scorne you.

Poin. My Lord, hee will drive you out of your revenge, and turne all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whorson Candle-myne you, how vildly did you spake of me even now, before this honest, vertuous, civill Gentlewoman?

Host. 'Blessing on your good heart, and so abee is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to trie my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not so: I did not thinke, thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse (*Hall*) on mine Honor, no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraise me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse (*Hal.*)

Poin. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse (*Ned*) in the World: honest *Ned* none. I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in

love with him : In which doing, I have done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subject, and thy Father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse (*Hal :*) none (*Ned*) none ; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardise, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with us ? Is shee of the Wicked ? Is thine Hostesse heere, of the Wicked ? Or is the Boy of the Wicked ? Or honest *Bardolph* (whose Zeale burnes in his Nose) of the Wicked ?

Poin. Answered thou dead Elme, answered.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his Face is *Lucifers* Privy-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but rost Mault-Wormes : for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Devill outbids him too.

Prince. For the Women ?

Fal. For one of them, shee is in Hell alreadie, and burnes poore Soules : for the other, I owe her Money ; and whether shee bee damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not : I thinke thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Host. All Victuallers doe so : What is a Joynt of Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent ?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What sayes your Grace ?

Falst. His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebells against.

Host. Who knocks so lowd at doore ? Looke to the doore there, *Francis* ?

Enter Peto.

Prince. *Peto*, how now ? what newes ?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Westminster,
And there are twentie weake and wearied Postes,
Come from the North : and as I came along,
I met, and over-tooke a dozen Captaines,

Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tavernes,
And asking every one for Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Prince. By Heaven (*Poines*) I feele me much to blame,
So idly to prophane the precious time,
When Tempest of Commotion, like the South,
Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my Sword, and Cloake :

Falstaffe, good night.

Exit.

Falst. Now comes in the sweetest Morsell of the night, and
wee must hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the
doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently,
A dozen Captaines stay at doore for you.

Falst. Pay the Musitians, Sirrha: farewell Hostesse, farewell
Dol. You see (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are
sought after: the undeserver may sleepe, when the man of Action
is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: If I be not sent away
poste, I will see you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie to burst—
Well, (sweete *Jacke*) have a care of thy selfe.

Falst. Farewell, farewell.

Exit.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have knowne thee these twentie
nine yeeres, come Pescod-time: but an honeste, and truer-
hearted man— Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mistris *Teare-sheet*.

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistris *Teare-sheet* come to my Master.

Host. O runne *Dol*, run: runne, good *Dol*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick:
But ere they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters,

And well consider of them : make good speed. *Exit.*
 How many thousand of my poorest Subjects
 Are at this howre asleepe ? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,
 Natures soft Nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,
 And steepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse ?
 Why rather (Sleepe) lyeest thou in smoakie Cribes,
 Upon uneasie Pallads stretching thee,
 And huisht with bussing Night, flies to thy slumber,
 Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great ?
 Under the Canopies of costly State,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie ?
 O thou dull God, why lyeest thou with the vilde,
 In loathsome Beds, and leav'st the Kingly Couch,
 A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell ?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddie Mast,
 Seale up the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
 In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
 And in the visitation of the Windes,
 Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaff'ning Clamors in the slipp'ry Clouds,
 That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes ?
 Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) give thy Repose
 To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude :
 And in the calmest, and most stillest Night,
 With all appliances, and meanes to boote,
 Deny it to a King ? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,
 Uneasie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwicke and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Majestie.

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords ?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords :)

Have you read o're the Letters that I sent you ?

War. We have (my Liege.)

King. Then you perceive the Body of our Kingdome,
How foule it is : what ranke Diseases grow,
And with what danger, neere the Heart of it ?

War. It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little Medicine :
My Lord *Northumberland* will soone be cool'd.

King. Oh Heaven, that one might read the Book of Fate,
And see the revolution of the Times
Make Mountaines levell, and the Continent
(Wearie of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe
Into the Sea : and other Times, to see
The Beachie Girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for *Neptunes* hippes ; how Chances mocks
And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration
With divers Liquora. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,
Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends,
Did feast together ; and in two yeers after,
Were they at Warrea. It is but eight yeeres since,
This *Percie* was the man, neerest my Soule,
Who, like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires,
And layd his Love and Life under my foot :
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of *Richard*
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by
(You Cousin *Nevil*, as I may remember)
When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares,
(Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*)
Did speake these words (now prov'd a Prophecie :)
Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which
My Cousin *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne :
(Though then, Heaven knowes, I had no such intent,
But that necessitie so bow'd the State,
That I and Greatnesse were compell'd to kisse :)
The Time will come (thus did hee follow it)

The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
 Shall breake into Corruption : so went on,
 Fore-telling this same Times Condition,
 And the division of our Amitie.

War. There is a Historie in all mens Lives,
 Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd :
 The which observ'd, a man may prophetic
 With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things,
 As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes
 And weake beginnings lye entreaured :
 Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time ;
 And by the necessarie forme of this,
 King *Richard* might create a perfect guesse
 That great *Northumbreland*, then false to him,
 Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse,
 Which should not finde a ground to roote upon,
 Unlesse on you.

King. Are these things then Necessities ?
 Then let us meete them like Necessities ;
 And that same word, even now cryes out on us :
 They say, the Bishop and *Northumbreland*
 Are fiftie thousand strong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord :)
 Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho,
 The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace
 To goe to bed, upon my Life (my Lord)
 The Pow'rs that you alreadie have sent forth,
 Shall bring this Prize in very easily.
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
 A certaine instance, that *Glendour* is dead.
 Your Majestie hath beene this fort-night ill,
 And these unseason'd howres perforce must adde
 Unto your Sicknesse.

King. I will take your counsaile :
 And were these inward Warres once out of hand,
 Wee would (deare Lords) unto the Holy-Land,

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence : with Mouldie, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calf.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on : give mee your Hand, Sir ; give mee your Hand, Sir : an early stirrer, by the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin *Silence* ?

Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin *Shallow*.

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow ? and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter *Ellen* ?

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin *Shallow*.)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin *William* is become a good Scholler ? hee is at Oxford still, is hee not ?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my cost.

Sba. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly : I was once of *Clements* Inne ; where (I thinke) they will talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd lustie *Shallow* then (Cousin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing : and I would have done any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit* of Staffordshire, and blacke *George Bare*, and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will Squele* a Cot-fal-man, you had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of Court againe : And I may say to you, wee knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the best of them all at commandement. Then was *Jacke Falstaffe* (now Sir *John*) a Boy, and Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir *John* (Cousin) that comes hither anon about Souldiers ?

Shal. The same Sir *John*, the very same : I saw him breake *Scoggan's* Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was a Crack, not thus high : and the very same day did I fight with one *Sampson Stock-fish*, a Fruiterer, behind Greyes-Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I have spent ! and to see how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead ?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certaine : 'tis certaine : very sure, very sure : Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre ?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old *Double* of your Towne living yet ?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead ? See, see : hee drew a good Bow : and dead ? hee shot a fine shoote. *John* of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead ? hee would have clapt in the Clowt at Twelve-score, and carryed you a fore-hand Shaft at foureteene, and foureteene and a halfe, that it would have done a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now ?

Sil. Thereafter as they be : a score of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is olde *Double* dead ?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir *John Falstaffes* Men (as I thinke.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice *Shallow* ?

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poore Esquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Justices of the Peace : What is your good pleasure with me ?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you : my Captaine, Sir *John Falstaffe* : a tall Gentleman, and a most gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greetes me well : (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight ? may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth ?

Bard. Sir, pardon : a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir ; and it is well said, indeede, too : Better accommodated ? it is good, yea indeede is it : good phrases

are surely, and every where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accomodo* : very good, a good Phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase : but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated : that is, when a man is (as they say) accommodated : or, when a man is, being whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Sbal. It is very just : I looke, heere comes good Sir *John*. Give me your hand, give me your Worships good hand : Trust me, you looke well : and beare your yeares very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. *Robert Shallow* : Master *Sure-card* as I thinke?

Sbal. No sir *John*, it is my Cosin *Silence* : in Commission with mee.

Fal. Good M. *Silence*, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal. Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) have you provided me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

Sbal. Marry have we sir : Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Sbal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see : so, so, so, so : yea marry Sir, *Raphe Mouldie* : let them appeare as I call : let them do so, let them do so : Let mee see, Where is *Mouldie*?

Moul. Heere, if it please you.

Sbal. What thinke you (Sir *John*) a good limb'd fellow : yong, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldie*?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mouldie, lacke use : very singular good. Well saide Sir *John*, very well said.

Fal. Pricke him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone : my old Dame will be undone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery ; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.

Fal. Go too : peace *Mouldie*, you shall goe. *Mouldie*, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent ?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace ; stand aside : Know you where you are ? For the other sir *John* : Let me see : *Simon Shadow.*

Fal. I marry, let me have him to sit under : he's like to be a cold souldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow* ?

Shad. Heere sir.

Fal. *Shadow*, whose sonne art thou ?

Shad. My Mothers sonne, Sir.

Falst. Thy Mothers sonne : like enough, and thy Fathers shadow : so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow of the Male : it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir *John* ?

Falst. *Shadow* will serve for Summer : pricke him : For wee have a number of shadowes to fill uppe the Muster-Booke.

Shal. *Thomas Wart* ?

Falst. Where's he ?

Wart. Heere sir.

Falst. Is thy name *Wart* ?

Wart. Yea sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged *Wart*.

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe,
Sir *John* ?

Falst. It were superfluous : for his apparel is built upon his backe, and the whole frame stands upon pins : prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it sir : you can doe it : I commend you well.

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Heere sir.

Shal. What Trade art thou *Feeble* ?

Feeble. A Womans Taylor sir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him, sir ?

Fal. You may :

But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battaile, as thou hast done in a Womans petticoate ?

Feeble. I will doe my good will sir, you can have no more.

Falst. Well said, good Womans Tailour : Well sayde Courageous *Feeble* : thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrathfull Dove, or most magnanimous Mouse. Pricke the womans Taylour well Master *Shallow*, deepe Maister *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would *Wart* might have gone sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a private souldier, that is the Leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most Forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It shall suffice.

Falst. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble*. Who is the next ?

Shal. *Peter Bulcalf* of the Greene.

Falst. Yea marry, let us see *Bulcalf*.

Bul. Heere sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me *Bulcalf* till he roare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

Fal. What ? do'st thou roare before th'art prickt.

Bul. Oh sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou ?

Bul. A whorson cold sir, a cough sir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, upon his Coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Warres in a Gowne : we will have away thy Cold, and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all ?

Shal. There is two more called then your number : you must have but foure heere sir, and so I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. O sir *John*, doe you remember since wee lay all night in the Winde mill, in S Georges Field.

Falstaffe. No more of that good Master *Shallow* : No more of that.

Shal. Ha ? it was a merry night. And is *Jane Nightworke* alive ?

Fal. She lives, M. *Shallow*.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never : she would alwayes say shee could not abide M. *Shallow*.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart : shee was then a *Bona-Roba*. Doth she hold her owne well.

Fal. Old, old, M. *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choosē but be old : certaine shee's old : and had *Robin Night-worke*, by old *Night-worke*, before I came to *Clements* Inne.

Sil. That's fiftie five yeeres agoe.

Shal. Hah, Cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seene that, that this Knight and I have seene : hah, Sir *John*, said I well ?

Falst. Wee have heard the Chymes at mid-night, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. That wee have, that wee have ; in faith, Sir *John*, wee have : our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner ; come, let's to Dinner : Oh the dayes that wee have seene. Come, come,

Bal. Good Master Corporate *Bardolph*, stand my friend, and heere is foure *Harry* tenne shillings in French Crownes for you : in very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd sir, as goe : and yet, for mine owne part, sir, I do not care ; but rather, because I am unwilling, and for mine owne part, have a desire to stay with my friends : else, sir, I did not care, for mine owne part, so much.

Bard. Go-too : stand aside.

Mould. And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames sake, stand my friend : shee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone : and she is old, and cannot helpe her selfe : you shall have fortie, sir.

Bard. Go-too : stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once : wee owe a death. I will never beare a base minde : if it be my destinie, so : if it be not, so : no man is too good to serve his Prince : and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. Nay, I will beare no base minde.

Falst. Come sir, which men shall I have ?

Shal. Foure of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you : I have three pound, to free *Mouldie* and *Bull-calfe*.

Falst. Go-too : well.

Shal. Come, sir *John*, which foure will you have ?

Falst. Doe you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldie*, *Bull-calfe*, *Feeble*, and *Shadow*.

Falst. *Mouldie*, and *Bull-calfe* : for you *Mouldie*, stay at home, till you are past service : and for your part, *Bull-calfe*, grow till you come unto it : I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, doe not your selfe wrong, they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Falst. Will you tell me (*Master Shallow*) how to chuse a man ? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature, bulke, and bigge assemblance of a man ? give mee the spirit (*Master Shallow*.) Where's *Wart* ? you see what a ragged appearance it is : hee shall

charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer : come off, and on, swifter then hee that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-fac'd fellow, *Shadow*, give me this man : hee presents no marke to the Enemy, the foe-man may with as great ayme leuell at the edge of a Pen-knife : and for a Retrait, how swiftly will this *Feeble*, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyver into *Warts* hand, *Bardolpb*.

Bard. Hold *Wart*, Traverſe : thus, thus, thus.

Falst. Come, manage me your Calyver : so : very well, go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, give me alwayes a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well said *Wart*, thou art a good Scab : hold, there is a Tester for thee.

Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at *Clements* Inne, I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthurs* Show : there was a little quiver fellow, and hee would manage you his Peece thus : and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in : Rah, tah, tah, would hee say, Bownce would hee say, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come : I shall never see such a fellow.

Falst. These fellowes will doe well, Master *Shallow*. Farewell Master *Silence*, I will not use many wordes with you : fare you well, Gentlemen both : I thanke you : I must a dozen mile to night. *Bardolpb*, give the Souldiers Coates.

Shal. Sir *John*, Heaven blesse you, and prosper your Affaires, and send us Peace. As you returne, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed : peradventure I will with you to the Court.

Falst. I would you would, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Go-too : I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

Exit.

Falst. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On *Bardolpb*, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Justices, I doe see the bottome of Justice *Shallow*. How subject wee old

men are to this vice of Lying? This same starv'd Justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildnesse of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and every third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at *Clements* Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheese-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radish, with a Head fantastically carv'd upon it with a Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to any thicke sight) were invincible. Hee was the very *Genius* of Famine: hee came ever in the rere-ward of the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talkes as familiarly of *John* of Gaunt, as if hee had beene sworne Brother to him: and Ile be sworne hee never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men. I saw it, and told *John* of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might have truss'd him and all his Apparrell into an Eele-skinne: the Case of a Treble Hoebuy was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-bishop, Mowbray, Hastings, Westmerland, Colevile.

Bish. What is this Forrest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forrest, and't shall please your Grace.

Bish. Here stand (my Lords) and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Hast. Wee have sent forth alreadie.

Bish. 'Tis well done,

My Friends, and Brethren (in these great affaires)
 I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
 New-dated Letters from *Northumberland* :
 Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.
 Here doth hee wish his Person, with such Powers
 As might hold sortance with his Qualitie,
 The which hee could not levie : whereupon
 Hee is retr'y'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
 To Scotland ; and concludes in heartie prayers,
 That your Attempts may over-live the hazard,
 And fearefull meeting of their Opposite.

Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in him, touch ground,
 And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now ? what newes ?

Mess. West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,
 In goodly forme, comes on the Enemie :
 And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
 Upon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand.

Mow. The just proportion that we gave them out.
 Let us sway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmerland.

Bish. What well-appointed Leader fronts us here ?

Mow. I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland.

West. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,
 The Prince, Lord *John*, and Duke of Lancaster.

Bish. Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace ;
 What doth concerne your comming ?

West. Then (my Lord)
 Unto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse
 The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
 Came like it selfe, in base and abject Routs,
 Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,

And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie :
 I say, if damn'd Commotion so appeare,
 In his true, native, and most proper shape,
 You (Reverend Father, and these Noble Lords)
 Had not beene here, to dresse the ugly forme
 Of base, and bloodie Insurrection,
 With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop,
 Whose See is by a Civill Peace maintain'd,
 Whose Beard, the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
 Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
 Whose white Investments figure Innocence,
 The Dove, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.
 Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe,
 Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,
 Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre ?
 Turning your Bookes to Graves, your Inke to Blood,
 Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue divine
 To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.

Bish. Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands.
 Briefely to this end : Wee are all diseas'd,
 And with our surfetting, and wanton howres,
 Have brought our selves into a burning Fever,
 And wee must bleede for it : of which Disease,
 Our late King *Richard* (being infected) dy'd.
 But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)
 I take not on me here as a Physician,
 Nor doe I, as an Enemie to Peace,
 Troope in the Throngs of Militarie men :
 But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre,
 To dyet ranke Mindes, sicke of happinesse,
 And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop
 Our very Veines of Life : heare me more plainly.
 I have in equall ballance justly weigh'd,
 What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
 And finde our Griefes heavier then our Offences.

Wee see which way the streame of Time doth runne,
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,
 By the rough Torrent of Occasion,
 And have the summarie of all our Griefes
 (When time shall serve) to shew in Articles ;
 Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,
 And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience :
 When wee are wrong'd, and would unfold our Griefes,
 Wee are deny'd access unto his Person,
 Even by those men, that most have done us wrong.
 The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
 Whose memorie is written on the Earth
 With yet appearing blood ; and the examples
 Of every Minutes instance (present now)
 Hath put us in these ill-beseeming Armes :
 Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
 But to establish here a Peace indeede,
 Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.

West. When ever yet was your Appeale deny'd?
 Wherein have you beene galled by the King ?
 What Peere hath beene suborn'd, to grate on you,
 That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke
 Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale divine ?

Bish. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth,
 I make my Quarrell, in particular.

West. There is no neede of any such redresse :
 Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mow. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
 That feele the bruises of the dayes before,
 And suffer the Condition of these Times
 To lay a heavie and unequall Hand upon our Honors ?

West. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
 Construe the Times to their Necessities,
 And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time,
 And not the King, that doth you injuries.

Yet for your part, it not appears to me,
 Either from the King, or in the present Time,
 That you should have an ych of any ground
 To build a Griefe on : were you not restor'd
 To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,
 Your Noble, and right well-remembered Fathers ?

Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my Father lost,
 That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me ?
 The King that lov'd him, as the State stood then,
 Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him :
 And then, that *Henry Bullingbrooke* and hee
 Being mounted, and both rowed in their Seates,
 Their neighing Coursers daring of the Spurre,
 Their armed Staves in charge, their Beavers downe,
 Their eyes of fire, sparkling through sights of Steele,
 And the lowd trumpet blowing them together :
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
 My Father from the Breast of *Bullingbrooke* ;
 O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,
 ' (His owne Life hung upon the Staffe hee threw)
 Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Lives,
 That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
 Have since mis-carried under *Bullingbrooke*.

West. You speak (*Lord Mowbray*) now you know not what.
 The Earle of Hereford was reputed then
 In England the most valiant Gentleman.
 Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then have smil'd ?
 But if your Father had bene Victor there,
 Hee ne're had borne it out of Coventry.
 For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce,
 Cry'd hate upon him : and all their prayers, and love,
 Were set on *Herford*, whom they doted on,
 And bless'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.
 But this is meere digression from my purpose.
 Here come I from our Princely Generall,

To know your Griefes ; to tell you, from his Grace,
That hee will give you Audience : and wherein
It shall appeare, that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off,
That might so much as thinke you Enemies.

Mow. But hee hath forc'd us to compell this Offer,
And it proceedes from Pollicy, not Love.

West. *Mowbray*, you over-weene to take it so :
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.

For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes,
Upon mine Honor, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of feare.
Our Battaile is more full of Names than yours,
Our Men more perfect in the use of Armes,
Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the best ;
Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.

Mow. Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence :
A rotten Case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince *John* a full Commission,
In very ample vertue of his Father,
To heare, and absolutely to determine
Of what Conditions wee shall stand upon ?

West. That is intended in the Generals Name :
I muse you make so slight a Question.

Bish. Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule,
For this containes our generall Grievances :
Each severall Article herein redress'd,
All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,
That are insinewed to this Action,
Acquitted by a true substantiall forme,
And present execution of our wills,
To us, and to our purposes confin'd,
Wee come within our awfull Banks againe,

And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.

West. This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords,
In sight of both our Battailen, wee may meete
At either end in peace : which Heaven so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which must decide it.

Bish. My Lord, wee will doe so.

Mow. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.

Hast. Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace
Upon such large termes, and so absolute,
As our Conditions shall consist upon,
Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountaine.

Mow. I, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight, and false-derived Cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason,
Shall, to the King, taste of this Action :
That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Love,
Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,
That even our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe,
And good from bad finde no partition.

Bish. No, no (my Lord) note this : the King is wearie
Of daintie, and such picking Grievances :
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Revives two greater in the Heires of Life,
And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,
And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie,
That may repeat, and Historie his losse,
To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,
Hee cannot so precisely weede this Land,
As his mis-doubts present occasion :
His foes are so en-rooted with his friends,
That plucking to unfixe an Enemy,
Hee doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offensive wife,

That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his Infant up,
And hangs resolv'd Correction in the Arme,
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods,
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very Instruments of Chastisement :
So that his power, like to a Fanglesse Lion
May offer, but not hold.

Bish. Tis very true :
And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord Marshal)
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe united)
Grow stronger, for the breaking.

Mow. Be it so :
Heere is return'd my Lord of Westmerland.

Enter Westmerland.

West. The Prince is here at hand : pleaseth your Lordship
To meet his Grace, just distance 'twene our Armies ?

Mow. Your Grace of Yorke, in heaven's name then forward.

Bish. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince John.

John. You are wel encountred here (my cosin *Mowbray*)
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,
And so to you Lord *Hastings*, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you,
When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heare with reverence
Your exposition on the holy Text,
Then now to see you heere an Iron man
Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,
Turning the Word, to Sword ; and Life to death ;
That man that sits within a Monarches heart,

And ripens in the Sunne-shine of his favor,
 Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King,
 Alack, what Mischiefes might hee set abroad,
 In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop,
 It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
 How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heaven?
 To us, the Speaker in his Parliament;
 To us, th' imagine Voyce of Heaven it selfe:
 The very Opener, and Intelligencer,
 Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heaven;
 And our dull workings. O, who shall beleeve,
 But you mis-use the reverence of your Place,
 Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heaven,
 As a false Favorite doth his Princes Name,
 In deedes dis-honorable? You have taken up,
 Under the counterfeited Zeale of Heaven,
 The Subjects of Heavens Substitute, my Father,
 And both against the Peace of Heaven, and him,
 Have here up-swarmed them.

Bish.

Good my Lord of Lancaster,

I am not here against your Fathers Peace:
 But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)
 The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common sence
 Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous Forme,
 To hold our safetie up. I sent your Grace
 The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,
 The which hath been with scorne shov'd from the Court:
 Whereon this *Hydra*-Sonne of Warre is borne,
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe,
 With graunt of our most just and right desires;
 And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd,
 Stoope tamely to the foot of Majestic.

Mow. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,
 To the last man.

Hast.

And though wee here fall downe,

Wee have Supplyes, to second our Attempt :
 If they mis-carry, theirs shall second them.
 And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne,
 And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell up,
 Whiles England shall have generation.

John. You are too shallow (*Hastings*)
 Much too shallow,

To sound the bottome of the after-Times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace, to answere them directly,
 How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.

John. I like them all, and doe allow them well :
 And sweare here, by the honor of my blood,
 My Fathers purposes have beene mistooke,
 And some, about him, have too lavishly
 Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie.
 My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest :
 Upon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,
 Discharge your Powers unto their severall Counties,
 As wee will ours : and here, betweene the Armies,
 Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,
 That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,
 Of our restored Love, and Amitie.

Bish. I take your Princely Word, for these redresses.

John. I give it you, and will maintaine my word :
 And thereupon I drinke unto your Grace.

Hast. Goe Captaine, and deliver to the Armie
 This newes of Peace : let them have pay, and part :
 I know, it will well please them.
 High thee Captaine.

Exit.

Bish. To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland.

West. I pledge your Grace :
 And if you knew what paines I have bestow'd,
 To breede this present Peace,
 You would drinke freely : but my love to ye,
 Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

Bish. I doe not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin *Mowbray*.

Mow. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.

Bish. Against ill Chances, men are ever merry,
But heavinessse fore-runnes the good event.

West. Therefore be merry (Cooze) since sodaine sorrow
Serves to say thus : some good thing comes to morrow.

Bish. Beleeve me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mow. So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.

John. The word of Peace is render'd : hearke how they
showt.

Mow. This had been chearefull, after Victorie.

Bish. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest :
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither partie looser.

John. Goe (my Lord)

And let our Army be discharged too :

And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines

March by us, that wee may peruse the men

Exit.

Wee should have coap'd withall.

Bish. Goe, good Lord *Hastings* :

And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

Exit.

John. I trust (Lords) wee shall lye to night together.

Enter Westmerland.

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still ?

West. The Leaders having charge from you to stand,
Will not goe off, untill they heare you speake.

John. They know their duties.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Our Army is dispers'd :

Like youthfull Steeres, unyoak'd, they tooke their course
East, West, North, South : or like a Schoole, broke up,

Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings (my Lord *Hastings*) for the which,
I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason :
And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,
Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding just, and honorable?

West. Is your Assembly so?

Bish. Will you thus breake your faith?

John. I pawn'd thee none :

I promis'd you redresse of these same Grievances
Whereof you did complaine ; which, by mine Honor,
I will performe, with a most Christian care.
But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd stray,
Heaven, and not wee, have safely fought to day.
Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death,
Treasons true Bed, and yeelder up of breath. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Collevile.

Falst. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you?
and of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir :

And my Name is *Collevile* of the Dale.

Falst. Well then, *Collevile* is your Name, a Knight is your
Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Collevile* shall still be your
Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place,
a place deepe enough : so shall you be still *Collevile* of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir *John Falstaffe*?

Falst. As good a man as he sir, who ere I am : doe yee yeelde
sir, or shall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops
of thy Lovers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze up
Feare and Trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Col. I thinke you are Sir *John Falstaffe*, & in that thought yeeld me.

Fal. I have a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes anie other word but my name : and I had but a belly of any indifferencie. I were simply the most active fellow in Europe : my wombe, my wombe, my wombe undoes mee. Heere comes our Generall.

Enter Prince John, and Westmerland.

John. The heat is past, follow no farther now :
Call in the Powers, good Cousin *Westmerland*.
Now *Falstaffe*, where have you beene all this while ?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)
One time or other, breake some Gallowes back.

Falst. I would bee sorry (my Lord) but it should bee thus : I never knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet ? Have I, in my poore and olde Motion, the expedition of Thought ? I have speeded hither with the very extremest ynych of possibilitie. I have fowndred nine score and odde Postes : and heere (travell-tainted as I am) have, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir *John Collevile* of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous Enemie : But what of that ? hee saw mee, and yeelded : that I may justly say with the hooke-nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and over-came.

John. It was more of his Courtesie, then your deserving.

Falst. I know not : heere he is, and heere I yeeld him : and I beseech your Grace, let it bee book'd, with the rest of this dayes deedes ; or I sweare, I will have it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (*Collevile* kissing my foot :) To the which course, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me ; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o'reshine you as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Element (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleieve not the Word of the Noble : therefore let mee have right, and let desert mount.

John. Thine's too heaveie to mount.

Falst. Let it shine then.

John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Falst. Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

John. Is thy Name *Collevile*?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

John. A famous Rebelle art thou, *Collevile*.

Falst. And a famous true Subject tooke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,
You should have wonne them dearer then you have.

Falst. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou like a kinde fellow, gav'st thy selfe away; and I thanke thee, for thee.

Enter Westmerland.

John. Have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

John. Send *Collevile*, with his Confederates,
To Yorke, to present Execution.

Blunt, leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.

Exit with Collevile.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)

I heare the King, my Father, is sore sicke.

Our Newes shall goe before us, to his Majestie,
Which (Cousin) you shall beare, to comfort him:

And wee with sober speede will follow you.

Falst. My Lord, I beseech you, give me leave to goe through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court, stand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.

John. Fare you well, *Falstaffe*: I, in my condition,
Shall better speake of you, then you deserve.

Exit.

Falst. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better then your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded Boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's

no marvaile, hee drinkes no Wine. There's never any of these demure Boyes come to any prooffe : for thinne Drinke doth so over-coole their blood, and making many Fish-Meales, that they fall into a kinde of Male Greene-sicknesse : and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fooles, and Cowards ; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a twofold operation in it : it ascends me into the Braine, dryes me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours, which environ it : makes it apprehensive, quicke, forgetive, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable shapes ; which deliver'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood : which before (cold, and settled) left the Liver white, and pale ; which is the Badge of Pusillanimitie, and Cowardize : but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts extremes : it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) gives warning to all the rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme : and then the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muster me all to their Captaine, the Heart ; who great, and puffed up with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage : and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a-worke :) and Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Devill, till Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant : for the cold blood hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like leane, stirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and tyll'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle I would teach them, should be to forswear thinne Potations, and to addict themselves to Sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now *Bardolph* ?

Bard. The Armie is discharged all, and gone.

Falst. Let them goe : Ile through Gloucestershire, and there

will I visit Master *Robert Shallow*, Esquire : I have him alreadie tempering betweene my finger and my thombe, and shortly will I seale with him. Come away. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester.

King. Now Lords, if Heaven doth give successfull end
To this Debate that bleedeth at our doores,
Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd.
Our Navie is addressed, our Power collected,
Our Substitutes, in absence, well invested,
And every thing lyes levell to our wish ;
Onely wee want a little personall Strength :
And pawse us, till these Rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoke of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Majestie
Shall soone enjoy.

King. Humphrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince,
your Brother ?

Glo. I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied ?

Glo. I doe not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of Clarence, with him ?

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father ?

King. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother ?

Hee loves thee, and thou do'st neglect him (*Thomas.*)

Thou hast a better place in his Affection,

Then all thy Brothers : cherish it (my Boy)

And Noble Offices thou may'st effect

Of Mediation (after I am dead)

Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren.
 Therefore omit him not : blunt not his Love,
 Nor loose the good advantage of his Grace,
 By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will.
 For hee is gracious, if hee be observ'd :
 Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand
 Open (as Day) for melting Charitie :
 Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint,
 As humorous as Winter, and as sudden,
 As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.
 His temper therefore must be well observ'd :
 Chide him for faults, and doe it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood enclin'd to mirth :
 But being moodie, give him Line, and scope,
 Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)
 Confound themselves with working. Learne this *Thomas*,
 And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
 A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in :
 That the united Vessell of their Blood
 (Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,
 As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)
 Shall never leake, though it doe worke as strong
 As *Aconitum*, or rash Gun-powder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care, and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him (*Thomas* ?)

Clar. Hee is not there to day : hee dines in London.

King. And how accompanied ? Canst thou tell that ?

Clar. With *Points*, and other his continuall followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest Soyle to Weedes :

And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)

Is over-spread with them : therefore my grieve

Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death.

The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape

(In formes imaginarie) th'unguided Dayes,

And rotten Times, that you shall looke upon,

When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.
 For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,
 When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsailors,
 When Meanes and lavish Manners meete together ;
 Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye
 Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay ?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite :
 The Prince but studies his Companions,
 Like a strange Tongue : wherein, to gaine the Language,
 'Tis needfull, that the most immodest word
 Be look'd upon, and learn'd : which once attayn'd,
 Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther use,
 But to be knowne, and hated. So, like grosse termes,
 The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time,
 Cast off his followers : and their memorie
 Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, live,
 By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,
 Turning past-evills to advantages.

King. 'Tis seldome, when the Bee doth leave her Combe :
 In the dead Carrion.

Enter Westmerland.

Who's heere ? *Westmerland ?*

West. Health to my Sovereigne, and new happinesse
 Added to that, that I am to deliver.
 Prince *John*, your Sonne, doth kisse your Graces Hand ;
Mowbray, the Bishop, *Scroope*, *Hastings*, and all,
 Are brought to the Correction of your Law.
 There is not now a Rebels Sword unsheath'd,
 But Peace puts forth her Olive every where :
 The manner how this Action hath beene borne,
 Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse reade,
 With every course, in his particular.

King. O *Westmerland*, thou art a Summer Bird,
 Which ever in the haunch of Winter sings
 The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Looke, heere's more newes.

Harc. From Enemies, Heaven keepe your Majestie :
And when they stand against you, may they fall,
As those that I am come to tell you of.
The Earle *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolfe*,
With a great Power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the Sherife of Yorkshire overthrowne :
The manner, and true order of the fight,
This Packet (please it you) contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good newes
Make me sicke ?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her faire words still in foulest Letters ?
Shee eyther gives a Stomack, and no Foode,
(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast,
And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.)
I should rejoyce now, at this happy newes,
And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.
O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Majestie.

Cla. Oh, my Royall Father.

West. My Sovereigne Lord, cheare up your selfe, looke up.

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fits
Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie.
Stand from him, give him ayre :
Hee'le straight be well.

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out : these pangs,
Th'incessant care, and labour of his Minde,
Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,
So thinne, that Life looks through, and will breake out.

Glo. The people feare me : for they doe observe
Unfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature :

The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere
Had found some Moneths asleepe, and leap'd them over.

Clar. The River hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene :
And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles)
Say it did so, a little time before

That our great Grand-sire *Edward* sick'd, and dy'de.

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King recovers.

Glo. This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.

King. I pray you take me up, and beare me hence
Into some other Chamber : softly 'pray.

Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)

Unlesse some dull and favourable hand

Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit.

War. Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.

King. Set me the Crowne upon my Pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.

War. Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence ?

Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heavinesse.

P. Hen. How now ? Raine within doores, and none abroad ?
How doth the King ?

Glo. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard hee the good newes yet ?
Tell it him.

Glo. Hee alter'd much, upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If hee be sicke with Joy,
Hee'le recover without Physicke,

War. Not so much noyse (my Lords)
Sweet Prince speake lowe.

The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe.

Clar. Let us with-draw into the other Roome.

War. Wil't please your Grace to goe along with us ?

P. Hen. No : I will sit, and watch here, by the King.

Why doth the Crowne lye there, upon his Pillow,
 Being so troublesome a Bed-fellow?
 O pollish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
 That keep'st the Ports of Slumber open wide,
 To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,
 Yet not so sound, and halfe so deeply sweete,
 As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)
 SnORES out the Watch of Night. O Majestie!
 When thou do'st pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st sit
 Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,
 That scald'st with safetie: by his Gates of breath,
 There lyes a dowlney feather which stirres not:
 Did hee suspire, that light and weightlesse dowlne
 Perforce must move. My gracious Lord, my Father,
 This sleepe is sound indeede: this is a sleepe,
 That from this Golden Rigoll hath divorc'd
 So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,
 Is Teares, and heavie Sorrowes of the Blood,
 Which Nature, Love, and filiall tendernesse,
 Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteously.
 My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,
 Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood)
 Derives it selfe to me. Loe, heere it sits,
 Which Heaven shall guard:
 And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant Arme,
 It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.
 This, from thee, will I to mine leave,
 As 'tis left to me.

*Exit.**Enter Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.**King. Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.**Clar. Doth the King call?**War. What would your Majestie? how fares your Grace?**King. Why did you leave me here alone (my Lords?)**Cla. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)*

Who undertooke to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales ? where is hee ? let mee see him.

War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way.

Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee stayd.

King. Where is the Crowne ? who tooke it from my Pillow ?

War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it heere.

King. The Prince hath ta'ne it hence :

Goe seeke him out.

Is hee so hastie, that hee doth suppose

My sleepe, my death ? Finde him (my Lord of Warwick)

Chide him hither : this part of his conjoynes

With my disease, and helpes to end me.

See Sonnes, what things you are :

How quickly Nature falls into revolt,

When Gold becomes her Object ?

For this, the foolish over-carefull Fathers

Have broke their sleepes with thoughts,

Their braines with care, their bones with industry.

For this, they have ingrossed and pyled up

The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieved Gold :

For this, they have beene thoughtfull, to invest

Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises :

When, like the Bee, culling from every flower

The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,

Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hive ;

And like the Bees, are murdered for our paines.

This bitter taste yeelds his engrossements,

To the ending Father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,

Till his Friend Sicknesse hath determin'd me ?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,

Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,

With such a deepe demeanure, in great sorrow,

That Tyranny, which never quafft but blood,

Would (by beholding him) have wash'd his Knife
With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither.

King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Harry.

Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (*Harry*).
Depart the Chamber, leave us heere alone.

Exit.

P. Hen. I never thought to heare you speake againe.

King. Thy wish was Father (*Harry*) to that thought :
I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee.

Do'st thou so hunger for my emptie Chayre,
That thou wilt needes invest thee with mine Honors,
Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!
Thou seek'st the Greatnesse, that will over-whelme thee.
Stay but a little : for my Cloud of Dignitie
Is held from falling, with so weake a winde,
That it will quickly drop : my Day is dimme.
Thou hast stolne that, which after some few howres
Were thine, without offence : and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation.

Thy Life did manifest, thou lov'd'st me not,
And thou wilt have me dye assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stonie heart,
To stab at halfe an howre of my Life.
What? canst thou not forbear me halfe an howre?
Then get thee gone and digge my grave thy selfe,
And bid the merry Bells ring to thy care
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearse
Be drops of Balme to sanctifie thy head :
Onely compound me with forgotten dust.
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the Wormes :
Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees ;
For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.
Henry the fift is Crown'd : up Vanity,

Downe Royall State : All you sage Counsailors, hence :
And to the English Court, assemble now
From ev'ry Region, Apes of Idlenesse.
Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Scum :
Have you a Ruffian that will sweare ? drinke ? dance ?
Revell the night ? Rob ? Murder ? and commit
The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of wayes ?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more :
England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.
England, shall give him Office, Honor, Might :
For the Fift *Harry*, from curb'd License pluckes
The muzzle of Restraint ; and the wilde Dogge
Shall flesh his tooth in every Innocent.
O my poore Kingdome (sicke, with civill blowes)
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,
What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care ?
O, thou wilt be a Wildernesse againe,
Peopled with Wolves (thy old inhabitants.)

Prince. O pardon me (my Liege)
But for my teares,
The most Impediments unto my Speech,
I had fore-stall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,
Ere you (with greefe) had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so farre. There is your Crowne,
And he that weares the Crowne immortally,
Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,
Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,
Let me no more from this Obedience rise,
Which my most true, and inward duteous Spirit
Teacheth this prostrate, and exteriour bending.
Heaven witsesse with me, when I heere came in,
And found no course of breath within your Majestic,
How cold it strooke my heart. If I do faine,
O let me, in my present wildenesse, dye,
And never live, to shew th'incredulous World,

The Noble change that I have purposed.
 Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were)
 I spake unto the Crowne (as having sense)
 And thus upbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
 Hath fed upon the body of my Father,
 Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.
 Other, lesse fine in Charraſt, is more precious,
 Preserving life, in Med'cine potable :
 But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,
 Hast eate the Bearer up.
 Thus (my Royall Liege)
 Accusing it, I put it on my Head,
 To try with it (as with an Enemye,
 That had before my face mured my Father)
 The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with Joy,
 Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,
 If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,
 Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let heaven, for ever, keepe it from my head,
 And make me, as the poorest Vassaile is,
 That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.

King. O my Sonne !

Heaven put it in thy minde to take it hence,
 That thou might'st joyne the more, thy Fathers love,
 Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.
 Come hither *Harrie*, sit thou by my bedde,
 And heare (I thinke, the very latest Counsell
 That ever I shall breath : Heaven knowes, my Sonne)
 By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-ways
 I met this Crowne : and I my selfe know well
 How troublesome it sate upon my head.
 To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,

Better Opinion, better Confirmation :
 For all the soyle of the Atchievement goes
 With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in mee,
 But as an Honour snatch'd with boyst'rous hand,
 And I had many living, to upbraide
 My gaine of it, by their Assistances,
 Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-shed,
 Wounding supposed Peace.
 All these bold Feares,
 Thou seest (with perill) I have answered :
 For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scene
 Acting that argument. And now my death
 Changes the Moode : For what in me, was purchas'd,
 Falles upon thee, in a more Fayrer sort.
 So thou, the Garland wear'st successively,
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, then I could do,
 Thou art not firme enough, since greefes are greene :
 And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends
 Have but their stings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,
 By whose fell working, I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose power, I well might lodge a Feare
 To be againe displac'd. Which to avoyd,
 I cut them off : and had a purpose now
 To leade out many to the Holy Land ;
 Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke
 Too neere unto my State.
 Therefore (my *Harrie*)
 Be it thy course to busie giddy Mindes
 With Forraigne Quarrels : that Action hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of the former dayes.
 More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of Speech is utterly deni'de mee.
 How I came by the Crowne, O heaven forgive :
 And grant it may, with thee, in true peace live.
Prince. My gracious Liege :

You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gave it me,
Then plaine and right must my possession be;
Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster and Warwicke.

King. Looke, looke,
Heere comes my *John* of Lancaster:
John. Health, Peace, and Happinesse,
To my Royall Father.

King. Thou bring'st me happinesse and Peace Sonne *John*:
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Upon thy sight
My worldly businesse makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwicke?

Prim. My Lord of Warwicke.

King. Doth any name particular, belong
Unto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?

War. 'Tis call'd *Jerusalem*, my Noble Lord.

King. Laud be to heaven:
Even there my life must end.
It hath beene prophesi'de to me many yeares,
I should not dye, but in *Jerusalem*:
Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy-Land.
But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:
In that *Jerusalem*, shall *Harry* dye.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Page, and Davie.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night. What
Davy, I say.

Fal. You must excuse me, M. *Robert Shallow*.

Shal. I will not excuse you : you shall not be excused. Excuses shall not be admitted : there is no excuse shall serve : you shall not be excus'd.

Why *Davie*.

Davy. Heere sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see (*Davy*) let me see : *William Cooke*, bid him come hither. Sir *John*, you shal not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry sir, thus : those Precepts cannot bee serv'd : and againe sir, shall we sowe the head-land with Wheate ?

Shal. With red Wheate *Davy*. But for *William Cook* : are there no yong Pigeons ?

Davy. Yes sir.

Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,
And Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and payde : Sir *John*, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes bee had : And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of *Williams* Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at *Hinckley* Fayre ?

Shal. He shall answer it :

Some Pigeons *Davy*, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes : a joynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshawes, tell *William Cooke*.

Shal. Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir ?

Shal. Yes *Davy* :

I will use him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a penny in purse. Use his men well *Davy*, for they are arrant Knaves, and will backe-bite.

Davy. No worse then they are bitten, sir : For they have marvellous fowle linnen.

Shallow. Well conceited *Davy* : about thy businesse, *Davy*.

Davy. I beseech you sir,

To countenance *William Visor* of Woncot, against *Clement Perkes* of the hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints *Davy*, against that *Vicer*, that *Vicer* is an arrant Knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I graunt your Worship, that he is a knave Sir : But yet heaven forbid Sir, but a Knave should have some Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir, is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knave is not. I have serv'd your Worshipp truely sir, these eight yeares : and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knave, against an honest man, I have but a very little credite with your Worshipp. The Knave is mine honest Friend Sir, therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Countenanc'd.

Shal. Go too,

I say he shall have no wrong : Looke about *Davy*.

Where are you Sir *John* ? Come, off with your Boots.

Give me your hand M. *Bardolfe*.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.

Shal. I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master *Bardolfe* : and welcome my tall Fellow :

Come Sir *John*.

Falstaffe. Ile follow you, good Master *Robert Shallow*. *Bardolfe*, looke to our Horses. If I were saw'de into Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded Hermites staves, as Master *Shallow*. It is a wonderfull thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits, and his : They, by observing of him, do beare themselves like foolish Justices : Hee, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a Justice-like Servingman. Their spirits are so married in Conjunction, with the participation of Society, that they flocke together in consent, like so many Wilde-Geese. If I had a suite to Mayster *Shallow*, I would humour his men, with the imputation of beeing neere their Mayster. If to his Men, I would currie with Maister *Shallow*, that no man could better command his Servants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another : therefore, let men take heede of their Companie. I will devise matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to keepe Prince *Harry* in con-

tinuall Laughter, the wearing out of sixe Fashions (which is foure tearmes) or two Actions, and he shall laugh with *Intervallums*. O it is much that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a jest (with a sadde brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that never had the Ache in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face be like a wet Cloake, ill laid up.

Shal. Sir John.

Falst. I come Master Shallow, I come Master Shallow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord Chiefe Justice.

Warwicke. How now, my Lord Chiefe Justice, whether away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

Warw. Exceeding well: his Cares
Are now, all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

Warw. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd me with him,
The service, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I thinke the yong King loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more hideously upon me,
Then I have drawne it in my fantasie.

Enter John of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Heere come the heavy Issue of dead *Harrie*:
O, that the living *Harrie* had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:

How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
That must strike saile, to Spirits of vilde sort ?

Ch. Just. Alas, I feare, all will be over-turn'd.

John. Good morrow Cosin Warwick, good morrow.

Glou. Cla. Good morrow, Cosin.

John. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.

War. We do remember : but our Argument

Is all too heavy, to admit much talke.

Job. Well : Peace be with him, that hath made us heavy.

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, least we be heavier.

Glou. O, good my Lord, you have lost a friend indeed :

And I dare sweare, you borrow not that face

Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.

John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,
You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the sorrier, would 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Wel, you must now speake Sir *John Falstaff* faire,
Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet Princes : what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th'Imperiall Conduēt of my Soule,
And never shall you see, that I will begge
A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission.

If Troth, and upright Innocency fayle me,
Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath sent me after him.

War. Heere comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Harrie.

Ch. Just. Good morrow : and heaven save your Majesty.

Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Majesty,
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.

Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare :

This is the English, not the Turkish Court :

Not *Amurab*, an *Amurab* succeeds,

But *Harry, Harry* : Yet be sad (good Brothers)

For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you :
 Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,
 That I will deeply put the Fashion on,
 And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,
 But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)
 Then a joynt burthen, laid upon us all.
 For me, by Heaven (I bid you be assur'd)
 Ile be your Father, and your Brother too :
 Let me but beare your Love, Ile beare your Cares ;
 But weepe that *Harrie's* dead, and so will I.
 But *Harry* lives, that shall convert those Teares
 By number, into houres of Happinesse.

John, &c. We hope no other from your Majesty.

Prin. You all looke strangely on me : and you most,
 You are (I thinke) assur'd, I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)
 Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate mee.

Pr. No ? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
 So great Indignities you laid upon me ?
 What ? Rate ? Rebuke ? and roughly send to Prison
 Th'immediate Heire of England ? Was this easie ?
 May this be wash'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten ?

Ch. Just. I then did use the Person of your Father :
 The Image of his power, lay then in me,
 And in th'administration of his Law,
 Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,
 Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,
 The Majesty, and power of Law, and Justice,
 The Image of the King, whom I presented,
 And strooke me in my very Seate of Judgement,
 Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)
 I gave bold way to my Authority,
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
 To have a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught ?

To plucke downe Justice from your awefull Bench :
 To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword
 That guards the peace, and safety of your Person ?
 Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image,
 And mocke your workings, in a Second body ?
 Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours :
 Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne.
 Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,
 See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely alighted ;
 Behold your selfe, so by a Sonne disdain'd :
 And then imagine me, taking you part,
 And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne :
 After this cold considerance, sentence me ;
 And, as you are a King, speake in your State,
 What I have done, that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my Lieges Soveraigntie.

Prin. You are right Justice, and you weigh this well :
 Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword :
 And I do wish your Honors may encrease,
 Till you do live, to see a Sonne of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
 So shall I live, to speake my Fathers words :
 Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 That dares do Justice, on my proper Sonne ;
 And no lesse happy, having such a Sonne,
 That would deliver up his Greatnesse so,
 Into the hands of Justice. You did commit me :
 For which, I do commit into your hand,
 Th'unstained Sword that you have us'd to beare :
 With this Remembrance ; That you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartiall spirit
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
 You shall be as a Father, to my Youth :
 My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine eare,
 And I will stoope, and humble my Intenta,

To your well-practis'd, wise Directions.
 And Princes all, beleeve me, I beseech you :
 My Father is gone wilde into his Grave,
 (For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)
 And with his Spirits, sadly I survive,
 To mocke the expectation of the World ;
 To frustrate Prophetesies, and to race out
 Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe
 After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
 Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
 Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,
 And flow henceforth in formall Majesty.
 Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
 And let us choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile,
 That the great Body of our State may go
 In equall ranke, with the best govern'd Nation,
 That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us,
 In which you (Father) shall have formost hand.
 Our Coronation done, we will accite
 (As I before remembred) all our State,
 And heaven (consigning to my good intents)
 No Prince, nor Peere, shall have just cause to say,
 Heaven shorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe, Page, and Pistoll.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard : where, in an Arbor
 we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graffing, with a dish
 of Carrawayes, and so forth (Come Cosin *Silence*, and then to bed.

Fal. You have heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren : Beggars all, beggers all Sir

John : Marry, good ayre. Spread *Davy*, spread *Davie* : Well said *Davie*.

Falst. This *Davie* serves you for good uses : he is your Serving-man, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet, Sir
John : I have drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe. Come Cosin.

Sil. Ah sirra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate, and make good cheere, and praise heaven for the merrie yeere : when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie Lads rome heere, and there : so merrily, and ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good M. *Silence*, Ile give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good M. *Bardolfe* : some wine, *Davie*.

Da. Sweet sir, sit : Ile be with you anon : most sweete sir, sit. Master Page, good M. Page, sit : Proface. What you want in meate, wee'l have in drinke : but you beare, the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry M. *Bardolfe*, and my little Souldiour there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.
For women are Shrewes, both short, and tall :
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all ;
And welcome merry Shrovetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke M. *Silence* had bin a man of this Mettle.

Sil. Who I ? I have beene merry twice and once, ere now.

Davy. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. *Davie*.

Dav. Your Worship : Ile be with you straight. A cup of Wine, sir ?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke unto the Lemman mine : and a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, M. *Silence*.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, M. *Silence*.

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honest *Bardolfe*, welcome : if thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too : Ile drinke to M. *Bardolfe*, and to all the Cavileroes about London.

Dav. I hope to see London, once ere I die.

Bar. If I might see you there, *Davie*.

Shal. You'l cracke a quart together ? Ha, will you not M. *Bardolfe* ?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thanke thee : the knave will sticke by thee, I can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And Ile sticke by him, sir.

Shal. Why there spoke a King : lack nothing, be merry. Looke, who's at doore there, ho : who knockes ?

Fal. Why now you have done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo*. Is't not so ?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so ? Why then say an old man can do somewhat.

Dav. If it please your Worshippe, there's one *Pistoll* come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court ? Let him come in.

Enter Pistoll.

How now *Pistoll* ?

Pist. Sir *John*, 'save you sir.

Fal. What winde blew you hither, *Pistoll* ?

Pist. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good, sweet Knight : Thou art now one of the greatest men in the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of Barson.

Pist. *Puffe* ? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward base. Sir *John*, I am thy *Pistoll*, and thy Friend : helter skelter have I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and luckie joyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of price.

Fal. I prethee now deliver them, like a man of this World.

Pist. A footra for the World, and Worldlings base,
I speake of Affrica, and Golden joyes.

Fal. O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes?
Let King *Couitba* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and John.

Pist. Shall dunghill Curres confront the *Hellicons*?
And shall good newes be baffel'd?

Then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.

Sbal. Honest Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then Lament therefore.

Sbal. Give me pardon, Sir.

If sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there is but
two wayes, either to utter them, or to conceale them. I am Sir,
under the King, in some Authority.

Pist. Under which King?

Bezonian, speake, or dye.

Sbal. Under King *Harry*.

Pist. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fift?

Sbal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine Office.

Sir *John*, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King,

Harry the Fift's the man, I speake the truth.

When Pistoll lyes, do this, and figge-me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As naile in doore.

The things I speake, are just.

Fal. Away *Bardolfe*, Saddle my Horse,

Master *Robert Shallow*, choose what Office thou wilt

In the Land, 'tis thine. *Pistol*, I will double charge thee
With Dignities.

Bard. O joyfull day:

I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good newes.

Fal. Carry Master *Silence* to bed: Master *Shallow*, my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward. Get on thy Boots, wee'l ride all night. Oh sweet Pistoll: Away *Bardolfe*: Come Pistoll, utter more to mee: and withall devise something to do thy selfe good. Boote, boote Master *Shallow*, I know the young King is sick for mee. Let us take any mans Horsses: The Lawes of England are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which have beene my Friendes: and woe unto my Lord Chiefe Justice.

Pist. Let Vultures vil'de seize on his Lungs also:
Where is the life that late I led, say they?

Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol Teare-sheete, and Beadles.

Hostesse. No, thou arrant knave: I would I might dy, that I might have thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my shoulder out of joynt.

Off. The Constables have deliver'd her over to mee: and shee shall have Whipping cheere enough, I warrant her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-visag'd Rascall, if the Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'st better thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Villaine.

Host. O that Sir *John* were come, hee would make this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite of her Wombe might miscarry.

Officer. If it do, you shall have a dozen of Cushions againe, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Pistoll beate among you.

Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I will

have you as soundly swindg'd for this, you blew-Bottel'd Rogue :
you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you be not swing'd, Ile
forsweare halfe Kirtles.

Off. Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus o'recome might. Wel of
sufferance, comes ease.

Dol. Come you Rogue, come :

Bring me to a Justice.

Host. Yes, come you starv'd Blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones.

Host. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Dol. Come you thinne Thing :

Come you Rascall.

Off. Very well.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1. *Groo.* More Rushes, more Rushes.

2. *Groo.* The Trumpets have sounded twice.

1. *Groo.* It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the
Coronation.

Exit Groo.

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistoll, Bardolfe, and Page.

Falstaffe. Stand heere by me, M. *Robert Shallow*, I will make
the King do you Grace. I will leere upon him, as he comes by :
and do but marke the countenance that hee will give me.

Pistol. Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight.

Falst. Come heere *Pistol*, stand behind me. O if I had had
time to have made new Liveries, I would have bestowed the
thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this
poore shew doth better : this doth inferre the zeale I had to
see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Falst. It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certaine.

Fal. But to stand stained with Travaile, and sweating with
desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affayres in
oblivion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem* : for *obscure hoc nihil est*. 'Tis all in
every part.

Shal. 'Tis so indeed.

Pist. My Knight, I will inflame thy Noble Liver, and make
thee rage. Thy *Dol*, and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts is in base
Durance, and contagious prison : Hall'd thither by most Mechanicall
and durty hand. Rowze uppe Revenge from Ebon den, with
fell Alecto's Snake, for *Dol* is in. Pistol, speakes nought but
troth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Pistol. There roar'd the Sea, and Trumpet Clangour sounds.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henrie the Fifth, Brothers,
Lord Chiefe Justice.*

Falst. Save thy Grace, King *Hall*, my Royall *Hall*.

Pist. The heavens thee guard, and keepe, most royall Impe of
Fame.

Fal. 'Save thee my sweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chiefe Justice, speake to that vaine man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits ?
Know you what 'tis you speake ?

Falst. My King, my love ; I speake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man : Fall to thy Prayers :
How ill white haire become a Foole, and Jester ?
I have long dream'd of such a kinde of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so prophane :
 But being awake, I do despise my dreame.
 Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
 Leave gourmandizing ; Know the Grave doth gape
 For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
 Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne Jest,
 Presume not, that I am the thing I was,
 For heaven doth know (so shall the world perceive)
 That I have turn'd away my former Selfe,
 So will I those that kept me Companie.
 When thou dost heare I am, as I have bin,
 Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou was't
 The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots :
 Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,
 As I have done the rest of my Misleaders,
 Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.
 For competence of life, I will allow you,
 That lacke of meanes enforce you not to evill :
 And as we heare you do reforme your selves,
 We will according to your strength, and qualities,
 Give you advancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
 To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on. *Exit King.*

Fal. Master *Shallow*, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. I marry Sir *John*, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, M. *Shallow*, do not you grieve at this : I shall be sent for in private to him : Looke you, he must seeme thus to the world : feare not your advancement : I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unlesse you should give me your Doublet, and stuffe me out with Straw. I beseech you, good Sir *John*, let mee have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir *John*.

Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner :
Come Lieutenant *Pistol*, come *Bardolfe*,
I shall be sent for soone at night.

Ch. Just. Go carry Sir *John Falstaffe* to the Fleete,
Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Just. I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone :
Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.*

Exit Manet Lancaster and Chiefe Justice.

John. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings :
He hath intent his wonted Followers
Shall all be very well provided for :
But all are banisht, till their conversations
Apppeare more wise, and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

John. The King hath call'd his Parliament,
My Lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

John. I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our Civill Swords, and Native fire
As farre as France. I heare a Bird so sing,
Whose Musicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence ?

Exeunt.

FINIS.



EPILOGUE.



FIRST, my Feare : then, my Curtsie : last, my Speech. My Feare, is your Displeasure : My Curtsie, my Dutie : And my speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a good speech now, you undoe me : For what I have to say, is of mine owne making : and what (indeed) I should say, will (I doubt) proove mine owne marring. But to the Purpose, and so to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very well) I was lately heere in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promise you a Better : I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come unluckily home, I breake ; and you, my gentle Creditors lose. Heere I promist you I would be, and heere I commit my Bodie to your Mercies : Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most Debtors do) promise you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me : will you command me to use my Legges ? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt : But a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen heere, have forgiven me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never scene before, in such an Assembly.

One word more, I beseech you : if you be not too much cloid with Fat Meate, our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir

John in it) and make you merry, with faire Katherine of France : where (for any thing I know) Falstaffe shall dye of a sweat, unlesse already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions : For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night ; and so kneele downe before you : But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.





THE ACTORS NAMES.

| | | | |
|--|--|------------------------|------------------------|
| RUMOUR the Presenter. | | | |
| King <i>Henry</i> the Fourth. | | | |
| Prince <i>Henry</i> , afterwards Crowned King <i>Henric</i> the Fifth. | | | |
| Prince <i>John</i> of Lancaster. | } Sonnes to <i>Henry</i> the Fourth, & brethren to <i>Henry</i> 5. | | |
| <i>Humphrey</i> of Gloucester. | | | |
| <i>Thomas</i> of Clarence. | | | |
| Northumberland. | } Opposites against King <i>Henric</i> the Fourth. | | |
| 'The Arch Byshop of Yorke. | | | |
| Mowbray. | | | |
| Hastings. | | | |
| Lord Bardolfe. | | | |
| Travers. | | | |
| Morton. | | | |
| Coleville. | } Of the Kings Partie. | Pointz. | } Irregular Humorists. |
| Warwicke. | | Falstafte. | |
| Westmerland. | | Bardolphe. | |
| Surrey. | | Pistoll. | |
| Gowre. | | Peto. | |
| Harecourt. | | Page. | |
| Lord Chiefe Justice. | | | |
| Shallow. | } Both Country Justices. | | |
| Silence. | | | |
| Davie, Servant to Shallow. | Drawers. | Northumberland's Wife. | |
| Phang, and Snare, 2. Serjeants. | Beadles. | Percies Widdow. | |
| Mouldie. | Groomes | Hostesse Quickly. | |
| Shadow. | } Country Soldiers. | Doll Teare-sheete. | |
| Wart. | | Epilogue. | |
| Feeble. | | | |
| Bulcalfe. | | | |







KING HENRY V.

Act I. Sc. II.



The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Enter Prologue.

O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heaven of Invention :
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his beeles
(Leasht in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all :
The flat unrayssed Spirits, that bath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cock-pit hold
The vastie fields of France ? Or may we cramme
Within this Woodden O, the very Caskes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt ?
O pardon : since a crooked Figure may
Attest in little place a Million,
And let us, Cypbers to this great Accompt,
On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whose high, up-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts :
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puissance.

*Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them,
 Printing their proud Hoofes ?th' receiving Earth :
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
 Carry them here and there : Jumping o're Times ;
 Turning th'accomplishment of many yeeres
 Into an Houre-glasse : for the which supplie,
 Admit me Chorus to this Historie ;
 Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
 Gently to beare, kindly to judge our Play.*

Exit.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bish. Cant.



Y Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is urg'd,
 Which in th'eleventh yere of that last Kings reign
 Was like, and had indeed against us past,
 But that the scrambling and unquiet time
 Did push it out of farther question.

Bish. Ely. But how my Lord shall we resist it now ?

Bish. Cant. It must be thought on : if it passe against us,
 We loose the better halfe of our Possession :
 For all the Temporall Lands, which men devout
 By Testament have given to the Church,
 Would they strip from us ; being valu'd thus,
 As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
 Full fiftene Earles, and fiftene hundred Knights,
 Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires :
 And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
 Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,
 A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd :
 And to the Coffers of the King beside,
 A thousand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.

Bish. Ely. This would drinke deepe.

Bish. Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.

Bish. Ely. But what prevention ?

Bish. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

Bish. Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.

Bish. Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.

The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him ;
Leaving his body as a Paradise,
T'invelop and containe Celestiall Spirits,
Never was such a sodaine Scholler made :
Never came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heady currance scowring faults :
Nor never *Hidra*-headed Wilfulnesse
So soone did loose his Seat ; and all at once ;
As in this King.

Bish. Ely. We are blessed in the Change.

Bish. Cant. Heare him but reason in Divinitie ;
And all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a Prelate :
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires ;
You would say, it hath been all in all his study :
List his discourse of Warre ; and you shall heare
A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Musique.
Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his Garter : that when he speaks,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To steale his sweet and honyed Sentences :
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.

Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
Since his addiſtion was to Courses vaine,
His Companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Houres fill'd up with Ryots, Banquets, Sports ;
And never noted in him any studie,
Any retyrement, any ſequeſtration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry growes underneath the Nettle,
And wholesome Berryes thrive and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baſer qualitie :
And ſo the Prince obſcur'd his Contemplation
Under the Veyle of Wildneſſe, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Graſſe, ſeaſt by Night,
Unſeene, yet creſſive in his facultie.

B. Cant. It muſt be ſo ; for Miracles are ceaſt :
And therefore we muſt needes admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord :
How now for mitigation of this Bill,
Urg'd by the Commons ? doth his Maſteſtie
Incline to it, or no ?

B. Cant. He ſeemes indifferent :
Or rather ſwaying more upon our part,
Then cheriſhing th'exhibitors againſt us :
For I have made an offer to his Maſteſtie,
Upon our Spirituall Convocation,
And in regard of Cauſes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater Summe,
Then ever at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predeceſſors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer ſeeme receiv'd, my Lord ?

B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maſteſtie :
Save that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would faine have done,

The severalls and unhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriv'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B. Cant. The French Ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To give him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie:
Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

B. Ely. Ile wait upon you, and I long to heare it. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick,
Westmerland, and Exeter.*

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in presence.

King. Send for him, good Uncle.

Westm. Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolv'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter two Bishops.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you.

My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they have in France,
Or should or should not barre us in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding Soule,

With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
 Sutes not in native colours with the truth :
 For God doth know, how many now in health,
 Shall drop their blood, in approbation
 Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
 Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,
 How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre ;
 We charge you in the name of God take heed :
 For never two such Kingdomes did contend,
 Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops
 Are every one, a Woe, a sore Complaint,
 'Gainst him, whose wrongs gives edge unto the Swords,
 That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie.
 Under this Conjuratiō, speake my Lord :
 For we will heare, note, and beleeeve in heart,
 That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt,
 As pure as sinne with Baptisme.

B. Can. Then heare me gracious Sovereign, & you Peers,
 That owe your selves, your lives, and services,
 To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
 To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
 But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant,
 No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land :
 Which *Salike* Land, the French unjustly gloze
 To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*
 The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
 Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
 That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
 Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elve :
 Where *Charles* the Great having subdu'd the Saxons,
 There left behind and settled certaine French :
 Who holding in disdain the German Women,
 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 Establish then this Law ; to wit, No Female

Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land :
 Which *Salike* (as I said) 'twixt Elve and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meisen*.
 Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
 Was not devised for the Realme of France :
 Nor did the French possesse the *Salike* Land,
 Untill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
 After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
 Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
 Foure hundred twentie six : and *Charles* the Great
 Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the River Sala, in the yeere
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their Writers say,
 King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerike*,
 Did as Heire Generall, being descended
 Of *Blitbild*, which was Daughter to King *Clotbair*,
 Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurpt the Crowne
 Of *Charles* the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
 Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great :
 To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
 Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
 Convey'd himselfe as th'Heire to th' Lady *Lingare*,
 Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne
 To *Lewes* The Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
 Of *Charles* the Great : also King *Lewes* the Tenth,
 Who was sole Heire to the Usurper *Capet*,
 Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till satisfied,
 That faire Queene *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
 Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
 Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of Loraine :
 By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
 Was re-united to the Crowne of France.

So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
King *Pepins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Clayme,
King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female :
So doe the Kings of France unto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold up this Salique Law,
To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Usurpt from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Bish. Cant. The sinne upon my head, dread Sovereaigne :
For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Descend unto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, unwind your bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mightie Ancestors :
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandsires Tombe,
From whom you clayme ; invoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Uncles, *Edward* the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France :
Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

Bish. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats ;
You are their Heire, you sit upon their Throne :
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines : and my thrice-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,

Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood.

West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
might ;

So hath your Highnesse : never King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodyes here in England,
And lye pavillion'd in the fields of France.

Bish. Can. O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right :
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualitie
Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
As never did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

King. We must not onely arme t'invaide the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade upon us,
With all advantages.

Bish. Can. They of those Marches, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the coursing snatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us :
For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his unfurnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assayes,
Girding with grievous siege, Castles and Townes :
That England being emptie of defence,
Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

B. Can. She hath bin then more fear'd then harm'd, my Liege :
For heare her but exampl'd by her ſelfe,
When all her Chevalrie hath been in France,
And ſhee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shée hath her ſelfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots : whom ſhee did ſend to France,
To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayſe,
As is the Owſe and bottome of the Sea
With ſunken Wrack, and ſum-leſſe Treasuries.

Bish. Ely. But there's a ſaying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland firſt begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her unguarded Neſt, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Mouſe in abſence of the Cat,
To tame and havocke more then ſhe can eate.

Exet. It followes then, the Cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a crush'd neceſſity,
Since we have lockes to ſafeguard neceſſaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theeves.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'adviced head defends it ſelfe at home :
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one conſent,
Congreeing in a full and natural cloſe,
Like Muſicke.

Caſt. Therefore doth heaven divide
The ſtate of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion :
To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience : for ſo worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.

They have a King, and Officers of sorts,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home :
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad :
Others, like Souldiers armed in their slings,
Make boote upon the Summers Velvet buddes :
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home,
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor
Who busied in his Majesties surveyes
The singing Masons building roofes of Gold,
The civil Citizens kneading up the hony ;
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate :
The sad-ey'd Justice with his surly humme,
Delivering ore to Executors pale
The lazie yawning Drone : I this inferre,
That many things having full reference
To one consent, may worke contrariouly,
As many Arrowes loosed severall wayes
Come to one marke : as many wayes meet in one towne,
As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea ;
As many Lynes close in the Dials center :
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
And in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Divide your happy England into foure,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let us be worried, and our Nation lose
The name of hardinesse and policie.

King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well resolv'd, and by Gods helpe
And yours, the noble sinewes of our power,
France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,

Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l sit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay these bones in an unworthy Urne,
Tomblesse, with no remembrance over them :
Either our History shall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Acts, or else our grave
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tonguelesse mouth,
Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cosin Dolphin : for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Majestie to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge :
Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off
The Dolphins meaning, and our Embassie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As is our wretches fettred in our prisons,
Therefore with franke and with uncurbed plainnesse,
Tell us the *Dolphins* minde.

Amb. Thus than in few :
Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King *Edward* the third.
In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
Sayes, that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd : There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne :
You cannot revell into Dukedomes there.
He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
This Tun of Treasure ; and in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime
Heare no more of you. This the *Dolphin* speakes.

King. What Treasure Uncle ?

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.

Kin. We are glad the *Dolphin* is so pleasant with us,
His Present, and your paines we thanke you for :
When we have matcht our Rackets to these Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,
Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,
That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
With Chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o're us with our wilder dayes,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valed this poore seate of England,
And therefore living hence, did give our selfe
To barbarous license : As 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest, when they are from home.
But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse,
When I do rowse me in my Throne of France.
For that I have layd by my Majestie,
And plodded like a man for working dayes :
But I will rise there with so full a glorie,
That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
Yea strike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on us,
And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his
Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his soule
Shall stand sore charged, for the wastefull vengeance
That shall flye with them : for many a thousand widows
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands ;
Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe :
And some are yet ungotten and unborne,
That shal have cause to curse the *Dolphins* scorne.
But this lyes all within the wil of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
Tel you the *Dolphin*, I am comming on,

To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace : And tell the *Dolphin*,
 His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it.
 Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry Message.

King. We hope to make the Sender blush at it :
 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
 That may give furth'rance to our Expedition :
 For we have now no thought in us but France,
 Save those to God, that runne before our businesse.
 Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
 Be soone collected, and all things thought upon,
 That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde
 More Feathers to our Wings : for God before,
 Wee'le chide this *Dolphin* at his fathers doore.
 Therefore let every man now taske his thought,
 That this faire Action may on foot be brought.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
 And silken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes :
 Now thrive the Armorers, and Honors thought
 Reignes solely in the breast of every man.
 They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse ;
 Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
 With winged heeles, as English *Mercuries*.
 For now sits Expectation in the Ayre,
 And hides a Sword, from Hilts unto the Point,
 With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
 Promis'd to *Harry*, and his followers.
 The French advis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadfull preparation,
 Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy

Seeke to divert the English purposes.
O England : Modell to thy inward Greatnesse,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart :
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kinde and naturall :
But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A nest of hollow bosomes, which he filles
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men :
One, *Richard Earle of Cambridge*, and the second
Henry Lord Scroope of Masham, and the third
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
Have for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye,
If Hell and Treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France ; and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and wee'l digest
Th'abuse of distance ; force a play :
The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is set from London, and the Scene
Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton,
There is the Play-house now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you backe : Charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle Passe : for if we may,
Wee'l not offend one stomacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our Scene. *Exit.*

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. Well met Corporall *Nym*.

Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe*.

Bar. What, are Ancient *Pistoll* and you friends yet ?

Nym. For my part, I care not : I say little : but when time
shall serve, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as it may. I

dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out mine yron : it is a simple one, but what though ? It will taste Cheese, and it will endure cold, as another mans sword will : and there's an end.

Bar. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes, and wee'l bee all three sworne brothers to France : Let't be so good Corporall *Nym*.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certaine of it : and when I cannot live any longer, I will doe as I may : That is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to *Nell Quickly*, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell. Things must be as they may : men may sleepe, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say, knives have edges : It must be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistoll & Quickly.

Bar. Heere comes Ancient *Pistoll* and his wife : good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoaste *Pistoll* ?

Pist. Base Tyke, cal'st thou mee Hoste, now by this hand I sweare I scorne the terme : nor shall my *Nel* keep Lodgers.

Host. No by my troth, not long : For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that live honestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee thought we keepe a Bawdy-house straight. O welliday Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see wilful adultery and murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporall offer nothing heere.

Nym. Pish.

Pist. Pish for thee, Island dogge : thou prickeard cur of Island.

Host. Good Corporall *Nym* shew thy valor, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shogge off ? I would have you solus.

Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The solus in thy most mervailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worse, within thy nastie mouth. I do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Pistols* cocke is up, and flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Barbason*, you cannot conjure mee: I have an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you grow fowle with me Pistoll, I will scoure you with my Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as I may, and that's the humor of it.

Pist. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Grave doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say: Hee that strikes the first stroake, Ile run him up to the hilt, as I am a soldier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate. Give me thy fist, thy fore-foote to me give: Thy spirites are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire termes, that is the humor of it.

Pistoll. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee againe. O hound of Creet, think'st thou my spouse to get? No, to the spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of Infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressids* kinde, *Doll Teare-sheets*, she by name, and her espouse. I have, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the onely shee: and *Pauca*, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoast *Pistoll*, you must come to my Mayster, and your Hostesse: He is very sicke, & would to bed. Good *Bar-dolfe*, put thy face betweene his sheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Host. By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one of these dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Husband come home presently.

Exit.

Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must to France together : why the divel should we keep knives to cut one anothers throats ?

Pist. Let floods ore-swell, and fiends for food howle on.

Nym. You'l pay me the eight shillings I won of you at Betting ?

Pist. Base is the Slave that payes.

Nym. That now I wil have : that's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shal compound : push home. *Draw.*

Bard. By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust, Ile kill him : By this sword, I wil.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must have their course.

Bar. Corporall *Nym*, & thou wilt be friends be frends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to : prethee put up.

Pis. A Noble shalt thou have, and present pay, and Liquor likewise will I give to thee, and friendshippe shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile live by *Nymme*, & *Nymme* shall live by me, is not this just ? For I shal Sutler be unto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Give mee thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my Noble ?

Pist. In cash, most justly payd.

Nym. Well, then that the humour of't.

Enter Hostesse.

Host. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to sir *John* : A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. *Nym*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may : he passes some humors, and carrees.

Pist. Let us condole the Knight, for (*Lambekins*) we will live.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland.

Bed. Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Exc. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosomes sate
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreame not of.

Exc. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell
His Sovereignes life to death and treachery. *Sound Trumpets.*

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now sits the winde faire, and we will aboard.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kinde Lord of *Masham*.
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Thinke you not that the powres we beare with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the acte,
For which we have in head assembled them.

Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

King. I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That growes not in a faire consent with ours:
Nor leave not one behinde, that doth not wish
Successes and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was Monarch better fear'd and lov'd,
Then is your Majesty; there's not I thinke a subject
That sits in heart-greefe and uneasinesse
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Kni. True: those that were your Fathers enemies,
Have steep'd their gauls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

King. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,

And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner then quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthinesse.

Scro. So service shall with steeled sinewes toyle,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant services.

King. We Judge no lesse. Unkle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rayl'd against our person : We consider
It was excesse of Wine that set him on,
And on his more advice, We pardon him.

Scro. That's mercy, but too much security :
Let him be punish'd Sovereigne, least example
Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

King. O let us yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too.

Gray. Sir, you shew great mercy if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much love and care of me,
Are heavy Orisons 'gainst this poore wretch :
If little faults proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appeare before us? Wee'l yet inlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroope*, and *Gray*, in their deere care
And tender preservation of our person
Wold have him punish'd. And now to our French causes,
Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. I one my Lord,
Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Scro. So did you me my Liege.

Gray. And I my Royall Sovereigne.

King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours :
There yours Lord *Scroope* of *Masbam*, and Sir Knight :
Gray of *Northumberland*, this same is yours :

Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse.
 My Lord of *Westmerland*, and Unkle *Exeter*,
 We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen?
 What see you in those papers, that you loose
 So much complexion? Looke ye how they change :
 Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,
 That have so cowarded and chac'd your blood
 Out of apparance.

Cam. I do confesse my fault,
 And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy,

Gray. Scro. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy that was quicke in us but late,
 By your owne counsaile is suppress and kill'd :
 You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,
 For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,
 As dogs upon their maisters, worrying you :
 See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
 These English monsters: My Lord of *Cambridge* heere,
 You know how apt our love was, to accord
 To furnish with all appertinents
 Belonging to his Honour; and this man,
 Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd
 And sworne unto the practises of France
 To kill us heere in Hampton. To the which,
 This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to Us
 Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O,
 What shall I say to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell,
 Ingratefull, savage, and inhumane Creature?
 Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsailes,
 That knew'st the very bottome of my soule,
 That (almost) might'st have coyn'd me into Golde,
 Would'st thou have practis'd on me, for thy use?
 May it be possible, that forraigne hyer
 Could out of thee extract one sparke of evill
 That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,

That though the truth of it stands off as grosse
As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason, and murther, ever kept together,
As two yooke divels sworne to eythers purpose,
Working so grossely in an naturall cause,
That admiration did not hoope at them.
But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in
Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther :
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence :
And other divels that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation,
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
From glist'ring semblances of piety :
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to vastie Tartar backe,
And tell the Legions, I can never win
A soule so easie as that Englishmana.
Oh, how hast thou with jealousie infected
The sweetnesse of affiance ? Shew men dutifull,
Why so didst thou : seeme they grave and learned ?
Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family ?
Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious ?
Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye, without the eare,
And but in purged judgement trusting neither,
Such and so finely boulded didst thou seeme :

And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and best indued
With some suspition, I will weepe for thee.
For this revolt of thine, me thinkes is like
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the Law,
And God acquit them of their practises.

Exe. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas* Lord *Scroope* of *Marsham*.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas* Grey, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scro. Our purposes, God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended :
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which in sufferance heartily will rejoyce,
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon mee.

Gray. Never did faithfull subject more rejoyce
At the discovery of most dangerous Treason,
Then I do at this houre joy ore my selfe,
Prevented from a damned enterprize ;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soveraigne.

King. God quit you in his mercy : Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against Our Royall person,
Joyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Receyv'd the Golden Earnest of Our death :
Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to servitude,
His Subjects to oppression, and contempt,

And his whole Kingdome into desolation :
 Touching our person, seeke we no revenge,
 But we our Kingdomes safety must so render
 Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
 (Poore miserable wretches) to your death :
 The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
 You patience to endure, and true Repentance
 Of all your deare offence. Beare them hence.
 Now Lords for France : the enterprise whereof
 Shall be to you as us, like glorious.
 We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,
 To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
 But every Rubbe is smoothed on our way.
 Then forth, deare Countreymen : Let us deliver
 Our Puissance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre advance,
 No King of England, if not King of France.

*Exit.**Flourish.*

Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolpb, Boy, and Hostesse.

Hostesse. 'Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pistoll. No : for my manly heart dotherne. *Bardolpb*, be blythe : *Nim*, rowse thy vaunting Veines : Boy, brisale thy Courage up : for *Falstaffe* hee is dead, and we musterne therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresomere hee is, eyther in Heaven, or in Hell.

Hostesse. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell : hee's in *Arthurs* Bosome, if ever man went to *Arthurs* Bosome : a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome Child : a parted ev'n just betweene Twelve and One, ev'n at the turning o'th'Tyde : for after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play

with Flowers, and smile upon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way : for his Nose was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir *John* (quoth I ?) what man ? be a good cheare : so a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times : now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God ; I hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any such thoughts yet : so a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet : I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone : then I felt to his knees, and so up-peer'd, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cryed out of Sack.

Hostesse. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hostesse. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Devles incarnate.

Woman. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he never lik'd.

Boy. A said once, the Devle would have him about Women.

Hostesse. A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women : but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticke upon *Bardolphs* Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire : that's all the Riches I got in his service.

Nim. Shall wee shogg ? the King will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My Love, give me thy Lippes : Looke to my Chattels, and my Moveables : Let Sences rule : The world is, Pitch and pay : trust none : for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fast is the onely Dogge : My Ducke, therefore *Caveto* bee thy Counsailor. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls. Yoke-fellowes in Armes, let us to France, like Horse-leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to sucke.

Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farwell Hostesse.

Nim. I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

Pist. Let Huswiferie appeare: keepe close, I thee command.

Hostesse. Farwell: adieu.

Exeunt.

Flourish.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us,
And more then carefully it us concernes,
To answer Royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre
With men of courage, and with meanes defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.
It fits us then to be as provident,
As feare may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatall and neglected English,
Upon our fields.

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father,
It is most meet we arme us 'gainst the Foe:
For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome,
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question)
But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a Warre in expectation.
Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us doe it with no shew of feare,
No, with no more, then if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitson Morris-dance:

For, my good Liege, shee is so idly King'd,
Her Scepter so phantastically borne,
By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth,
That feare attends her not.

Const. O peace, Prince Dolphin,
You are too much mistaken in this King :
Question your Grace the late Embassadors,
With what great State he heard their Embassie,
How well supply'd with Noble Councillors,
How modest in exception ; and withall,
How terrible in constant resolution :
And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,
Were but the out-side of the Roman *Brutus*,
Covering Discretion with a Coat of Folly ;
As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.
But though we thinke it so, it is no matter :
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The Enemie more mightie then he seemes,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd :
Which of a weake and niggardly projection,
Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting
A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King *Harry* strong :
And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath beene flesht upon us :
And he is bred out of that bloodie straine,
That haunted us in our familiar Pathes :
Witnesse our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy Battell fatallly was strucke,
And all our Princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales :
Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing
Up in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,

Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock : and let us feare
The Native mightinesse and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Embassadors from Harry King of England,
Doe crave admittance to your Majestie.

King. Weele give them present audience.
Goe, and bring them.

You see this Chase is hotly followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head, and stop pursuit : for coward Dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten
Runs farre before them. Good my Sovereigne
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a Monarchie you are the Head :
Selfe-love, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne,
As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England ?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Majestic :
He wills you in the Name of God Almightye,
That you devest your selfe, and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heaven,
By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his Heires, namely the Crowne,
And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine
By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times,
Unto the Crowne of France : that you may know
'Tis no sinister, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vaniaht dayes,
Nor from the dust of old Oblivion rakt,
He sends you this most memorable Lyne,

In every Branch truly demonstrative ;
 Willing you over-looke this Pedigree :
 And when you find him evenly deriv'd
 From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors,
Edward the third ; he bids you then resigne
 Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
 From him, the Native and true Challenger.

King. Or else what followes ?

Exc. Bloody constraint : for if you hide the Crowne
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
 Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming,
 In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Jove* :
 That if requiring faile, he will compell.
 And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the Crowne, and to take mercie
 On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
 Opens his vastie Jawes : and on your head
 Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
 The dead-mens Blood, the privy Maidens Groanes,
 For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Lovers,
 That shall be swallowed in this Controversie.
 This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message :
 Unlesse the Dolphin be in presence here ;
 To whom expressely I bring greeting to.

King. For us, we will consider of this further :
 To morrow shall you beare our full intent
 Back to our Brother of England.

Dolph. For the Dolphin,
 I stand here for him : what to him from England ?

Exc. Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,
 And any thing that may not mis-become
 The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
 Thus sayes my King : and if your Fathers Highnesse
 Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
 Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Majestie ;

Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it,
That Caves and Wombie Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say : if my Father render faire returne,
It is against my will : for I desire
Nothing but Oddes with England.
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
I did present him with the Paris-Balls.

Exc. Hee'le make your Paris Lover shake for it,
Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe :
And be assur'd, you'le find a diff'rence,
As we his Subjects have in wonder found,
Betweene the promise of his greener dayes,
And these he masters now : now he weighea Time
Even to the utmost Graine : that you shall reade
In your owne Losses, if he stay in France.

King. To morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Flourish.

Exc. Dispatch us with all speed, least that our King
Come here himselfe to question our delay ;
For he is footed in this Land already.

King. You shalbe soone dispatcht, with faire conditions.
A Night is but small breathe, and little pawse,
To answer matters of this consequence.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies,
In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought.
Suppose, that you have scene
The well-appointed King at Dover Peer,
Embarke his Royaltie : and his brave Fleet,

With silken Streamers, the young *Phebus* fayning ;
 Play with your Fancies : and in them behold,
 Upon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing ;
 Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd : behold the threaden Sayles,
 Borne with th'invisible and creeping Wind,
 Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
 Bresting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
 You stand upon the Rivage, and behold
 A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing :
 For so appeares this Fleet Majesticall,
 Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow :
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this Navie,
 And leave your England as dead Mid-night, still,
 Guarded with Grandsires, Babies, and old Women,
 Eyther past, or not arriv'd to pyth and puissance :
 For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht
 With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choyse-drawne Cavaliers to France ?
 Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege :
 Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
 With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.
 Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back :
 Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
 Some petty and unprofitable Dukedomes.
 The offer likes not : and the nimble Gunner
 With Lynstock now the divellish Cannon touches,
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.
 And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eech out our performance with your mind. *Exit.*

*Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester. Alarum : Scaling
 Ladders at Harflew.*

King. Once more unto the Breach,

Deare friends, once more ;
Or close the Wall up with our English dead :
In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillnesse, and humilitie :
But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger :
Stiffen the sinewes, commune up the blood,
Disguise faire Nature with hard-favour'd Rage :
Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect :
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Brasse Cannon : let the Brow o'rewhelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
O're-hang and jutty his confounded Base,
Swill'd with the wild and wastfull Ocean.
Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nosthrill wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend up every Spirit
To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English,
Whose blood is set from Fathers of Warre-prooffe :
Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
Have in these parts from Morne till Even fought,
And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your Mothers : now attest,
That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be Coppy now to me of grosser blood,
And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
Whose Lymes were made in England ; shew us here
The mettell of your Pasture : let us sweare,
That you are worth your breeding : which I doubt not :
For there is none of you so meane and base,
That hath not Noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the alips,
Straying upon the Start. The Game's afoot :
Follow your Spirit ; and upon this Charge,
Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and *S. George*.
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistoll, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too hot : and for mine owne part, I have not a Case of Lives : the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it.

Pist. The plaine-Song is most just : for humors doe abound : Knocks goe and come : Gods Vassals drop and dye : and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortall fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I would give all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safetie.

Pist. And I : If wishes would prevayle with me, my purpose should not fayle with me ; but thither would I high.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you Dogges ; avaunt you Cullions.

Pist. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould : abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage ; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage : use lenitie sweet Chuck.

Nim. These be good humors : your Honor wins bad humors.

Exit.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three Swashers : I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be Man to me ; for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man : for *Bardolph*, hee is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd ; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not : for *Pistoll*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword ; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole Weapons : for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward : but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds ; for a never broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Post, when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case, bore it twelve Leagues, and sold it

for three halpence. *Nim* and *Bardolpb* are sworn Brothers in filching : and in Callice they stole a fire-shovell. I knew by that peece of Service, the men would carry Coales. They would have me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloves or their Hand-kerchers : which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine ; for it is plaine pocketting up of Wrongs. I must leave them, and seeke some better Service : their Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore I must cast it up. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the Mynes ; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with you.

Fln. To the Mynes ? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mynes : for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre ; the concavities of it is not sufficient : for looke you, th'athversarie, you may discusse unto the Duke, looke you, is digt himselfe foure yard under the Countermines : by *Cbesbu*, I thinke a will plowe up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captaine *Makmorrice*, is it not ?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By *Cbesbu* he is an Asse, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard : he ha's no more directions in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Jamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine *Jamy*, with him.

Welch. Captaine *Jamy* is a marvellous falorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th'aunchiant Warres, upon my particular knowledge of his directions : by

Cheshu he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I say gudday, Captaine *Fluellen*.

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captaine *James*.

Gower. How now Captaine *Mackmorrice*, have you quit the Mynes : have the Pioners given o're.

Irish. By Chrish Law tish ill done : the Worke ish give over, the Trompet sound the Retreat. By my hand I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done ; it ish give over : I would have blowed up the Towne, so Chrish save me law, in an houre. O tish ill done, tish ill done : by my Hand tish ill done.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication : partly to satisfie my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind : as touching the direction of the Militarie discipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion : that sall I mary.

Irish. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me : the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes : it is no time to discourse, the Town is beseech'd : and the Trumpet call us to the breech, and we talke, and be Chrish do nothing, tis shame for us all : so God sa'me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand : and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Christ sa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ayle de gud service, or Ile ligge i'th'grund for it ; ay, or goe to death : and Ile pay't as valorously as I may, that sal I suerly do, that is the breff and the long : mary, I wad full faine heard some question tween you tway.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I thinke, looke you, under your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Irish. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a Villaine, and a Basterd, and a Knave, and a Rascall. What ish my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorrice*, peradventure I shall thinke you doe not use me with that affabilitie, as in discretion you ought to use me looke you, being as good a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the derivation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irish. I doe not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule fault.

A Parley.

Gower. The Towne sounds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, when there is more better opportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre: and there is an end.

Exit.

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet resolves the Governour of the Towne?
This is the latest Parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give your selves,
Or like to men proud of destruction,
Defie us to our worst: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;
If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
I will not leave the halfe-atchieved Harflew,
Till in her ashes she lye buried.
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge
With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grasse

Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Doe with his smyrcht complexion all fell feats,
Enlynckt to wast and desolation ?
What is't to me, when you your selves are cause,
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation ?
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere ?
We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command
Upon th'enraged Souldiers in their spoyle,
As send Precepts to the *Leviathan*, to come ashore.
Therefore, you men of Harflew,
Take pittie of your Towne and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of headly Murther, Spoyle and Villany.
If not : why in a moment looke to see
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
Desire the Locks of your shrill-shrieking Daughters :
Your Fathers taken by the silver Beards,
And their most reverend Heads dasht to the Walls :
Your naked Infants spitted upon Pykes,
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
Doe breake the Clouds ; as did the Wives of Jewry,
At *Herods* bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
What say you ? Will you yeeld, and this avoyd ?
Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd.

Enter Governour.

Gover. Our expectation hath this day an end :
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
Returnes us, that his Powers are yet not ready,

To rayse so great a Siege : Therefore great King,
We yeeld our Towne and Lives to thy soft Mercy :
Enter our Gates, dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your Gates : Come Unckle *Exeter*,
Goe you and enter Harflew ; there remaine,
And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French :
Use mercy to them all for us, deare Unckle.
The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing
Upon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
To night in Harflew will we be your Guest,
To morrow for the March are we address.

Flourish, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. Alice, tu as este en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas le Language.

Alice. En peu Madame.

Kath. Je te prie m'enseigniez, il faut que je apprend a parler :
Comient appelle vous le main en Anglois.

Alice. Le main il s'appelle de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.

Alice. E le doys.

Kat. Le doys, ma foy Je oublie, e doys moy, je me soumeray le
doys je pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.

Alice. Le main de Hand, le doys le Fingres, je pense que je suis
le bon escolier.

Kath. J'ay gaynie deux mots d' Anglois vistement, coment appelle
vous le ongles ?

Alice. Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles escoute : dites moy, si je parle bien : de Hand,
de Fingres, e de Nayles.

Alice. C'est bien dié Madame, il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. E de coudee.

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow : Je men fay le repiticio de tous les mots que vous maves, apprins des a present.

Alice. Il & trop difficile Madame, comme Je pense.

Kath. Excuse moy Alice escoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arma, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je men oublie d'Elbow, coment appelle vous le col.

Alice. De Nick, Madame.

Kath. De Nick, e le menton.

Alice. De Cbin.

Kath. De Sin : le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre bonneur en verite vous pronouncies les mots ausi droia, que le Natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.

Alice. N'ave vos y desia oublie ce que je vous a ensignie.

Kath. Nome je recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Maylees.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.

Alice. Sans vostre boneus d'Elbow.

Kath. Ainsi de je d'Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin : coment appelle vous les pied & de roba.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

Kath. Le Foot, & le Count : O Seigneur Dieu, il sont le mots de son mauvais corruptible grosse & impudique, & non pour le Dames de Honeur d'user : Je ne voudray pronouncer ce mots devant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, fo le Foot & le Count, neant moy, Je recitera un autrefois ma lecon ensemble, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.

Alice. Excellent Madame.

Kath. C'est asses pour une foyes, alons nous a diner. Exit.

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Constable of France and others.

King. 'Tis certaine he hath past the River Some.

Const. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,
Let us not live in France : let us quit all,
And give our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. *O Dieu vivant :* Shall a few Sprayes of us,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,
Our Syens, put in wilde and savage Stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the Clouds,
And over looke their Grafters ?

Brit. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards :
Mort du ma vie, if they march along
Unfought withall, but I will sell my Dukedome,
To buy a slobbry and a durtie Farme
In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.

Const. *Dieu de Battailes*, where have they this mettell ?
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull ?
On whom, as in despight, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can sodden Water,
A Drench for sur-reyn'd Jades, their Barly broth,
Decoekt their cold blood to such valiant heat ?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
Seeme frostie ? O, for honor of our Land,
Let us not hang like roping Isyckles
Upon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frostie People
Sweat Drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields :
Poore we call them, in their Native Lords.

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at us, and plainly say,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will give
Their bodyes to the Lust of English Youth,
To new-store France with Bastard Warriors.

Brit. They bid us to the English Dancing-Schooles,

And teach *Lavolta's* high, and swift *Carranto's*,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are most loftie Run-awayes.

King. Where is *Montjoy* the Herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.
Up Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field :
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleance*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanson, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
Beumont, *Grand Pree*, *Roussi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loy, *Lestrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloyes*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings :
For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames :
Barre *Harry* England, that sweepes through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew :
Rush on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow
Upon the Valleyes, whose low Vassall Seat,
The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhowme upon.
Goe downe upon him, you have Power enough,
And in a Captive Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Prisoner.

Const. This becomes the Great,
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His souldiers sick, and famisht in their March :
For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
Hee'le drop his heart into the sinck of feare,
And for atchievement, offer us his Ransome.

King. Therefore Lord Constable, hast on *Montjoy*,
And let him say to England, that we send,
To know what willing Ransome he will give.
Prince *Dolphin*, you shall stay with us in Roan.

Dolph. Not so, I doe beseech your Majestie.

King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with us.

Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring us word of Englands fall.

Exeunt.

Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower and Fluellen.

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from the Bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Services committed at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I love and honour with my soule and my heart, and my dutie, and my live, and my living, and my uttermost power. He is not, God be prayesd and blessed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very conscience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see him doe as gallant service.

Gower. What doe you call him?

Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient *Pistoll*.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Pistoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to doe me favours; the Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praye God, and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and sound of heart, and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddess blind, that stands upon the rolling restlesse Stone.

Flu. By your patience, aunchient *Pistoll*: Fortune is painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie to you, that Fortune is blinde; and shee is painted also with a Wheele, to

signifie to you, which is the Morall of it, that shee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie, and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed upon a Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles: in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him: for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must a be: a damned death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free, and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but *Exeter* hath given the doome of death, for Pax of little price. Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce; and let not *Bardolphs* vitall thred bee cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient *Pistoll*, I doe partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoyce at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would desire the Duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Dye, and be dam'd, and *Fig*o for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The Figge of Spaine.

Exit.

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeited Rascall, I remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

Flu. Ile assure you, a utt' red as prave words at the Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gower. Why, 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne into London, under the forme of a Souldier: and such fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learne you by rote where Services were done; at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Convoy: who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on: and

this they conne perfittly in the phrase of Warre ; which they tricke up with new-tuned Oathes : and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-waht Wits, is wonderfull to be thought on : but you must learne to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistooke.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower* : I doe perceive hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to the World hee is : if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde : hearke you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.

Flu. God plesse your Majestie.

King. How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the Bridge ?

Flu. I, so please your Majestie : The Duke of Exeter ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge ; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most prave passages : marry, th'athversarie was have possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge : I can tell your Majestie, the Duke is a prave man.

King. What men have you lost, *Fluellen* ?

Flu. The perdition of th'athversarie hath beene very great, reasonable great : marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolpb*, if your Majestie know the man : his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

King. Wee would have all such offenders so cut off : and we give expresse charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages ; nothing taken, but pay'd for : none of the French upbrayded or abused in disdainefull Language ; for when Levitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountjoy.

Mountjoy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee : what shall I know of thee ?

Mountjoy. My Masters mind.

King. Unfold it.

Mountjoy. Thus sayes my King : Say thou *Harry* of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe : Advantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him, wee could have rebuk'd him at *Harflew*e, but that wee thought not good to bruise an injurie, till it were full ripe. Now wee speake upon our *Q.* and our voyce is imperiall : England shall repent his folly, see his weakenesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransome, which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested ; which in weight to re-answer, his pettinesse would bow under. For our losses, his Exchequer is too poore ; for th'effusion of our blood, the Muster of his Kingdome too faint a number ; and for our disgrace, his owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worthlesse satisfaction. To this adde defiance : and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc't : So farre my King and Master ; so much my Office.

King. What is thy name ? I know thy qualitie.

Mount. Mountjoy.

King. Thou doo'st thy Office fairely. Turne thee back, And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now, But could be willing to march on to Callice, Without impeachment : for to say the sooth, Though 'tis no wisdome to confesse so much Unto an enemy of Craft and Vantage, My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled, My numbers lessen'd : and those few I have, Almost no better then so many French ; Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,

I thought, upon one payre of English Legges
 Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me God,
 That I doe bragge thus ; this your ayre of France
 Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent :
 Go therefore tell thy Master, heere I am ;
 My Ransome, is this frayle and worthlesse Trunke ;
 My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard :
 Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mounijoy*.
 Goe bid thy Master well advise himselfe.
 If we may passe, we will : if we be hindred,
 We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood
 Discolour : and so *Mounijoy*, fare you well.
 The summe of all our Answer is but this :
 We would not seeke a Battaile as we are,
 Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it :
 So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliver so : Thankes to your Highnesse.

Glouc. I hope they will not come upon us now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs :
 March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
 Beyond the River wee'le encampe our selves,
 And on to morrow bid them march away.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs, Orleance,
 Dolphin, with others.*

Const. Tut, I have the best Armour of the World : would it
 were day.

Orleance. You have an excellent Armour : but let my Horse
 have his due.

Const. It is the best Horse of Europe.

Orleance. Will it never be Morning ?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Constable,
 you talke of Horse and Armour ?

Orlance. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treads but on foure postures: ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were hayres: *le Cheval volante*, the Pegasus, *ches les narines de feu*. When I bestryde him, I soare, I am a Hawke: he trots the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the basest horne of his hoofe, is more Musicall then the Pipe of *Hermes*.

Orlance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for *Persus*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appeare in him, but only in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horse, and all other Jades you may call Beasts.

Const. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horæ.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orlance. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deserved prayse on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a Sovereigne to reason on, and for a Sovereignes Sovereigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to us, and unknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayse, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature*.

Orlance. I have heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistresse.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistresse.

Orlance. Your Mistresse beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the prescript prayse and perfection of a good and particular Mistresse.

Const. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistresse shrewdly shooke your back.

Dolpb. So perhaps did yours.

Const. Mine was not bridled.

Dolpb. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in your strait Stroffers.

Const. You have good judgement in Horsemanship.

Dolpb. Be warn'd by me then : they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs : I had rather have my Horse to my Mistresse.

Const. I had as live have my Mistresse a Jade.

Dolpb. I tell thee Constable, my Mistresse weares his owne hayre.

Const. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistresse.

Dolpb. *Le chien est retourne a son propre vomissement est la leuye lavee au bourbier* : thou mak'st use of any thing.

Const. Yet doe I not use my Horse for my Mistresse, or any such Proverbe, so little kin to the purpose.

Ramb. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes upon it ?

Const. Starres my Lord.

Dolpb. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Const. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dolpb. That may be, for you beare a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away.

Const. Ev'n as your Horse beares your prayses, who would trot as well, were some of your bragges dismounted.

Dolpb. Would I were able to load him with his desert. Will it never be day ? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English Faces.

Const. I will not say so, for feare I should be fac't out of my way : but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the English.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Prisoners ?

Const. You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you have them.

Dolph. Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my selfe. *Exit.*

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

Const. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleance. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

Const. Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath.

Orleance. He is simply the most active Gentleman of France.

Const. Doing is activitie, and he will still be doing.

Orleance. He never did harme, that I heard of.

Const. Nor will doe none to morrow : hee will keepe that good name still.

Orleance. I know him to be valiant.

Const. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orleance. What's hee ?

Const. Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee car'd not who knew it.

Orleance. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Const. By my faith Sir, but it is : never any body saw it, but his Lacquey : 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate.

Orleance. Ill will never sayd well.

Const. I will cap that Proverbe with, There is flatterie in friendship.

Orleance. And I will take up that with, Give the Devill his due.

Const. Well plac't : there stands your friend for the Devill : have at the very eye of that Proverbe with, A Pox of the Devill.

Orleance. You are the better at Proverbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is soone shot.

Const. You have shot over.

Orleance. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord High Constable, the English lye within
fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Const. Who hath measur'd the ground ?

Mess. The Lord *Grandpree*.

Const. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would it were
day ? Alas poore *Harry* of England : hee longs not for the
Dawning, as wee doe.

Orleance. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of
England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so farre out of his
knowledge.

Const. If the English had any apprehension, they would runne
away.

Orleance. That they lack : for if their heads had any intellec-
tual Armour, they could never weare such heaveie Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breeds very valiant Creatures ;
their Mastiffes are of unmatchable courage.

Orleance. Foolish Curres, that runne winking into the mouth
of a Russian Beare, and have their heads crusht like rotten Apples :
you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his
breakfast on the Lippe of a Lyon.

Const. Just, just : and the men doe sympathize with the Mas-
tiffes, in robustious and rough comming on, leaving their Wits
with their Wives : and then give them great Meales of Beefe,
and Iron and Steele ; they will eate like Wolves, and fight like
Devils.

Orleance. I, but these English are shrowdly out of Beefe.

Const. Then shall we finde to morrow, they have only stomackes
to eate, and none to fight. Now it is time to arme : come, shall
we about it ?

Orleance. It is now two a Clock : but let me see, by ten Wee
shall have each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertaine conjecture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Vessell of the Universe.
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
The Humme of eyther Army stilly sounds ;
That the fixt Centinels almost receive
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battaile sees the others umber'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare : and from the Tents
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With busie Hammers closing Rivets up,
Give dreadfull note of preparation.
The COUNTRY Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle :
And the third howre of drowsie Morning nam'd,
Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
The confident and over-lustie French,
Doe the low-rated English play at Dice ;
And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
So tediously away. The poore condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminat
The Mornings danger : and their gesture sad,
Investing lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,
Presented them unto the gazing Moone
So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent ;
Let him cry, *Prayse* and Glory on his head :

For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,
Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
Upon his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him ;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of Colour
Unto the wearie and all-watched Night :
But freshly lookes, and over-beares Attaint,
With chearefull semblance, and sweet Majestie :
That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
A Largesse universall, like the Sunne,
His liberall Eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthinesse define.
A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
And so our Scene must to the Battaille flye :
Where, O for pittie, we shall much disgrace,
With foure or five most vile and ragged foyles,
(Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)
The Name of Agincourt : Yet sit and see,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
God morrow Brother Bedford : God Almightye,
There is some soule of goodnesse in things evill,
Would men observingly distill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward Consciencences,
And Preachers to us all ; admonishing,
That we should dresse us fairely for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,

And make a Morall of the Divell himselfe.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham* :

A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlish turfe of France.

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to love their present paines,
Upon example, so the Spirit is eased :
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake up their drowsie Grave and newly move
With casted slough, and fresh legeritie.
Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas* : Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe ;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my Pavillion.

Gloster. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace ?

King. No, my good Knight :
Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England :
I and my Bosome must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in Heaven blesse thee, Noble *Harry*.

Exeunt.

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'st chearefully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Che vous la ?*

King. A friend.

Pist. Discusse unto me, art thou Officer, or art thou base, common, and popular ?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trayl'st thou the puissant Pyke ?

King. Even so : what are you ?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fist most valiant : I kisse his durtie shooe, and from heart-string I love the lovely Bully. What is thy Name ?

King. *Harry le Roy.*

Pist. *Le Roy ?* a Cornish Name : art thou of Cornish Crew ?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Pist. Know'st thou *Fluellen* ?

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate upon S. *Davies* day.

King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe that day, least he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend ?

King. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *Figo* for thee then.

King. I thanke you : God be with you.

Pist. My name is *Pistol* call'd.

Exit.

King. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*.

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Jesu Christ, speake fewer : it is the greatest admiration in the universall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the Warres is not kept : if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble bable in *Pompey*'s Campe : I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modestie of it, to be otherwise.

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemie is an Asse and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe ; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should also, looke you, be an Asse and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conscience now ?

Gow. I will speake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. *Exit.*

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

*Enter three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court,
and Michael Williams.*

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder ?

Bates. I thinke it be : but wee have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee shall never see the end of it. Who goes there ?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Under what Captaine serve you ?

King. Under Sir *John Erpingham*.

Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kinde Gentleman : I pray you, what thinkes he of our estate ?

King. Even as men wrackt upon a Sand, that looke to be washt off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King ?

King. No : nor it is not meet he should : for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am : the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me ; the Element shewes to him, as it doth to me ; all his Sences have but humane Conditions : his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakednesse he appeares but a man ; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe, they stoupe with the like wing : therefore, when he sees reason of feares, as we doe ; his feares, out of doubt, be of the same rellish as ours are : yet in reason, no man should possesse

him with any appearance of feare ; least hee, by shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will : but I beleeve, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wish himselfe in Thames up to the Neck ; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the King : I thinke hee would not wish himselfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone ; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens lives saved.

King. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone : howsoever you speake this to feele other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so contented, as in the Kings company ; his Cause being just, and his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then wee should seeke after ; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subjects : if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of us.

Williams. But if the Cause be not good, the King himselfe hath a heave Reckoning to make, when all those Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile, shall joyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Surgeon ; some upon their Wives, left poore behind them ; some upon the Debts they owe, some upon their Children rawly left : I am afear'd, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battaile : for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when Blood is their argument ? Now, if these men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it ; who to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry upon the Sea ; the imputation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be imposed upon his Father that sent him : or if a Servant, under his Master's command, transporting a summe of Money, be assayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd Iniquities ; you may call the businesse of the

Master the author of the Servants damnation : but this is not so : The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Servant ; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no King, be his Cause never so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all unspotted Souldiers : some (peradventure) have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived Murther ; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Perjurie ; some, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that have before gored the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if these men have defeated the Law, and outrunne Native punishment ; though they can out-strip men, they have no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance : so that here men are punisht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell : where they feared the death, they have borne life away ; and where they would bee safe, they perish. Then if they dye unprovided, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Every Subjects Dutie is the Kings, but every Subjects Soule is his owne. Therefore should every Souldier in the Warres doe as every sicke man in his Bed, wash every Moth out of his Conscience : and dying so, Death is to him advantage ; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gayned : and in him that escapes, it were not sinne to thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certaine, every man that dyes ill, the ill upon his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I doe not desire hee should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I my selfe heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. I, hee said so, to make us fight chearefully : but when

our throats are cut, hee may be ransom'd, and wee ne're the wiser.

King. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then : that's a perillous shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a private displeasure can doe against a Monarch : you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yee, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather : You'le never trust his word after ; come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproofe is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betweene us, if you live.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee againe ?

King. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet : Then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Heere's my Glove : Give mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I also weare in my Cap : if ever thou come to me, and say, after to-morrow, This is my Glove, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie.

Will. Keepe thy word : fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee have French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

Exit Souldiers.

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat us, for they beare them on their shoulders : but it is no English Treason to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselve will be a Clipper.
Upon the King, let us our Lives, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wives,

Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King :
We must beare all.
O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse,
Subject to the breath of every foole, whose sence
No more can feele, but his owne wringing.
What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy ?
And what have Kings, that Privates have not too,
Save Ceremonie, save generall Ceremonie ?
And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie ?
What kind of God art thou ? that suffer'st more
Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.
What are thy Rents ? what are thy Commings in ?
O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.
What ? is thy Soule of Odoration ?
Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men ?
Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,
Then they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet,
But poyson'd flatterie ? O, be sick, great Greatnesse,
And bid thy Ceremonie give thee cure.
Thinks thou the fierie Fever will goe out
With Titles blowne from Adulation ?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending ?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee,
Command the health of it ? No, thou prowd Dreame,
That play'st so subtilly with a Kings Repose.
I am a King that find thee : and I know,
'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Mace, the Crowne Imperiall,
The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearle,
The farsed Title running 'fore the King,
The Throne he sits on : nor the Tyde of Pompe,
That beates upon the high shore of this World :

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie ;
 Not all these, lay'd in Bed Majesticall,
 Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slave :
 Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressefull bread,
 Never sees horride Night, the Child of Hell :
 But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,
 Sweates in the eye of *Phebus* ; and all Night
 Sleeper in *Elizium* : next day after dawne,
 Doth rise and helpe *Hiperio* to his Horse,
 And followes so the ever-running yeere
 With profitable labour to his Grave :
 And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,
 Winding up Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
 The Slave, a Member of the Countreyes peace,
 Enjoyes it ; but in grosse braine little wots,
 What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace ;
 Whose howres, the Pesant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles jealous of your absence,
 Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together
 At my Tent : Ile be before thee.

Erp. I shall doo't, my Lord.

Exit.

King. O God of Battailes, Steele my Souldiers hearts,
 Possesse them not with feare : Take from them now
 The sence of reckning of th'opposed numbers :
 Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
 O not to day, thinke not upon the fault
 My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.
 I *Richards* body have interred new,
 And on it have bestowed more contrite teares,
 Then from it issued forced drops of blood.

Five hundred poore I have in yeerely pay,
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
 Toward Heaven, to pardon blood :
 And I have built two Chauntries,
 Where the sad and solemne Priests sing still
 For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe :
 Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth ;
 Since that my Penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother *Gloucesters* voyce ? I :
 I know thy errand, I will goe with thee :
 The day, my friend, and all things stay for me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Dolphin, Orleans, Ramburs, and Beaumont.

Orleans. The Sunne doth gild our Armour up, my Lords.

Dolph. *Monte Cheval* : My Horse, *Verlot Lacquay* : Ha.

Orleans. Oh brave Spirit.

Dolph. *Via les ewes & terre.*

Orleans. *Rien puis le air & feu.*

Dolph. *Cein, Cousin Orleans.*

Enter Constable.

Now my Lord Constable ?

Const. Hearke how our Steedes, for present Service neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides,
 That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
 And doubt them with superfluous courage : ha.

Ram. What, wil you have them weep our Horses blood ?
 How shall we then behold their naturall teares ?

Enter Messenger.

Messeng. The English are embattail'd, you French Peeres.

Const. To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse.
 Doe but behold yond poore and starved Band,

And your faire shew shall suck away their Soules,
Leaving them but the shales and huskes of men.
There is not worke enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines,
To give each naked Curtleax a stayne,
That our French Gallants shall to day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our Valour will o're-terne them.
'Tis positive against all exceptions, Lords,
That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pesants,
Who in unnecessarie action swarme
About our Squares of Battaile, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding Foe ;
Though we upon this Mountaines Basis by,
Tooke stand for idle speculation :
But that our Honours must not. What's to say ?
A very little little let us doe,
And all is done : then let the Trumpets sound
The Tucket Sonvance, and the Note to mount :
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Graundpree.

Grandpree. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France ?
Yond Iland Carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favoredly become the Morning field :
Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loose,
And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully.
Bigge *Mars* seemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoast,
And faintly through a rustie Bever peepes.
The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks,
With Torch-staves in their hand : and their poore Jades
Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips :
The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt

Lyes foule with chaw'd-grasse, still and motionlesse,
And their executors, the knavish Crows,
Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre.
Description cannot sute it selfe in words,
To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaile,
In life so livelesse, as it shewes it selfe.

Const. They have said their prayers,
And they stay for death.

Dolpb. Shall we goe send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,
And give their fasting Horses Provender
And after fight with them?

Const. I stay but for my Guard: on
To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away,
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all his Hoast :
Salisbury, and Westmerland.*

Glouc. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himselfe is rode to view their Battaile.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exc. There's five to one, besides they all are fresh.

Salisb. Gods Arme strike with us, 'tis a fearefull oddes.
God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in Heaven;
Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,
My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bedf. Farwell good *Salisbury*, & good luck go with thee:
And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.

Exc. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse,
Princely in both.

Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That doe no worke to day.

King. What's he that wishes so ?
My Cousin Westmerland. No, my faire Cousin :
If we are markt to dye, we are enow
To doe our Countrey losse : and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
Gods will, I pray thee wish not one man more.
By *Jove*, I am not covetous for Gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost :
It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
But if it be a sinne to covet Honor,
I am the most offending Soule alive.
No 'faith my Couze, wish not a man from England :
Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honor,
As one man more me thinkes would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, doe not wish one more :
Rather proclaime it (*Westmerland*) through my Hoast,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made,
And Crownes for Convoy put into his Purse :
We would not dye in that mans companie,
That feares his fellowship, to dye with us.
This day is call'd the Feast of *Crispian* :
He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rowe him at the Name of *Crispian*.
He that shall see this day, and live old age,
Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, to morrow is Saint *Crispian*.
Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his skarres :

Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot :
But hee'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Gloucester*,
Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred.
This story shall the good man teach his sonne :
And *Crispine Crispian* shall ne're goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembred ;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers :
For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother : be he ne're so vile,
This day shall gentle his Condition.
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall thinke themselves accurst they were not here,
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes,
That fought with us upon Saint *Crispines* day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Sovereign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed :
The French are bravely in their battailes set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England, Couze ?

West. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.

King. Why now thou hast unwisht five thousand men :
Which likes me better, then to wish us one.
You know your places : God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King *Harry*,
If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,

Before thy most assured Overthrow :
For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance ; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre
From off these fields : where (wretches) their poore bodies
Must lye and fester.

King. Who hath sent thee now ?

Mont. The Constable of France.

King. I pray thee beare my former Answer back :
Bid them atchieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock poore fellows thus ?
The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find Native Graves : upon the which, I trust
Shall witnesse live in Brasse of this dayes worke.
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your Dunghills,
They shall be fam'd : for there the Sun shall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking up to Heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
Marke then abounding valour in our English :
That being dead, like to the bullets crasing,
Breake out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
Let me speake proudly : Tell the Constable,
We are but Warriors for the working day :
Our Gaynesse and our Gilt are all besmyrcht
With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast :
Good argument (I hope) we will not flye :
And time hath worne us into slovenrie.

But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim :
 And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
 They'le be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
 The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
 And turne them out of service. If they doe this,
 As if God please, they shall ; my Ransome then
 Will soone be levyed.

Herauld, save thou thy labour :
 Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld,
 They shall have none, I sweare, but these my Joynts :
 Which if they have, as I will leave um them,
 Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King *Harry*. And so fare thee well :
 Thou never shalt heare Herauld any more.

Exit.

King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a Ransome.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
 The leading of the Vaward.

King. Take it, brave *Yorke*.

Now Souldiers march away,
 And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy.

Pist. Yeeld Curre.

French. *Je pense que vous estes le Gentilhomme de bon qualitee.*

Pist. Qualitie calmie custure me. Art thou a Gentleman ?
 What is thy Name ? discusse.

French. *O Seigneur Dieu.*

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman : perpend my
 words O Signieur Dewe, and marke : O Signieur Dewe, thou
 dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe give to me
 egregious Ransome.

French. *O prenes misericordie aye piteu de moy.*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have fortie Moyes : for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimson blood.

French. Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras.

Pist. Brasse, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Mountaine Goat, offer'st me Brasse?

French. O perdonne moy.

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hither boy, aske me this slave in French what is his Name.

Boy. Escoute comment estes vous appelle?

French. Mounsieur le Fer.

Boy. He sayes his Name is M. Fer.

Pist. M. Fer : Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him : discusse the same in French unto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Que dit il Mounsieur?

Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture de coupes vostre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge permafoy pesant, unlesse thou give me Crownes, brave Crownes; or mangled shalt thou be by this my Sword.

French. O Je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu : ma pardonner, Je suis le Gentilbome de bon maison, garde ma vie, &c Je vous donneray deux cent escus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prayes you to save his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred Crownes.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Fren. Petit Monsieur que dit il?

Boy. Encore qu'il et contra son Jurement, de pardonner aucune prisonner : neant-mons pour les escues que vous layt a promets, il est content a vous donnes le liberte le franchisement.

Fre. Sur mes genoux se vous donnes milles remerciours, et Je

me estime beureux que Je intombe, entre les main, d'un Chevalier Je pense le plus brave valiant et tres distinie signieur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath falne into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most brave, valorous and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I sucke blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow mee.

Boy. Saave vous le grand Capitaine ?

I did never know so full a voyce issue from so emptie a heart : but the saying is true, The empty vessel makes the greatest sound, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more valour, then this roaring divell i'th olde play, that everie one may payre his nayles with a wooden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durst steale any thing adventurously. I must stay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might have a good pray of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes.

Exit.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dolphin, and Ramburs.

Con. O Diable.

Orl. O signeur le jour et perdis, toute et perdis.

Dol. Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all,

Reproach, and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes.

A short Alarum.

O meschante Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

Dol. O perdurable shame, let's stab our selves :

Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for ?

Orl. Is this the King we sent too, for his ransom ?

Bur. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,

Let us dye in once more backe againe,

And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand

Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore,
Whilst a base slave, no gentler then my dogge,
His fairest daughter is costaminated.

Com. Disorder that hath spoyl'd us, friend us now,
Let us on heapes go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the Field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bar. The devell take Order now, Ile to the throng ;
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. *Exit.*

Alarum. *Enter the King and his trayne, with Prisoners.*

King. Well have we done, thrice-vaillant Counttrimen,
But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exc. The D. of York commends him to your Majesty.

King. Lives he good Uncle : thrice within this houre
I saw him downe ; thrice up againe, and fighting,
From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.

Exc. In which array (brave Soldier) doth he lye,
Larding the plaine : and by his bloody side,
(Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.

Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all hagled over
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteept,
And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawne upon his face.
He cryes aloud ; Tarry my Cosin Suffolke,
My soule shall thine keepe company to heaven :
Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-brest :
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our Chivalrie.

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up,
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, sayes : Deere my Lord,
Commend my service to my Sovereigne,

So did he turne, and over Suffolkes necke
 He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes,
 And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A Testament of Noble-ending-love :
 The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would have stop'd,
 But I had not so much of man in mee,
 And all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to teares.

King. I blame you not,
 For hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to.
 But hearke, what new alarum is this same ?
 The French have re-enforc'd their scatter'd men :
 Then every souldiour kill his Prisoners,
 Give the word through.

*Alarum.**Exit.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage. 'Tis expressly against
 the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knavery marke you
 now, as can bee offert in your Conscience now, is it not ?

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left alive, and the
 Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha'done this
 slaughter : besides they have burned and carried away all that
 was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath
 caus'd every souldiour to cut his prisoners throat. O 'tis a gallant
 King.

Flu. I, hee was porne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower* :
 What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the pig
 was borne ?

Gow. *Alexander* the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great ? The pig, or the

great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a litle variations.

Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Phillip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porne : I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you sall finde in the comparisons betweene *Macedon* & *Monmouth*, that the situations looke you, is both alike. There is a River in *Macedon*, & there is also moreover a River at *Monmouth*, it is call'd Wye at *Monmouth* : but it is out of my praines, what is the name of the other River : but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmones in both. If you marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry* of *Monmouthes* life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moodes, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures, and comparisons of it : as *Alexander* kild his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes ; so also *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet : he was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mockes, I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Flu. That is he : Ile tell you, there is good men porne at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Heere comes his Majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon with prisoners. Flourish.

King. I was not angry since I came to France,

Untill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald,
Ride thou unto the Horsemen on yond hill :
If they will fight with us, bid them come downe,
Or voyde the field : they do offend our sight.
If they'l do neither, we will come to them,
And make them sker away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings :
Besides, wee'l cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exc. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege.

Glou. His eyes are humbler then they us'd to be.

King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowst thou
not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransome?
Com'st thou againe for ransome.

Her. No great King :

I come to thee for charitable License,
That we may wander ore this bloody field,
To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
To sort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood :
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes
In blood of Princes, and with wounded steeds
Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O give us leave great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen peere,

And gallop ore the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God, and not our strength for it :
What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.

Her. They call it *Agincourt*.

King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please your Majesty) and your great Uncle *Edward* the Placke Prince of Wales, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought a most prave battle here in France.

Kin. They did *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Majesty sayes very true : If your Majestie is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good service in a Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Majesty know to this houre is an honourable badge of the service : And I do beleewe your Majesty takes no scorne to weare the Leeke uppon S. Tavyes day.

King. I weare it for a memorable honor :
For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Majesties Welsh blood out of your pody, I can tell you that : God plesse it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Majesty too.

Kin. Thankes good my Countrymen.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your Majesties Countreyman, I care not who know it : I will confesse it to all the Orld, I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

King. Good keepe me so.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exc. Souldier, you must come to the King.

Kim. Souldier, why wear'st thou that Glove in thy Cappe?

Will. And't please your Majesty, tis the gage of one that I should fight withall, if he be alive.

Kim. An Englishman?

Will. And't please your Majesty, a Rascall that swagger'd with me last night: who if alive, and ever dare to challenge this Glove, I have sworne to take him a boxe a'th ere: or if I can see my Glove in his cappe, which he swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if alive) I wil strike it out soundly.

Kim. What thinke you Captaine *Fluellen*, is it fit this souldier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Craven and a Villaine else, and't please your Majesty in my conscience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great sort quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Jentleman as the divel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee bee perjur'd (see you now), his reputation is as arrant a villaine and a Jacke sawce, as ever his blacke shoo trodd upon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law.

King. Then keepe thy vow sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So, I will my Liege, as I live.

King. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captaine *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literated in the Warrea.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege.

Exit.

King. Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this favour for me, and sticke it in thy Cappe: when *Alanson* and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Glove from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanson*, and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'st me love.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be desir'd in the hearts of his Subjects : I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreefd at this Glove ; that is all : but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Know'st thou *Gower* ?

Flu. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

Exit.

King. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles.

The Glove which I have given him for a favour,

May haply purchase him a box a'th'care.

It is the Souldiers : I by bargaine should

Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin *Warwick* :

If that the Souldier strike him, as I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word ;

Some sodaine mischief may arise of it :

For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

And quickly will returne an injurie.

Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.

Goe you with me, Unckle of Exeter.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech you now, come apace to the King : there is more good toward you per-adventure, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Glove ?

Flu. Know the Glove ? I know the Glove is a Glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Universall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Capitaine *Gower*, I will give Treason his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Majesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alansons*.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

Warw. How now, now now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, praysed be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke you, as you shal desire in a Summers day. Heere is his Majestie.

Enter King and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Glove which your Majestie is take out of the Helmet of *Alanson*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Glove, here is the fellow of it : and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe : I promis'd to strike him, if he did : I met this man with my Glove in his Cappe, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majestie heare now, saving your Majesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowsie Knave it is : I hope your Majestie is peare me testimonie and witnesse, and will avouchment, that this is the Glove of *Alanson*, that your Majestie is give me, in your Conscience now.

King. Give me thy Glove Souldier ;
Looke, heere is the fellow of it :
'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike,
And thou hast given me most bitter termes.

Flu. And please your Majestie, let his Neck answere for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction ?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart : never came any from mine, that might offend your Majestie.

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majestie came not like your selfe : you appear'd to me but as a common man ; witnesse the Night, your Garments, your Lowlinesse : and what your Highnesse suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine : for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence ; therefore I beseech your Highnesse pardon me.

King. Here Uncle *Exeter*, fill this Glove with Crownes, And give it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow, And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe, Till I doe challenge it. Give him the Crownes : And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's mettell enough in his belly : Hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will : I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shooes : come, wherefore should you be so pashfull, your shooes is not so good : 'tis a good silling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

King. Now Herald, are the dead numbred ?

Herald. Heere is the number of the slaught'red French.

King. What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Unckle ?

Exe. *Charles* Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
John Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchiquald* :
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lye slaine : of Princes in this number,

And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
 One hundred twentie six : added to these,
 Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
 Eight thousand and foure hundred : of the which,
 Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights.
 So that in these ten thousand they have lost,
 There are but sixteene hundred Mercenaries :
 The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,
 And Gentlemen of blood and qualitie.
 The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead :
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
Jaques of Chatilion, Admirall of France,
 The Master of the Crosse-bowes, Lord *Rambures*,
 Great Master of France, the brave Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,
John Duke of Alanson, *Anthony* Duke of Brabant,
 The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
 And *Edward* Duke of Barr : of lustie Earles,
Grandpre and *Roussie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Lestrale*.
 Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
 Where is the number of our English dead ?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
 Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Davy Gam* Esquire ;
 None else of name : and of all other men,
 But five and twentie.

O God, thy Arme was heere :
 And not to us, but to thy Arme alone,
 Ascribe we all : when, without stratagem,
 But in plaine shock, and even play of Battaile,
 Was ever knowne so great and little losse ?
 On one part and on th'other, take it God,
 For it is none but thine.

Exet. "Tis wonderfull.

King. Come, goe me in procession to the Village :
 And be it death proclaymed through our Hoast,

To boast of this, or take that prayse from God,
Which is his onely.

Flu. Is it not lawfull and please your Majestie, to tell how
many is kill'd ?

King. Yes Captaine : but with this acknowledgement, That
God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

King. Doe we all holy Rights :
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay :
And then to Callice, and to England then,
Where ne're from France arriv'd more happy men.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them : and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here presented. Now we beare the King
Towards Callice : Graunt him there ; there scene,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea : Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood ; with Men, Wives, and Boyes,
Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way : So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Black-Heath :
Where, that his Lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword

Before him, through the Citie : he forbids it,
Being free from vain-nesse, and selfe-glorious pride ;
Giving full Trophee, Signall, and Ostent ;
Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-house of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in best sort,
Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,
With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles,
Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Cesar* in :
As by a lower, but by loving likelyhood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Emprise,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword ;
How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
To welcome him ? much more, and much more cause,
Did they this *Harry*. Now in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of Englands stay at home :
The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
To order peace betweene them : and omit
All the occurrences, what ever chanc't,
Till *Harryes* backe returne againe to France :
There must we bring him ; and my selfe have play'd
The *interim*, by remembring you 'tis past
Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight backe againe to France. *Exit.*

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right : but why weare you your Leeke to day ? *S. Davies* day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things : I will tell you asse my friend, Captaine *Gower* ; the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowsie, praggling Knave *Pistoll*, which you and your selfe, and all the World, know to be no petter then

Flu. I have been here, and hee is come to me, and
yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate
where I could not breed no contention
with him. Hee was as bold as to weare it in my Cap till I
saw him. But then I will tell him a little piece of my
mind.

Enter Pistoll.

Flu. Here hee comes, swelling like a Turkey-cock.
Hee is no matter for his swellings, nor his Turkey-cocks.
Our murchient *Pistoll*: you scurvie lowsie Knave,
thou art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, to
eat up *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence; I am qualmish
of Leeke.

Flu. I penech you heartily, scurvie lowsie Knave, at my
requests, and my petitions, to eate, looke you, this
because, looke you, you doe not love it, nor your affec-
tions and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with
I would desire you to eate it.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you.

Strikes him.

Will you be so good, scauld Knave, as eate it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt dye.

Flu. You say very true, scauld Knave, when Gods will is: I
will desire you to live in the meane time, and eate your Victuals:
there is sawce for it. You call'd me yesterday Mountaine-
Squier, but I will make you to day a squire of low degree. I
pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a
Leeke.

Gour. Enough Captaine, you have astonisht him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eate some part of my leeke, or I
will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for
your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxecombe.

Pist. Must I bite.

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this Leeke, I will most horribly revenge I eate and eate I sweare.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you have some more sauce to your Leeke : there is not enough Leeke to sweare by.

Pist. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate.

Flu. Much good do you scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe ; when you take occasions to see Leekees heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. I, Leeke is good : hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

Pist. Me a groat ?

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another Leeke in my pocket, which you shall eate.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels : God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale your pate. *Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stirre for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knave, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began uppon an honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophée of predeceased valor, and dare not avouch in your Deeds any of your words. I have seene you gleeking & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell : you finde it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, fare ye well. *Exit.*

Pist. Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now ? Newes have I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendevous is quite cut off : Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile

turne, and something leane to Cut-purse of quicke hand : To
England will I steale, and there Ile steale :
And patches will I get unto these cudgeld scarres,
And swore I got them in the Gallia warrea. *Exit.*

*Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke,
and other Lords. At another, Queene Isabel, the
King, the Duke of Bourgogne, and
other French.*

King Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met ;
Unto our brother France, and to our Sister
Health and faire time of day : Joy and good wishes
To our most faire and Princely Cosine *Katherine* :
And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you Duke of *Burgogne*,
And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England, fairely met,
So are you Princes (English) every one.

Quee. So happy be the Issue brother Ireland
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
Your eyes which hitherto have borne
In them against the French that met them in their bent,
The fatall Balls of murthering Basiliskes :
The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope
Have lost their qualitie, and that this day
Shall change all griefes and quarrels into love.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

Quee. You English Princes all, I doe salute you.

Burg. My dutie to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England : that I have labour'd
With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeavors,
To bring your most Imperiall Majesties

Unto this Barre, and Royall interview ;
Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witnesse,
Since then my Office hath so farre prevayl'd,
That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
You have congreeted : let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this Royall view,
What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
Deare Nourse of Arts, Plentyes, and joyfull Births,
Should not in this best Garden of the World,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely Visage ?
Alas, Shee hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
Corrupting in its owne fertilitie.
Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Unpruned, dyes : her Hedges even pleach'd,
Like Prisoners wildly over-growne with hayre,
Put forth disorder'd Twigs : her fallow Leas,
The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,
Doth root upon ; while that the Culter rusts,
That should deracinate such Savagery :
The even Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and greene Clover,
Wanting the Sythe, withall uncorrected, ranke ;
Conceives by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,
But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Keksyes, Burres,
Loosing both beautie and utilitie ;
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
Defective in their Natures, grow to wildnesse.
Even so our houses, and our selves, and children,
Have lost, or doe not learne, for want of time,
The Sciences that should become our Countrey ;
But grow like Savages, as Souldiers will,
That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
To swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attyre,

And every thing that seemes unnaturall.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled : and my speech entreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
Should not expell these inconveniences,
And blesse us with her former qualities.

Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
Whose want gives growth to th'imperfections
Which you have cited ; you must buy that Peace
With full accord to all our just demands,
Whose Tenures and particular effects
You have enschedul'd briefly in your handa.

Burg. The King hath heard them : to the which, as yet
There is no answer made.

Eng. Well then : the Peace which you before so urg'd,
Lyes in his Answer.

France. I have but with a curselarie eye
O're-glanc't the Articles : Pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your Councell presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them ; we will suddenly
Passe our accept and peremptorie Answer.

England. Brother we shall. Goe Unckle *Exeter*,
And Brother *Clarence*, and you Brother *Gloucester*,
Warwick, and *Huntington*, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wisdomes best
Shall see advantageable for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And wee'le consigne thereto. Will you, faire Sister,
Goe with the Princes, or stay here with us ?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them :
Happily a Womans Voyce may doe some good,
When Articles too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

England. Yet leave our Cousin *Katherine* here with us,

She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Quee. She hath good leave.

Exeunt omnes.

Manet King and Katherine.

King. Faire *Katherine*, and most faire,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,
Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare,
And pleade his Love-suit to her gentle heart.

Kath. Your Majestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake your
England.

King. O faire *Katherine*, if you will love me soundly with your
French heart, I will be glad to heare you confesse it brokenly
with your English Tongue. Doe you like me, *Kate*?

Kath. *Pardonne moy*, I cannot tell wat is like me.

King. An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an
Angell.

Kath. *Que dit il que Je suis semblable a les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy verayment (sauf vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.*

King. I said so, deare *Katherine*, and I must not blush to
affirme it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de tromperies.*

King. What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of men are
full of deceits?

Lady. *Ouy*, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat
is de Princesses.

King. The Princess is the better English-woman: yfaith
Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding, I am glad thou canst
speake no better English, for if thou could'st, thou would'st finde
me such a plaine King, that thou wouldst thinke, I had sold my
Farme to buy my Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in
love, but directly to say, I love you; then if you urge me farther,
then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite: Give me
your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bargain: how
say you, Lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honcur*, me understand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or to Dance for your sake, *Kate*, why you undid me : for the one I have neither words nor measure ; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe ; under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leape into a Wife : Or if I might buffet for my Love, or bound my Horse for her favours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and sit like a Jack an Apes, never off. But before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation ; onely downe-right Oathes, which I never use till urg'd, nor never breake for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whose face is not worth Sunne-burning ? that never lookes in his Glasse, for love of any thing he sees there ? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake to thee plaine Souldier : If thou canst love me for this, take me ? if not ? to say to thee that I shall dye, is true ; but for thy love, by the L. No : yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and uncoyned Constancie, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to wooe in other places : for these fellows of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselves into Ladyes favours, they doe alwayes reason themselves out againe. What ? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad ; a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will stoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow : but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone ; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keepes his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me ? and take me ; take a Souldier : take a Souldier ; take a King. And what say'st thou then to my Love ? speake my faire, and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de ennemie of Fraunce ?

King. No, it is not possible you should love the Enemie of

France, *Kate*; but in loving me, you should love the Friend of France: for I love France so well, that I will not part with a Village of it; I will have it all mine: and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off; *Je quand sur le possession de Fraunce & quand vous aves le possession de moy.* (Let mee see, what then? Saint Dennis bee my speede) *Donc vostre est Fraunce, & vous estes mienne.* It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to speake so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unlesse it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre bonneur, le Francois ques vous parlez, il & melieus que l'Anglois le quel Je parle.*

King. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thine, most truely falsely, must needes be graunted to be much at one. But *Kate*, doo'st thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love mee?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? Ile aske them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your Closet, you'le question this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princesse, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, *Kate*, as I have a saving Faith within me tells me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou must therefore needes prove a good Souldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English, that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard. Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: doe

but now promise *Kate*, you will endeavour for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & devin deesse.*

Kath. Your Majestee ave fause Frenche enough to deceive de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now fye upon my false French: by mine Honor in true English, I love thee *Kate*; by which Honor, I dare not sweare thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doo'st; notwithstanding the poore and untempering effect of my Visage. Now beshrew my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Civill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stubborne out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladyes, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer up of Beautie, can doe no more spoyle upon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire *Katherine*, will you have me? Put off your Maiden Blushes, avouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Empresse, take me by the Hand, and say, *Harry* of England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner blesse mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry Plantaginet* is thine; who, though I speake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come your Answer in broken Musick; for thy Voyce is Musick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*, breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please *de Roy mon pere.*

King. Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please him, *Kate.*

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

King. Upon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kath. Laissez mon Seigneur, laissez, laissez, may foy : Je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant le main d'une nostre Seigneur indigne serviteur excuse moy. Je vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.

King. Then I will kisse your Lippes, *Kate*.

Kath. Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baisée devant leur nopcesse il net pas le costume de Fraunce.

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee ?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashion pour le Ladies of France ; I cannot tell what is buissee en Anglish.

King. To kisse.

Lady. Your Majestee entendre bettere que moy.

King. It is not a fashion for the Maids in Fraunce to kisse before they are married, would she say ?

Lady. Ouy verayment.

King. O *Kate*, nice Customes cursie to great Kings. Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyst of a Countreyes fashion : wee are the makers of Manners, *Kate* ; and the libertie that followes our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your Countrey, in denying me a Kisse : therefore patiently, and yeelding. You have Witch-craft in your Lippes, *Kate* : there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell ; and they should sooner perswade *Harry* of England, then a generall Petition of Monarcha. Heere comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God save your Majestie, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princesse English ?

King. I would have her learne, my faire Cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is shee not apt ?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth : so that having neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of

Flatterie about me, I cannot so conjure up the Spirit of Love in her, that hee will appeare in his true likenesse.

Burg. Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a Circle : if conjure up Love in her in his true likenesse, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd over with the Virgin Crimson of Modestie, if shee deny the apparance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe ? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to consign to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord when they see not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to consent winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning : for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they have their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall tyes me over to Time, and a hot Summer ; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in the latter end, and shee must be blinde to.

Burg. As Love is my Lord, before it loves.

King. It is so : and you may, some of you, thanke Love for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspectively : the Cities turn'd into a Maid ; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

England. Shall *Kate* be my Wife ?

France. So please you.

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her : so the Maid that stood in the way for my Wish, shall shew me the way to my Will.

France. Wee have consented to all tearmes of reason.

England. Is't so, my Lords of England?

West. The King hath graunted every Article :
His Daughter first ; and in sequele, all,
According to their firme proposed natures.

Exet. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this :
Where your Majestie demands, That the King of France having
any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall name your High-
nesse in this forme, and with this addition, in French : *Nostre*
trescher filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre Heretere de Fraunce : and
thus in Latine : *Praclarissimus Filius noster Henricus Rex Angliae*
& Heres Francia.

France. Nor this I have not Brother so deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it passe.

England. I pray you then, in love and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse up
Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale,
With envy of each others happinesse,
May cease their hatred ; and this deare Conjunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet Bosomes : that never Warre advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome *Kate* : and beare me witnesse all
That here I kisse her as my Sovereigne Queene. *Flourish.*

Quee. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one :
As Man and Wife being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spousall,
That never may ill Office, or fell Jealousie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in betweene the Pation of these Kingdomes,

To make divorce of their incorporate League :
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speake this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage : on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath
And all the Peerea, for suretie of our Leagues.
Then shall I sweare to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rous be.

Senet. Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-unable Pen,
Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time : but in that small, most greatly lived
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword ;
By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieved :
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.
Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed :
Whose State so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed :
Which oft our Stage hath showne ; and for their sake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.



KING HENRY VI.—part I.

Act II. Sc. V.



The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter Warwicke, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.



Ung be the heavens with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your crystall Tresses in the Skie,
And with them scourge the bad revolting Stars,
That have consented unto *Henries* death:
King *Henry* the Fift, too famous to live long,
England ne're lost a King of so much worth.

Glost. England ne're had a King untill his time:
Vertue he had, deserving to command,
His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and drove back his Enemies,
Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:
He ne're lift up his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:

Upon a Wooden Coffin we attend ;
And Deaths dishonourable Victorie,
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like Captives bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What ? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
That plotted thus our Glories overthrow ?
Or shall we thinke the subtle-witted French,
Conjurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verses have contriv'd his end.

Winch. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
Unto the French, the dreadfull Judgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his sight.
The Battailles of the Lord of Hosts he fought :
The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.

Glost. The Church ? where is it ?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not so soone decay'd.
None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may over-awe.

Winch. *Gloster*, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and Realme :
Thy Wife is prowde, she holdeth thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Glost. Name not Religion, for thou lov'st the Flesh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these Jarres, & rest your minds in peace :
Let's to the Altar : Herald's wayt on us ;
In stead of Gold, wee'le offer up our Armes,
Since Armes awayle not, now that *Henry's* dead,
Posteritie await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers moistned eyes, Babes shall suck.
Our Ile be made a Nourish of salt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fift, thy Ghost I invoke :

Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Civill Broyles,
Combat with adverse Planets in the Heavens ;
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soul will make,
Than *Julius Cesar*, or bright——

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all.
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture :
Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bedf. What say'st thou man, before dead *Henry's* Coarse ?
Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.

Glost. Is Paris lost ? is Roan yeelded up ?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life againe,
These news would cause him once more yeeld the Ghost.

Exe. How were they lost ? what trecherie was us'd ?

Mess. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.
Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine severall Factions :
And whil'st a Field should be dispatcht and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.
One would have lingring Warres, with little cost ;
Another would flye swift, but wanteth Wings ;
A third thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.
Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,
Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot ;
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France.
Give me my steeled Coat, Ile fight for France.

Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes ;
Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,
To weepe their intermissive Miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty Townes, of no import.
The Dolphin *Charles* is crowned King in Rheimes :
The Bastard of Orleanse with him is joyn'd :
Reynold, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alanson flyeth to his side.

Exit.

Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King ? all flye to him ?
O whither shall we flye from this reproach ?

Glost. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
Bedford if thou be slacke, Ile fight it out.

Bed. *Gloster*, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse ?
An Army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henries* hearse,
I must informe you of a dismall fight,
Betwixt the stout Lord *Talbot*, and the French.

Win. What ? wherein *Talbot* overcame, is't so ?

3. *Mess.* O no : wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'rethrown :
The circumstance Ile tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,
Retyring from the Siege of Orleanse,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troupe,
By three and twentie thousand of the French
Was round compassed, and set upon :
No leysure had he to enranke his men.
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers :

Instead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in.
More then three houres the fight continued :
Where valiant *Talbot*, above humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him :
Here, there, and every where enrag'd, he flew.
The French exclaym'd, the Devill was in Armes,
All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.
His Souldiers spying his undaunted Spirit,
A *Talbot*, a *Talbot*, cry'd out amaine,
And rusht into the Bowels of the Battaile.
Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir *John Falstaffe* had not play'd the Coward.
He being in the Vauward, plac't behinde,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroake.
Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre :
Enclosed were they with their Enemies.
A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thrust *Talbot* with a Speare into the Back,
Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,
Durst not presume to looke once in the face.

Bedf. Is *Talbot* alaine then ? I will slay my selfe,
For living idly here, in pompe and ease,
Whil'st such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
Unto his dastard foc-men is betray'd.

3. *Mess.* O no, he lives, but is tooke Prisoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford* :
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.

Bedf. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay.
Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend :
Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.

Farwell my Masters, to my Taske will I.
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keepe our great Saint *Georges* Feast withall.
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3. *Mess.* So you had need, for Orleance is besieg'd,
The English Army is growne weak and faint :
The Earle of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keepes his men from mutinie,
Since they so few, watch such a multitude.

Exc. Remember Lords your Oathes to *Henry* sworne :
Eyther to quell the Dolphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.

Bedf. I doe remember it, and here take my leave,
To goe about my preparation. *Exit Bedford*

Glost. Ile to the Tower with all the hast I can,
To view th' Artillerie and Munition,
And then I will proclayme young *Henry* King. *Exit Gloucester.*

Exc. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
Being ordayn'd his speciall Governor,
And for his safetie there Ile best devise. *Exit.*

Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend :
I am left out ; for me nothing remaines :
But long I will not be Jack out of Office.
The King from Eltam I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest Sterne of publique Weale. *Exit.*

Sound a Flourish.

*Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir, marching with
Drum and Souldiers.*

Charles. *Mars* his true moving, even as in the Heavens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.
Late did he shine upon the English side :
Now we are Victors, upon us he smiles.
What Townes of any moment, but we have ?

At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleance :
 Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale Ghosts,
 Faintly besiege us one houre in a moneth.

Alan. They want their Porridge, & their fat Bul Beeves :
 Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules,
 And have their Provender ty'd to their mouthes,
 Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.

Reigneir. Let's rayse the Siege : why live we idly here ?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare :
 Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd *Salisbury*,
 And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
 Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.

Charles. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them.
 Now for the honour of the forlorne French :
 Him I forgive my death, that killeth-me,
 When he sees me goe back one foot, or flye.

Exeunt.

*Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English,
 with great losse.*

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir.

Charles. Who ever saw the like ? what men have I ?
 Dogges, Cowards, Dastards : I would ne're have fled,
 But that they left me 'midst my Enemies.

Reigneir. *Salisbury* is a desperate Homicide,
 He fighteth as one weary of his life :
 The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
 Doe rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alanson. *Froysard*, a Countreyman of ours, records,
 England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* breed,
 During the time *Edward* the third did raigne :
 More truly now may this be verified ;
 For none but *Samsons* and *Goliasses*
 It sendeth forth to skirmish : one to tenne ?
 Leane raw-bon'd Rascals, who would e're suppose,
 They had such courage and audacitie ?

Charles. Let's leave this Towne,
For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager :
Of old I know them ; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'le teare downe, then forsake the Siege.

Reignier. I thinke by some odde Gimmors or Device
Their Armes are set, like Clocks, still to strike on ;
Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe :
By my consent, wee'le even let them alone.

Alanson. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleance.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dolphin ? I have newes for him.

Dolpb. Bastard of Orleance, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear appal'd.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand :
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heaven,
Ordayned is to rayse this tedious Siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France :
The spirit of deepe Prophecie she hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old Rome :
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speake, shall I call her in ? beleeeve my words,
For they are certaine, and unfallible.

Dolpb. Goe call her in : but first, to try her skill,
Reignier stand thou as Dolphin in my place ;
Question her prowdly, let thy Lookes be sterne,
By this meanes shall we sound what skill she hath.

Enter Joane Puzel.

Reignier. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these wondrous
feats ?

Puzel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me ?
Where is the Dolphin ? Come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though never scene before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me ;
In private will I talke with thee apart :
Stand back you Lords, and give us leave a while.

Reignier. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puzel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepherds Daughter,
My wit untrayn'd in any kind of Art :
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Loe, whilst I wayted on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my cheekes,
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,
And in a Vision full of Majestie,
Will'd me to leave my base Vocation,
And free my Countrey from Calamitie :
Her ayde she promis'd, and assur'd successe.
In compleat Glory shee reveal'd her selfe :
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those cleare Rayes, which shee infus'd on me,
That beautie am I blest with, which you may see.
Aske me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated ;
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy Warlike Mate.

Dolph. Thou hast astonisht me with thy high termes :
Onely this prooffe Ile of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me ;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puzel. I am prepar'd : here is my keene-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,

The which at Touraine, in S. *Katherines* Church-yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth.

Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.

Puzel. And while I live, Ile ne're flye from a man.

Here they fight, and Joane de Puzel overcom

Dolph. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the Sword of *Debora*.

Puzel. Christs Mother helps me, else I were too weake.

Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me.
Impatiently I burne with thy desire,

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.

Excellent *Puzel*, if thy name be so,

Let me thy servant, and not Sovereigne be,

'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus.

Puzel. I must not yeeld to any rights of Love,
For my Profession's sacred from above :
When I have chased all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I thinke upon a recompence.

Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate Thrall.

Reigneir. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.

Alans. Doubtlesse he shrives this woman to her smock,
Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.

Reigneir. Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keepes no mean?

Alan. He may meane more then we poore men do know,
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reigneir. My Lord, where are you ? what devise you on ?
Shall we give o're Orleance, or no ?

Puzel. Why no, I say : distrustfull Recreants,
Fight till the last gaspe : Ile be your guard.

Dolph. What shee sayes, Ile confirme : wee'le fight it out.

Puzel. Assign'd am I to be the English Scourge.
This night the Siege assuredly Ile rayse :
Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Halkyons* dayes,
Since I have entred into these Warres.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,
 Till by broad spreading, it disperſe to naught.
 With *Henries* death, the English Circle ends,
 Dispersed are the glories it included :
 Now am I like that prowd insulting Ship,
 Which *Cesar* and his fortune bare at once.

Dolph. Was *Mabomet* inspired with a Dove ?
 Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the Mother of Great *Constantine*,
 Nor yet *S. Philips* daughters were like thee.
 Bright Starre of *Venus*, falne downe on the Earth,
 How may I reverently worship thee enough ?

Alanson. Leave off delayes, and let us rayse the Siege.

Reignier. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honors,
 Drive them from Orleance, and be immortaliz'd.

Dolph. Presently wee'le try : come, let's away about it,
 No Prophet will I trust, if shee prove false. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gloster, with his Serving-men.

Glost. I am come to survey the Tower this day ;
 Since *Henries* death, I feare there is Conveyance :
 Where be these Warders, that they wait not here ?
 Open the Gates, 'tis *Gloster* that calls.

1. *Warder.* Who's there, that knocks so imperiously ?

Glost. 1. *Man.* It is the Noble Duke of Gloster.

2. *Warder.* Who ere he be, you may not be let in.

1. *Man.* Villaines, answer you so the Lord Protector ?

1. *Warder.* The Lord protect him, so we answer him,
 We doe no otherwise then wee are will'd.

Glost. Who willed you ? or whose will stands but mine ?
 There's none Protector of the Realme, but I :
 Breake up the Gates, Ile be your warrantize ;
 Shall I be flowted thus by dunghill Groomes ?

*Glosters men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodville the
 Lieutenant speakes within.*

Woodvile. What noyse is this? what Traytors have wee h

Glost. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare?

Open the Gates, here's *Gloster* that would enter.

Woodvile. Have patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Winchester forbids:
From him I have expresse commandement,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glost. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Winchester*, that haughtie Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Sovereigne ne're could brooke?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly.

Servingmen. Open the Gates unto the Lord Protector,
Or wee'le burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

*Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates Winchester, and
his men in Tawney Coates.*

Winchest. How now ambitious *Umpbeir*, what meanes this?

Glost. Piel'd Priest, doo'st thou command me to be shut ou

Winch. I doe, thou most usurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Realme.

Glost. Stand back thou manifest Conspirator,
Thou that contrived'st to murder our dead Lord,
Thou that giv'st Whores Indulgences to sinne,
Ile canvas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Winch. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed *Cain*,
To slay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.

Glost. I will not slay thee, but Ile drive thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
Ile use, to carry thee out of this place.

Winch. Doe what thou dar'st, I beard thee to thy face.

Glost. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priviledged place,

Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware your Beard,
 I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you soundly.
 Under my feet I stampe thy Cardinalls Hat :
 In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
 Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee up and downe.

Winch. *Gloster*, thou wilt answere this before the Pope.

Glost. Winchester Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
 Now beat them hence, why doe you let them stay ?
 Thee Ile chase hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
 Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

*Here Glosters men beat out the Cardinalls men, and enter in the
 burly-burly the Maior of London, and his Officers.*

Maior. Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,
 Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace.

Glost. Peace Maior, thou know'st little of my wrongs :
 Here's *Beauford*, that regards nor God nor King,
 Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his use.

Winch. Here's *Gloster*, a Foe to Citizens,
 One that still motions Warre, and never Peace,
 O're-charging your free Purses with large Fines ;
 That seekes to overthrow Religion,
 Because he is Protector of the Realme ;
 And would have Armour here out of the Tower,
 To Crowne himselfe King, and suppress the Prince.

Glost. I will not answer thee with words, but blowes.

Here they skirmish againe.

Maior. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
 But to make open Proclamation.
 Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canst cry :

*All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day, against
 Gods Peace and the Kings, wee charge and command you, in his
 Highnesse Name, to repayre to your severall dwelling places, and
 not to weare, handle, or use any Sword, Weapon, or Dagger hence-
 forward, upon paine of death.*

Glost. Cardinal, Ile be no breaker of the Law :
But we shall meet, and breake our minds at large.

Winch. Gloster, wee'le meet to thy cost, be sure :
Thy heart-blood I will have for this dayes worke.

Maioi. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away :
This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Devill.

Glost. Maioi farewell : thou doo'st but what thou may'st.

Winch. Abhominable *Gloster,* guard thy Head,
For I intend to have it ere long.

Exeunt.

Maioi. See the Coast clear'd, and then we will depart.

Good God, these Nobles should such stomacks beare,

I my selfe fight not once in fortie yeere.

Exeunt.

Enter the Master Gunner of Orleance, and his Boy.

M. Gunner. Sirrha, thou know'st how Orleance is besieg'd,
And how the English have the Suburbs wonne.

Boy. Father I know, and oft have shot at them,
How e're unfortunate, I miss'd my ayme.

M. Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me :

Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne,

Something I must doe to procure me grace :

The Princes espyals have informed me,

How the English, in the Suburbs close entrencht,

Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,

In yonder Tower, to over-peere the Citie,

And thence discover, how with most advantage

They may vex us with Shot or with Assault.

To intercept this inconvenience,

A Peece of Ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd,

And even these three dayes have I watcht,

If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,

For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,

And thou shalt finde me at the Governora.

Exit.

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,

He never trouble you, if I may spye them.

Exit.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets, with others.

Salisb. Talbot, my life, my joy, againe return'd ?
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner ?
Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd ?
Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top.

Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,
Call'd the brave Lord *Ponton de Santrayle*,
For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd,
But with a baser man of Armes by farre.
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me :
Which I disdainig, scorn'd, and craved death,
Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd :
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But O, the trecherous *Falstaffe* wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salisb. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc't they me,
To be a publique spectacle to all :
Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children so.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others flye,
None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure :
So great feare of my Name 'mongst them were spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,
That walkt about me every Minute while :

And if I did but stirre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

Salisb. I grieve to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleance :
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie :
Let us looke in, the sight will much delight thee :
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and *Sir William Glansdale*,
Let me have your expresse opinions,
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next ?

Gargrave. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands
Lords.

Glansdale. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the Bridge.

Talb. For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled.

Here they shot, and Salisbury falls downe.

Salisb. O Lord have mercy on us, wretched sinners.

Gargr. O Lord have mercy on me, wofull man.

Talb. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost us ?
Speake *Salisbury* ; at least, if thou canst, speake :
How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men ?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side struck off ?
Accursed Tower, accursed fatall Hand,
That hath contriv'd this wofull Tragedie.
In thirteene Battailes, *Salisbury* o'recame :
Henry the Fift he first trayn'd to the Warres.
Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck up,
His Sword did ne're leave striking in the field.
Yet liv'st thou *Salisbury* ? though thy speech doth fayle,
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heaven for grace.
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heaven be thou gracious to none alive,

If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands.
 Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.
 Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, hast thou any life?
 Speake unto *Talbot*, nay, looke up to him.
Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,
 Thou shalt not dye whiles——
 He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me :
 As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
 Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantaginet I will, and like thee,
 Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne :
 Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.

What stirre is this? what tumult's in the Heavens?
 Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the French have gather'd head.
 The Dolphin, with one *Joane de Puzel* joyn'd,
 A holy Prophetease, new risen up,
 Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himselfe up, and groanes.

Talb. Heare, heare, how dying *Salisbury* doth groane,
 It irkes his heart he cannot be reveng'd.
 Frenchmen, Ile be a *Salisbury* to you.
Puzel or *Pussel*, Dolphin or Dog-fish,
 Your hearts Ile stampe out with my Horses heeles,
 And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.
 Convey me *Salisbury* into his tent,
 And then wee'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. Excunt.

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin, and driveth him : Then enter Joane de Puzel, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

Talb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them.

Enter Puzel.

Here, here shee comes. Ile have a bowt with thee :
Deuill, or Devils Dam, Ile conjure thee :
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And straightway give thy Soule to him thou serv'st.

Puzel. Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace thee.

Here they.

Talb. Heavens, can you suffer Hell so to prevayle ?
My brest Ile burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight as

Puzel. Talbot farwell, thy houre is not yet come,
I must goe Viſtuall Orleance forthwith :

A short Alarum : then enter the Towne with Soule
O're-take me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength.
Goe, goe, cheare up thy hungry-starved men,
Helpe *Salisbury* to make his Testament,
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,
I know not where I am, nor what I doe :
A Witch by feare, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Drives back our troupes, and conquers as she lists :
So Bees with Smoake, and Doves with noysome stench,
Are from their Hyves and Houses driven away.
They call'd us, for our fiercenesse, English Dogges,
Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.

A short Ala

Hearke Countreyemen, eyther renew the fight,
Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat ;
Renounce your Soyle, give Sheepe in Lyons stead :
Sheepe run not halfe so trecherous from the Wolfe,
Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,

As you flye from your oft-subdued slaves.

Alarum. Here another Skirmish.

It will not be, retyre into your Trenches :

You all consented unto *Salisburys* death,

For none would strike a stroake in his revenge.

Puzel is entred into Orleance,

In spight of us, or ought that we could doe.

O would I were to die with *Salisbury*,

The shame hereof, will make me hide my head. *Exit Talbot.*

Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.

Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Dolphin, Reigneir, Alanson, and Souldiers.

Puzel. Advance our waving Colours on the Walls,

Rescu'd is Orleance from the English.

Thus *Joane de Puzel* hath perform'd her word.

Dolpb. Divinest Creature, *Astred's* Daughter,

How shall I honour thee for this successe ?

Thy promises are like *Adonis* Garden,

That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.

France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse,

Recover'd is the Towne of Orleance,

More blessed hap did ne're befall our State.

Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,

Throughout the Towne ?

Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,

And feast and banquet in the open streets,

To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alans. All France will be repleat with mirth and joy,

When they shall heare how we have play'd the men.

Dolpb. 'Tis *Joane*, not we, by whom the day is wonne :

For which, I will divide my Crowne with her,

And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,

Shall in procession sing her endlesse prayse.

A stately Pyramis to her Ile reare,
 Then *Rhodope's* or *Memphis* ever was.
 In memorie of her, when she is dead,
 Her Ashes, in an Urne more precious
 Then the rich-jewel'd Coffe of *Darius*,
 Transported, shall be at high Festivals
 Before the Kings and Queenes of France.
 No longer on Saint *Dennis* will we cry,
 But *Joane de Puzel* shall be France's Saint.
 Come in, and let us Banquet Royally,
 After this Golden Day of Victorie.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant :
 If any noyse or Souldier you perceive
 Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe
 Let us have knowledge at the Court of Guard.

Sent. Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Servitors
 (When others sleepe upon their quiet beds)
 Constrain'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.

*Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling Ladders :
 Their Drummes beating a Dead March.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
 By whose approach, the Regions of *Artoys*,
Wallon, and *Picardy*, are friends to us :
 This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
 Having all day carows'd and banquetted,
 Embrace we then this opportunitie,
 As fitting best to quittance their deceite,
 Contriv'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie.

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Dispairing of his owne armes fortitude,
To joyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.

But what's that *Puzell* whom they tearme so pure ?

Tal. A Maid, they say.

Bed. A Maid ? And be so martiall ?

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long :
If underneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits.
God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarkes.

Bed. Ascend brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not altogether : Better farre I guesse,
That we do make our entrance severall wayes :
That if it chance the one of us do faile,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed ; Ile to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And heere will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now *Salisbury*, for thee and for the right
Of English *Henry*, shall this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.

Cry, S. George, A Talbot.

*The French leape ore the walles in their shirts. Enter severall
wayes, Bastard, Alanson, Reignier, halfe ready, and halfe
unready.*

Alan. How now my Lords ? what all unredie so ?

Bast. Unready ? I and glad we scap'd so well.

Reig. Twas time (I trow) to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.

Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,

Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate then this.

Bast. I thinke this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens sure favour him.

Alans. Here commeth *Charles*, I marvell how he sped ?

Enter Charles and Joane.

Bast. Tut, holy *Joane* was his defensive Guard.

Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame ?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withall,

Make us partakers of a little gayne,

That now our losse might be ten times so much ?

Joane. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend ?

At all times will you have my Power alike ?

Sleeping or Waking, must I still prevayle,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me ?

Improvident Souldiors, had your Watch been good,

This sudden Mischiefe never could have falne.

Charl. Duke of Alanson, this was your default,

That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,

Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.

Alans. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not beene thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Charl. And for my selfe, most part of all this Night

Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,

I was imploy'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the Sentinels.

Then how, or which way, should they first breake in ?

Joane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,

How or which way ; 'tis sure they found some place,

But weakely guarded, where the breach was made :

And now there rests no other shift but this,

To gather our Souldiors, scatter'd and dispers't,
And lay new Plat-formes to endamage them.

Exeunt.

*Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot :
they flye, leaving their Clothes behind.*

Sould. Ile be so bold to take what they have left :
The Cry of *Talbot* serves me for a Sword,
For I have loaden me with many Spoyles,
Using no other Weapon but his Name.

Exit.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,
Whose pitchy Mantle over-vayl'd the Earth.
Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

Retreat.

Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,
And here advance it in the Market-Place,
The middle Centure of this curs'd Towne.
Now have I pay'd my Vow unto his Soule :
For every drop of blood was drawne from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen dyed to night.
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruine happened in revenge of him,
Within their chieftest Temple Ile erect
A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd :
Upon the which, that every one may reade,
Shall be engrav'd the sacke of Orleance,
The trecherous manner of his mournfull death,
And what a terror he had beene to France.
But Lords, in all our bloody Massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace,
His new-come Champion, virtuous *Joane* of Acre,
Nor any of his false Confederates.

Bedf. 'Tis thought Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rows'd on the sudden from their drowsie Beds,

They did amongst the troupes of armed men,
Leape ore the Walls for refuge in the field.

Burg. My selfe, as farre as I could well discernē,
For smoake, and duskie vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,
Like to a payre of loving Turtle-Doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
Wee'le follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hayle, my Lords : which of this Princely trayne
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realme of France ?

Talb. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him ?

Mess. The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Overgne,
With modestie admiring thy Renowne,
By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man,
Whose glory fills the World with lowd report.

Burg. Is it even so ? Nay, then I see our Warres
Will turne unto a peacefull Comick sport,
When Ladyes crave to be encountred with.
You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.

Talb. Ne're trust me then : for when a World of men
Could not prevayle with all their Oratorie,
Yet hath a Womans kindnesse over-rul'd :
And therefore tell her, I returne great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your Honors beare me company ?

Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will :
And I have heard it sayd, Unbidden Guests
Are often welcomnest when they are gone.

Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)
I meane to prove this Ladyes courtesie.

Come hither Captaine, you perceive my minde.

Whispers.

Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.

Exeunt.

Enter Countesse.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you have done so, bring the Keyes to me.

Port. Madame, I will.

Exit.

Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian *Tomyris* by *Cyrus* death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,
And his atchievements of no lesse account :
Faine would mine eyes be witnessse with mine eares,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd,
By Message crav'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come.

Count. And he is welcome : what ? is this the man ?

Mess. Madame, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourge of France ?
Is this the *Talbot*, so much fear'd abroad ?
That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes ?
I see Report is fabulous and false.
I thought I should have seene some *Hercules*,
A second *HeBor*, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes.
Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarfie :
It cannot be, this weake and writhled shrimpe
Should strike such terror to his Enemies.

Talb. Madame, I have beene bold to trouble you :
But since your Ladyship is not at leysure,

He sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What meanes he now ?

Goe aske him, whither he goes ?

Mess. Stay my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craves,
To know the cause of your abrupt departure ?

Talb. Marry, for that shee's in a wrong beleefe,
I goe to certifie her *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.

Talb. Prisoner ? to whom ?

Count. To me, blood-thirstie Lord :

And for that cause I trayn'd thee to my House.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs :
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,
That hast by Tyrannie these many yeeres
Wasted our Countrey, slaine our Citizens,
And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captivate.

Talb. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laughst thou Wretch ?

Thy mirth shall turne to moane.

Talb. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,
To thinke, that you have ought but *Talbot's* shadow,
Whereon to practise your severitie.

Count. Why ? art not thou the man ?

Talb. I am indeede.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe :
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here ;
I'or what you see, is but the smallest part,
And least proportion of Humanitie :
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spacious loftie pitch,

Your Roofe were not sufficient to contain't.

Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here :
How can these contrarieties agree ?

Talb. That will I shew you presently.

Winds his Horne, Drummes strike up, a Peale of Ordenance :

Enter Souldiours.

How say you Madame ? are you now perswaded,
That *Talbot* is but shadow of himselfe ?
These are his substance, sinewes, armes, and strength,
With which he yoaeth your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and subverts your Townes,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuse,
I finde thou art no lesse then Fame hath bruited,
And more then may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.

Talb. Be not dismay'd, faire Lady, nor misconster
The minde of *Talbot*, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me :
Nor other satisfaction doe I crave,
But onely with your patience, that we may
Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you have,
For Souldiers stomacks alwayes serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
To feast so great a Warrior in my House.

Exeunt.

*Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Poole, and
others.*

Yorke. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What means this silence ?

Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth ?

Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
The Garden here is more convenient.

Tork. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth :
Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th'error ?

Suff. Faith I have beene a Truant in the Law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then betweene u

War. Between two Hawks, which flyes the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,
Between two Horses, which doth beare him best,
Between two Girles, which hath the merryest eye,
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of Judgement :
But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law,
Good faith I am no wiser than a Daw.

Tork. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance :
The truth appeares so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparrell'd,
So cleare, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.

Tork. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake,
In dumbe significants proclayme your thoughts :
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.

War. I love no Colours : and without all colour
Of base insinuating flatterie,
I pluck this white Rose with *Plantagenet*.

Suff. I pluck this red Rose, with young *Somerset*,
And say withall, I thinke he held the right.

Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he upon whose side
The fewest Roses are cropt from the Tree,
Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master *Vernon*, it is well objected :
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

York. And I.

Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainnesse of the Case,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here,
Giving my Verdict on the white Rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Least bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keepe me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on, who else ?

Lawyer. Unlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you ;
In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.

Yorke. Now *Somerset*, where is your argument ?

Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.

York. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses :
For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No *Plantagenet* :
'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error.

Yorke. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerset* ?

Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, *Plantagenet* ?

Yorke. I, sharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,

Whiles thy consuming Canker eates his falsehood.

Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding *Roses*,
That shall maintaine what I have said is true,
Where false *Plantagenet* dare not be scene.

Torke. Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand,
I scorne thee and thy fashion, peevish Boy.

Suff. Turne not thy scornes this way, *Plantagenet*.

Torke. Prowd *Poole*, I will, and scorne both him and thee.

Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good *William de la Poole*,
We grace the Yeoman, by conversing with him.

Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong'st him, *Somerset* :
His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence,
Third Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England :
Spring Crestlesse Yeomen from so deepe a Root ?

Torke. He beares him on the place's Priviledge,
Or durst not for his craven heart say thus.

Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Christendome,
Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes ?
And by his Treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry ?
His Trespas yet lives guiltie in thy blood,
And till thou be restor'd, thou art a Yeoman.

Torke. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor ;
And that Ile prove on better men then *Somerset*,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker *Poole*, and you your selfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,
To scourge you for this apprehension ;
Looke to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt finde us ready for thee still :
And know us by these Colours for thy Foes,

For these my friends in spite of thee shall weare.

Torke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my Faction weare,
Untill it wither with me to my Grave,
Or flourish to the height of my Degree.

Suff. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition :
And so farwell, untill I meet thee next. *Exit.*

Som. Have with thee *Poole* : Farwell ambitious *Richard*.
Exit.

Torke. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it ?

Warw. This blot that they object against your House,
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the Truce of *Winchester* and *Gloucester* :
And if thou be not then created *Torke*,
I will not live to be accounted *Warwicke*.
Meane time, in signall of my love to thee,
Against prowd *Somerset* and *William Poole*,
Will I upon thy partie weare this Rose.

And here I prophecie : this brawle to day,
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send betweene the Red-Rose and the White,
A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night.

Torke. Good Master *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.

Ver. In your behalfe still will I weare the same.

Lawyer. And so will I.

Torke. Thankes gentle,
Come, let us foure to Dinner : I dare say,
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day. *Excunt.*

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre, and Jaylors.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himselfe.
Even like a man new haled from the Wrack,

So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment :
And these gray Locks, the Pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
These Eyes, like Lampes, whose wasting Oyle is spent,
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.
Weake Shoulders, over-borne with burthening Griefe,
And pyth-lesse Armes, like to a withered Vine,
That droupes his sappe-lesse Branches to the ground.
Yet are these Feet, whose strength-lesse stay is numme,
(Unable to support this Lumpe of Clay)
Swift-winged with desire to get a Grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come ?

Keeper. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come :
We sent unto the Temple, unto his Chamber,
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mort. Enough : my Soule shall then be satisfied.
Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to reigne,
Before whose Glory I was great in Armes,
This loathsome sequestration have I had ;
And even since then, hath *Richard* beene obscur'd,
Depriv'd of Honor and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Despaire,
Just Death, kinde Umpire of mens miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismisse me hence :
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your loving Nephew now is come.

Mor. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come ?

Rich. I, Noble Unckle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your Nephew, late despised *Richard*, comes.

Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Bosom spend my latter gaspe.
Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly give one fainting Kisse.
And now declare sweet Stem from *Torkes* great Stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Rich. First, leane thine aged Back against mine Arme,
And in that ease, Ile tell thee my Disease.
This day in argument upon a Case,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerset* and me :
Among which tearmes, he us'd his laviah tongue,
And did upbrayd me with my Fathers death ;
Which obloquie set barres before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore good Uncle, for my Fathers sake,
In honor of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance sake, declare the cause
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mort. That cause (faire Nephew) that imprison'd me,
And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth,
Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne,
Was curs'd Instrument of his decease.

Rich. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot guesse.

Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edwards* Sonne,
The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire
Of *Edward* King, the Third of that Descent.
During whose Reigne, the *Percies* of the North,
Finding his Usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the Throne.
The reason mov'd these Warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that (young *Richard* thus remov'd ;

Leaving no Heire begotten of his Body)
I was the next by Birth and Parentage :
For by my Mother, I derived am
From *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne
To King *Edward* the 'Third ; whereas hee,
From *John* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.
But marke : as in this haughtie great attempt,
They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire,
I lost my Libertie, and they their Lives.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fift
(Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne ;
Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke,
Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was ;
Againe, in pitty of my hard distresse,
Levied an Army, weening to redeeme,
And have install'd me in the Diademe :
But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earle,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the Title rested, were suppress.

Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last.

Mort. True ; and thou seest, that I no Issue have,
And that my fainting words doe warrant death :
Thou art my Heire ; the rest, I wish thee gather :
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Rich. Thy grave admonishments prevayle with me :
But yet me thinkeas, my Fathers execution
Was nothing lesse then bloody Tyranny.

Mort. With silence, Nephew, be thou pollitick,
Strong fixed is the House of *Lancaster*,
And like a Mountaine, not to be remov'd.
But now thy Uncle is removing hence,
As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled placc.

Rich. O Uncle, would some part of my young yeeres
Might but redeeme the passage of your Age.

Mort. Thou do'st then wrong me, as the slaughterer doth,
Which giveth many Wounds, when one will kill.
Mourne not, except thou sorrow for my good,
Onely give order for my Funerall.

And so farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy Life in Peace, and Warre. *Dyes.*

Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule
In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermite over-past thy dayes.
Well, I will locke his Councell in my Brest,
And what I doe imagine, let that rest.

Keepers convey him hence, and I my selfe
Will see his Buryall better then his Life. *Exit.*

Here dyes the duskie Torch of *Mortimer*,
Choakt with Ambition of the meaner sort,
And for those Wrongs, those bitter Injuries,
Which *Somerset* hath offer'd to my House,
I doubt not, but with Honor to redresse.
And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
Eyther to be restored to my Blood,
Or make my will th'advantage of my good. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter *King, Exeter, Gloster, Winchester, Warwick,*
Somerset, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet. *Gloster offers to put*
up a Bill: Winchester snatches it, teares it.

Winch. Com'st thou with deepe premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, studiously devis'd?
Humfrey of *Gloster*, if thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Doe it without invention, suddenly,

As I with sudden, and extemporall speech,
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous Priest, this place commands my patience
Or thou should'st finde thou hast dis-honor'd me.
Thinke not, although in Writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous Crymes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the Methode of my Penne.
No Prelate, such is thy audacious wickednesse,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very Infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious Usurer,
Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace,
Lascivious, wanton, more then well becommes
A man of thy Profession, and Degree.
And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifest?
In that thou layd'st a Trap to take my Life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.
Beside, I feare me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The King, thy Sovereigne, is not quite exempt
From envious mallice of thy swelling heart.

Winch. *Gloster*, I doe defie thee. Lords vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me : how am I so poore?
Or how haps it, I seeke not to advance
Or rayse my selfe? but keepe my wonted Calling.
And for Dissention, who preferreth Peace
More then I doe? except I be provok'd.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke :
It is because no one should sway but hee,
No one, but hee, should be about the King ;
And that engenders Thunder in his breast,
And makes him rore these Accusations forth.

But he shall know I am as good.

Glost. As good ?

Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.

Winch. I, Lordly Sir : for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in anothers Throne ?

Glost. Am I not Protector, sawcie Priest ?

Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church ?

Glost. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepea,
And useth it, to patronage his Theft.

Winch. Unreverent *Glocester.*

Glost. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.

Winch. Rome shall remedie this.

Warw. Roame thither then,
My Lord, it were your dutie to forbear.

Som. I, see the Bishop be not over-borne :
Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to such.

Warw. Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.

Warw. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that ?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King ?

Rich. *Plantagenet* I see must hold his tongue,
Least it be said, Speake Sirrha when you should :
Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords ?
Else would I have a fling at *Winchester.*

King. Unckles of *Gloster*, and of *Winchester*,
The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,
I would prevayle, if Prayers might prevayle,
To joyne your hearts in love and amitie.
Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,
That two such Noble Peeres as ye should jarre ?
Beleeve me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
Civill dissention is a viperous Worme,

That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

A noyse within, Downe with the Tawny-C.

King. What tumult's this ?

Warw.

An Uprore, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishops men.

A noyse againe, Stones, Sh

Enter Maior.

Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,
Pitty the Citie of London, pittie us :
The Bishop, and the Duke of Glosters men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Have fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones ;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,
That many have their giddy braynes knockt out :
Our Windowes are broke downe in every Street,
And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in Skirmish with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to our selfe,
To hold your slaughtring hands, and keepe the Peace :
Pray' Unckle *Gloster* mittigate this strife.

1. *Serving.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall to
with our Teeth.

2. *Serving.* Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.

Skirmish agai

Glost. You of my household, leave this peevish broyle,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3. *Serv.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Just, and upright ; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Majestie :
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,
To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,

Wee and our Wives and Children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughtred by thy foes.

1. *Serv.* I, and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead. *Begin againe.*

Glost. Stay, stay, I say :
And if you love me, as you say you doe,
Let me perswade you to forbear a while.

King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule.
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighes and teares, and will not once relent ?
Who should be pittifull, if you be not ?
Or who should study to preferre a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles ?

Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Winchester*,
Except you meane with obstinate repulse
To slay your Sovereigne, and destroy the Realme.
You see what Mischiefe, and what Murther too,
Hath beene enacted through your enmitie :
Then be at peace except ye thirst for blood.

Winch. He shall submit, or I will never yeeld.

Glost. Compassion on the King commands me stoupe,
Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest
Should ever get that priviledge of me.

Warw. Behold my Lord of Winchester, the Duke
Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,
As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare :
Why looke you still so sterne, and tragicall ?

Glost. Here *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand.

King. Fie Uncle *Beauford*, I have heard you preach,
That Mallice was a great and grievous sinne :
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach ?
But prove a chiefe offender in the same.

Warw. Sweet King : the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd :
For shame my Lord of Winchester relent :
What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe ?

Winch. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yeeld to thee
Love for thy Love, and Hand for Hand I give.

Glost. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.
See here my Friends and loving Countreymen,
This token serveth for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our selves, and all our followers :
So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.

Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

King. O loving Unckle, kinde Duke of Gloster,
How joyfull am I made by this Contract.
Away my Masters, trouble us no more,
But joyne in friendship, as your Lords have done.

1. *Serv.* Content, Ile to the Surgeons.

2. *Serv.*

And so will I.

3. *Serv.* And I will see what Physick the Taverne affords

Exe

Warw. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Sovereaigne,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We doe exhibite to your Majestie.

Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick : for sweet Prince
And if your Grace marke every circumstance,
You have great reason to doe *Richard* right,
Especially for those occasions
At Eltam Place I told your Majestie.

King. And those occasions, Unckle, were of force :
Therefore my loving Lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his Blood.

Warw. Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,
So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.

Winch. As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester*.

King. If *Richard* will be true, not that all alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the House of *York*,
From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.

Rich. Thy humble servant vowes obedience,

And humble service, till the point of death.

King. Stoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,
And in requerdon of that dutie done,
I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of *Torke*.
Rise *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
And rise created Princely Duke of *Torke*.

Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,
And as my dutie springs, so perish they,
That grudge one thought against your Majesty.

All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Torke*.

Som. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *Torke*.

Glost. Now will it best availe your Majestie,
To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France :
The presence of a King engenders love
Amongst his Subjects, and his loyall Friends,
As it dis-animates his Enemies.

King. When *Gloster* sayes the word, King *Henry* goes,
For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes.

Glost. Your Ships alreadie are in readinesse.

Senet. Flourish. Excunt.

Manet Exeter.

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue :
This late dissention growne betwixt the Peeres,
Burnes under fained ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last breake out into a flame,
As festred members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,
Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fift,
Was in the mouth of every sucking Babe,
That *Henry* borne at Monmouth should winne all,
And *Henry* borne at Windsor, loose all :

Which is so plaine, that *Exeter* doth wish,
His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time. J

Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Pucell disguis'd, with foure Souldiers with Sacks upon
their backs.*

Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Pollicy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talke like the vulgar sort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Corne.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake,
Ile by a signe give notice to our friends,
That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers over Roan,
Therefore wee'le knock. Kn

Watch. *Che la.*

Pucell. *Peasauns la pouvre gens de Fraunce,*
Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.

Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.

Pucell. Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the ground. Exe

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson.

Charles. Saint *Dennis* blesse this happy Stratageme,
And once againe wee'le sleepe secure in Roan.

Bastard. Here entred *Pucell*, and her Practisants:
Now she is there, how will she specifie?
Here is the best and safest passage in.

Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once discern'd, shewes that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weaknesse) which she entred.

Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That joyneth Roan unto her Countreyemen,
But burning fatall to the *Talbonites*.

Bastard. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.

Charles. Now shine it like a Commet of Revenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

Reig. Deferre no time, delays have dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently,
And then doe execution on the Watch.

Alarum.

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excursion.

Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,
If *Talbot* but survive thy Trecherie.

Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,
Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the Pride of France.

Exit.

*An Alarum: Excursions. Bedford brought in sick
in a Chayre.*

*Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell, Charles,
Bastard, and Reigneir on the Walls.*

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast,
Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.
'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste?

Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan,
I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,
And make thee curse the Harvest of that Corne.

Charles. Your Grace may starve (perhaps) before that time.

Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, revenge this Treason.

Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?
Breake a Launce, and runne a-Tilt at Death,
Within a Chayre.

Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,
Incompass'd with thy lustfull Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead?
Damsell, Ile have a bowt with you againe,
Or else let *Talbot* perish with this shame.

Pucell. Are ye so hot, Sir: yet *Pucell* hold thy peace,
If *Talbot* doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.

They whisper together in counsell.

God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?

Talb. Dare yee come forth, and meet us in the field?

Pucell. Belike your Lordship takes us then for fooles,
To try if that our owne be ours, or no.

Talb. I speake not to that rayling *Hecate*,
But unto thee *Alanson*, and the rest.
Will ye, like Souldiors, come and fight it out?

Alans. Seignior no.

Talb. Seignior hang: base Muleters of France,
Like Pesant foot-boyes doe they keepe the Walls,
And dare not take up Armes, like Gentlemen.

Pucell. Away Captaines, let's get us from the Walls,
For *Talbot* meanes no goodnesse by his Lookes.
God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you
That wee are here.

Exeunt from the Walls.

Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be *Talbots* greatest fame.
Vow *Burgonie*, by honor of thy House,
Prickt on by publike Wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.
And I, as sure as English *Henry* lives,
And as his Father here was Conqueror;
As sure as in this late betrayed Towne,
Great *Cordelions* Heart was buried;
So sure I sweare, to get the Towne, or dye.

Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy Vowes.

Talb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford : Come my Lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sicknesse, and for crasie age.

Bedf. Lord *Talbot*, doe not so dishonour me :
Here will I sit, before the Walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weale or woe.

Burg. Courageous *Bedford*, let us now perswade you.

Bedf. Not to be gone from hence : for once I read,
That stout *Pendragon*, in his Litter sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
Me thinkes I should revive the Souldiors hearts,
Because I ever found them as my selfe.

Talb. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast,
Then be it so : Heavens keepe old *Bedford* safe.
And now no more adoe, brave *Burgonie*,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting Enemie.

Exit.

*An Alarum. Excursions. Enter Sir John Falstaffe,
and a Captaine.*

Capt. Whither away Sir *John Falstaffe*, in such haste ?

Falst. Whither away ? to save my selfe by flight,
We are like to have the overthrow againe.

Capt. What ? will you flye, and leave Lord *Talbot* ?

Falst. I, all the *Talbots* in the World, to save my life. *Exit.*

Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee. *Exit.*

Retreat. Excursions. Pucell, Alanson, and Charles flye.

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heaven please,
For I have seene our Enemies overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man ?
They that of late were daring with their scoffes,
Are glad and faine by flight to save themselves.

Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.

An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the rest.

Talb. Lost, and recovered in a day againe,
This is a double Honor, *Burgonie* :
Yet Heavens have glory for this Victorie.

Burg. Warlike and Martiall *Talbot*, *Burgonie*
Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.

Talb. Thanks gentle Duke : but where is *Pucel* now ?
I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe.

Now where's the Bastards braves, and *Charles* his glikes ?
What all amort ? Roan hangs her head for grieve,
That such a valiant Company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the Towne,
Placing therein some expert Officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.

Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgonie*.

Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan.
A braver Souldier never couched Launce,
A gentler Heart did never sway in Court.
But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
For that's the end of humane miserie.

Exa

Scena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson, Pucell.

Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered :
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.

Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for a while,
 And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle,
 Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
 If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Charles. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
 And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
 One sudden Foyle shall never breed distrust.

Bastard. Search out thy wit for secret pollicies,
 And we will make thee famous through the World.

Alans. Wee'le set thy Statue in some holy place,
 And have thee reverenc't like a blessed Saint.
 Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.

Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth *Joane* devise :
 By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words,
 We will entice the Duke of Burgonie
 To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.

Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
 France were no place for *Henryes* Warriors,
 Nor should that Nation boast it so with us,
 But be extirped from our Provinces.

Alans. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
 And not have Title of an Earledome here.

Pucell. Your Honors shall perceive how I will worke,
 To bring this matter to the wished end.

Drumme sounds a farre off.

Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceive
 Their Powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English March.

There goes the *Talbot*, with his Colours spread,
 And all the Troupes of English after him.
 Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his :
 Fortune in favor makes him lagge behinde.
 Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.

French March.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.

Burg. Who craves a Parley with the Burgonie ?

Pucell. The Princely *Charles* of France, thy Countreyman.

Burg. What say'st thou *Charles* ? for I am marching hence.

Charles. Speake *Pucell*, and enchaunt him with thy words.

Pucell. Brave *Burgonie*, undoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee.

Burg. Speake on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucell. Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,
And see the Cities and the Townes defac't,

By wasting Ruine of the cruell Foe,

As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,

When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes.

See, see the pining Maladie of France :

Behold the Wounds, the most unnaturall Wounds,

Which thou thy selfe hast given her wofull Brest.

Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe :

One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Boosome,

Should grieve thee more then streames of forraine gore.

Returne thee therefore with a flood of Teares,

And wash away thy Countries stayned Spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewicht me with her words,
Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucell. Besides, all French and France exclames on thee,
Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.

Who joyn'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,

That will not trust thee, but for profits sake ?

When *Talbot* hath set footing once in France,

And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,

Who then, but English *Henry*, will be Lord,

And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitive ?

Call we to minde, and marke but this for prooffe :

Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe ?

And was he not in England Prisoner ?

But when they heard he was thine Enemy,

They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd,
 In spight of *Burgonie* and all his friends.
 See then, thou fight'st against thy Countreymen,
 And joyn'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
 Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquished:
 These haughtie wordes of hers'
 Have batt'red me like roaring Cannon-shot,
 And made me almost yeeld upon my knees.
 Forgive me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:
 And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.
 My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
 So farwell *Talbot*, Ile no longer trust thee.

Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne againe.

Charles. Welcome brave Duke, thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bastard. And doth beget new Courage in our Breasts.

Alans. *Pucell* hath bravely play'd her part in this,
 And doth deserve a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now let us on, my Lords,
 And joyne our Powers,
 And seeke how we may prejudice the Foe.

Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

*Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke,
 Somerset, Warwicke, Exeter: To them, with
 his Souldiers, Talbot.*

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
 Hearing of your arrivall in this Realme,
 I have a while given Truce unto my Warres,
 To doe my dutie to my Sovereigne.
 In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd
 To your obedience, fiftie Fortresses,

Twelve Cities, and seven walled Townes of strength,
Beside five hundred Prisoners of esteeme ;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet :
And with submissive loyaltie of heart
Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your Grace.

King. Is this the Lord *Tabot*, Unckle *Gloucester*,
That hath so long beene resident in France ?

Glost. Yes, if it please your Majestie, my Liege.

King. Welcome brave Captaine, and victorious Lord.
When I was yong (as yet I am not old)
I doe remember how my Father said,
A stouter Champion never handled Sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithfull service, and your toyle in Warre :
Yet never have you tasted our Reward,
Or beene reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,
Because till now, we never saw your face.
Therefore stand up, and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.

Senet. Flourish. Excunt.

Manet Vernon and Basset.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke
Dar'st thou maintaine the former words thou spak'st ?

Bass. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your sawcie Tongue,
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.

Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bass. Why, what is he ? as good a man as *Yorke*.

Vern. Hearke ye : not so : in witnesse take ye that.

Strikes him.

Bass. Villaine, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,
That who so drawes a Sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.
But Ile unto his Majestie, and crave,
I may have libertie to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt see, Ile meet thee to thy cost.

Vern. Well miscreant, Ile be there as soone as you,
And after meete you, sooner then you would. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter King, Gloucester, Winchester, Torke, Suffolke, Somerset,
Warwicke, Talbot, and Governor Exeter.*

Glo. Lord Bishop set the Crowne upon his head.

Kin. God save King *Henry* of that name the sixth.

Glo. Now Governour of Paris take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Esteeme none Friends, but such as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practises against his State:
This shall ye do, so helpe you righteous God.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. My gracious Sovereigne, as I rode from Calice,
To haste unto your Coronation:

A Letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace, from th' Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:
I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete thee next,
To teare the Garter from thy Cravens legge,
Which I have done, because (unworthily)
Thou was't installed in that High Degree.
Pardon me Princely *Henry*, and the rest:

This Dastard, at the battell of *Poitiers*,
When (but in all) I was sixe thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trustie Squire, did run away.
In which assault, we lost twelve hundred men.
My selfe, and divers Gentlemen beside,
Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge (great Lords) if I have done amisse :
Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no ?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeeming any common man ;
Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth ;
Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,
Such as were growne to credit by the warres :
Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,
But alwayes resolute, in most extreames.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurpe the Sacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this most Honourable Order,
And should (if I were worthy to be Judge)
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,
That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom :
Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight :
Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.
And now Lord Protector, view the Letter
Sent from our Unckle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd his Stile ?
No more but plaine and bluntly ? (*To the King.*)
Hath he forgot he is his Sovereigne ?
Or doth this churlish Superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will ?
 What's heere ? *I have upon especiall cause,*
Mov'd with compassion of my Countries wracke,
Together with the pittifull complaints
Of such as your oppression feedes upon,
Forsaken your pernicious Faction,
And joynd with Charles, the rightfull king of France.
 O monstrous Treachery. Can this be so ?
 That in alliance, amity, and oathes,
 There should be found such false dissembling guile ?

King. What ? doth my Unckle Burgundy revolt ?

Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this Letter doth containe ?

Glo. It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes.

King. Why then Lord *Talbot* there shal talk with him,
 And give him chastisement for this abuse.

How say you (my Lord) are you not content ?

Tal. Content, my Liege ? Yes. But that I am prevented,
 I should have begg'd I might have bene employd.

King. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight :
 Let him perceive how ill we brooke his Treason,
 And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart desiring still
 You may behold confusion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Bassit.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Sovereigne.

Bas. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too.

Torke. This is my Servant, heare him Noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine (sweet *Henry*) favour him.

King. Be patient Lords, and give them leave to speak.
 Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime,
 And wherefore crave you Combate ? Or with whom ?

Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong, wherof you both complain?
First let me know, and then Ile answer you.

Bas. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,
This Fellow heere with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the Rose I weare,
Saying, the sanguine colour of the Leaves
Did represent my Masters blushing cheekes:
When stubbornly he did repugne the truth,
About a certaine question in the Law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him.
With other vile and ignominious tearmes,
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,
I crave the benefit of Law of Armes.

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)
For though he seeme with forged quaint conceits
To set a glosse upon his bold intent,
Yet know (my Lord) I was provok'd by him,
And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the palenesse of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintnesse of my Masters heart.

Yorke. Will not this malice Somerset be left?

Som. Your private grudge my Lord of York, wil out,
Though ne're so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madnesse rules in braine-sicke men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious æmulations shall arise?
Good Cosins both of Yorke and Somerset,
Quiet your selves (I pray) and be at peace.

Yorke. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,
And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace.

Som. The quarrell toucheth none but us alone,
Betwixt our selves let us decide it then.

Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bass. Confirme it so, mine honourable Lord.

Glo. Confirme it so? Confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate,
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous outrage,
To trouble and disturbe the King, and Us?
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well
To beare with their perverse Objections:
Much lesse to take occasion from their mouthes,
To raise a mutiny betwixt your selves.
Let me perswade you take a better course.

Exit. It greeves his Highnesse,
Good my Lords, be Friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle wavering Nation:
If they perceyve dissention in our lookes,
And that within our selves we disagree;
How will their grudging stomackes be provok'd
To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell?
Beside, What infamy will there arise,
When Forraigne Princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henries* Peeres, and cheefe Nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the Realme of France?
Oh thinke upon the Conquest of my Father,
My tender yeares, and let us not forgoe
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be Umper in this doubtfull strife:
I see no reason if I weare this Rose,
That any one should therefore be suspitious.
I more incline to Somerset, than Yorke:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.

As well they may upbray'd me with my Crowne,
 Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
 But your discretions better can perswade,
 Then I am able to instruct or teach :
 And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
 So let us still continue peace, and love.
 Cosin of Yorke, we institute your Grace
 To be our Regent in these parts of France :
 And good my Lord of Somerset, unite
 Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,
 And like true Subjects, sonnes of your Progenitors,
 Go cheerefully together, and digest
 Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
 Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
 After some respite, will returne to Calice ;
 From thence to England, where I hope ere long
 To be presented by your Victories,
 With *Charles, Alanson*, and that Traiterous rout.

Exeunt. Manet Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.

War. My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King
 Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.

Yorke. And so he did, but yet I like it not,
 In that he weares the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
 I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.

Yorke. And if I wish he did. But let it rest,
 Other affayres must now be managed.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Manet Exeter.

Exet. Well didst thou *Richard* to suppress thy voice :
 For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
 I feare we should have seene decipher'd there
 More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles,
 Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd :
 But howsoere, no simple man that sees
 This jarring discord of Nobilitie,

This shouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their Favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands :
But more, when Envy breeds unkinde devision,
There comes the ruine, there begins confusion.

Exit.

Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme, before Burdeaux.

Talb. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter,
Summon their Generall unto the Wall.

Sounds.

Enter Generall aloft.

English *John Talbot* (Captaines) call you forth,
Servant in Armes to *Harry* King of England,
And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,
Be humble to us, call my Soveraigne yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subjects,
And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.
But if you frowne upon this proffer'd Peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment, eeven with the earth,
Shall lay your stately, and ayre-braving Towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,
Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge,
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
On us thou canst not enter but by death :
For I protest we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
Stands with the snares of Warre to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitcht,
To wall thee from the liberty of Flight ;
And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse,

But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face :
Ten thousand French have tane the Sacrament,
To ryve their dangerous Artillerie
Upon no Christian soule but English *Talbot* :
Loe, there thou standst a breathing valiant man
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit :
This is the latest Glorie of thy praise,
That I thy enemy dew thee withall :
For ere the Glasse that now begins to runne,
Finish the processe of his sandy houre.
These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead. *Drum afarre off.*
Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
Sings heavy Musicke to thy timorous soule,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. *Exit.*

Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enemie :
Out some light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings.
O negligent and heedlesse Discipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale ?
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,
Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
If we be English Deere, be then in blood,
Not Rascall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad : And desperate Stagges,
Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay :
Sell every man his life as deere as mine,
And they shall finde deere Deere of us my Friends.
God, and *S. George*, *Talbot* and Englands right,
Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

*Enter a Messenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke with Trumpet,
and many Soldiers.*

Yorke. Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe,

That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin ?

Mess. They are return'd my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with *Talbot* as he march'd along.
By your espyals were discovered
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which joyn'd with him, and made their march for Burdeaux.

Yorke. A plague upon that Villaine Somerset,
That thus delayes my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege.
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my ayde,
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot helpe the noble Chevalier :
God comfort him in this necessity :
If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Messenger.

2. *Mess.* Thou Princely Leader of our English strength,
Never so needfull on the earth of France,
Spurre to the rescue of the Noble *Talbot*,
Who now is girdled with a waste of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim destruction :
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux *Yorke*,
Else farewell *Talbot*, France, and Englands honor.

Yorke. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
Doth stop my Cornets, were in *Talbots* place,
So should wee save a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeyting a Traitor, and a Coward :
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe.

Mess. O send some succour to the distrest Lord.

Yorke. He dies, we loose : I breake my warlike word :
We mourne, France smiles : We loose, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.

Mess. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbots* soule,

And in his house young John, who was his son-in-law,
Is set in trouble toward his worthy Father :

Thus were men that are Talbot are his name,

And now they meet where both their lives are done.

Yorke. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have,

That his young sonne welcome to his Grave :

Away, vexation almost stops my breath,

That virtuous friends meet in the house of death.

Long farewell, as mine my fortune can,

But curse the cause I cannot see the man.

Maine, Bloys, Payers, and Touray, are wound away,

Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

Exit.

Mass. Thus while the Violence of sedition,
Portes in the breach of such great Commanders,

Sleeping negligence doth betray to loose :

The Conquest of our scarce-cold Conqueror,

That ever-loving man of Memorie,

Henry the fifth : Whiles they each other crosse,

Lives, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to loose.

Enter Somerset with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now :

This expedition was by *Yorke* and *Talbot*,

Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,

Might with a sally of the very Towne

Be buckled with : the over-daring *Talbot*

Hath sullied all his glorie of former Honor

By this unheedfull, desperate, wilde adventure :

Yorke set him on to fight, and dye in shame,

That *Talbot* dead, great *Yorke* might beare the name.

Cap. Heere is Sir *William Lucie*, who with me

Het from our ore-matcht forces forth for ayde.

Som. How now Sir *William*, whether were you sent ?

Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold *L. Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold adversitie,

Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerset,
To beate assayling death from his weake Regions;
And whiles the honourable Captaine there
Drops bloody sweet from his warre-wearied limbes,
And in advantage lingring lookes for rescue,
You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honor,
Keepe off aloofe with worthlesse emulation:
Let not your private discord keepe away
The levied succours that should lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeeld up his life unto a world of oddes.
Orleance the Bastard, *Charles, Burgundie,*
Alanson, Reignard, compasse him about,
And *Talbot* perisheth by your default.

Som. Yorke set him on, Yorke should have sent him ayde.

Luc. And Yorke as fast upon your Grace exclames,
Swearing that you with-hold his levied hoast,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lyes: He might have sent, & had the Horse:
I owe him little Dutie, and lesse Love,
And take foule scorne to fawne on him by sending.

Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot*:
Never to England shall he beare his life,
But dies betraid to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemen strait:
Within sixe houres, they will be at his ayde.

Lu. Too late comes rescue, he is tane or slaine,
For flye he could not, if he would have fled:
And flye would *Talbot* never though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu.

Lu. His Fame lives in the world. His Shame in you.

Eseunt.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong *John Talbot*, I did send for thee

To tutor thee in stratagems of Warre,
That *Talbots* name might be in thee reviv'd,
When saplesse Age, and weake unable limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-boarding Starres,
Now thou art come unto a Feast of death,
A terrible and unavoyned danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your Sonne?
And shall I flye? O, if you love my Mother,
Dishonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Bastard, and a Slave of me:
The World will say, he is not *Talbots* blood,
That basely fled, when Noble *Talbot* stood.

Talb. Flye, to revenge my death, if I be slaine.

John. He that flies so, will ne're returne againe.

Talb. If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.

John. Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye:
Your losse is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknowne, no losse is knowne in me.
Upon my death, the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stayne the Honor you have wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit have done.
You fled for Vantage, every one will sweare:
But if I bow, they'le say it was for feare.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first howre I shrinke and run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
Rather then Life, preserv'd with Infamie.

Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?

John. I rather then Ile shame my Mothers Wombe.

Talb. Upon my Blessing I command thee goe.

John. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.

Talb. Part of thy Father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in mee.

Talb. Thou never hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned Name : shall flight abuse it ?

Talb. Thy Fathers charge shal cleare thee from the staine.

John. You cannot witnessæ for me, being slaine.

If Death be so apparant, then both flye.

Talb. And leave my followers here to fight and dye ?

My Age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame ?

No more can I be sevred from your side,

Then can your selfe, you selfe in twaine divide :

Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I ;

For live I will not, if my Father dye.

Talb. Then here I take my leave of thee, faire Sonne,

Borne to eclipsæ thy Life this afternoone :

Come, side by side, together live and dye,

And Soule with Soule from France to Heaven flye. *Exit.*

*Alarum : Excursions, wherein Talbots Sonne is hemm'd about,
and Talbot rescues him.*

Talb. Saint George, and Victory ; fight Souldiers, fight :

The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,

And left us to the rage of France his Sword.

Where is *John Talbot* ? pause, and take thy breath,

I gave thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.

John. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne :

The Life thou gav'st me first, was lost and done,

Till with thy Warlike Sword, despight of Fate,

To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Talb. When from the *Dolphins* Crest thy Sword struck fire,

It warm'd thy Fathers heart with prowde desire

Of bold-fac't Victorie. Then Leaden Age,

Quickened with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,

Beat downe *Amiens*, *Orleans*, *Burgundie*,
And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The irrefull Bastard *Orleans*, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encounterd,
And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed
Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus : Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from *Talbot*, my brave Boy.
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care :
Art thou not wearie, *John* ? How do'st thou fare ?
Wilt thou yet leave the Battaille, Boy, and fle,
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chivalrie ?
Flye, to revenge my death when I am dead,
The helpe of one stands me in little stead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small Boat.
If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,
To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age.
By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day.
In thee thy Mother dyes, our Households Name,
My Deaths Revenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame :
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay ;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt flye away.

John. The Sword of *Orleans* hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* flye,
The Coward Horse that beares me, fall and dye :
And like me to the pesant Boyes of France,

To be Shames scorn, and subject of Mischance.
 Surely, by all the Glorie you have wonne,
 And if I flye, I am not *Talbots* Sonne.
 Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,
 If Sonne to *Talbot*, dye at *Talbots* foot.

Talb. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Syre of Creet,
 Thou *Icarus*, thy Life to me is sweet :
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,
 And commendable prov'd, let's dye in pride.

Exit.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led.

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
 O, where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *John*?
 Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captivitie,
 Young *Talbots* Valour makes me smile at thee.
 When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my Knee,
 His bloodie Sword he brandisht over mee,
 And like a hungry Lyon did commence
 Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience :
 But when my angry Guardant stood alone,
 Tendring my ruine, and assayl'd of none,
 Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clustering Battaile of the French :
 And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
 His over-mounting Spirit ; and there di'de
 My *Icarus*, my Blossome, in his pride.

Enter with John Talbot, borne.

Serv. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.

Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
 Anon from thy insulting Tyrannie,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
 Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Skie,
 In thy despight shall scape Mortalitie.

O thou whose wounds become hard favoured death,
Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
Brave death by speaking, whither he will or no :
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.
Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say,
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.
Souldiers adieu : I have what I would have,
Now my old armes are yong *John Talbots* grave.

Dyes.

Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundie, Bastard, and Pucell.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the yong whelpes of *Talbots* raging wood,
Did flesh his punie-sword in Frenchmens blood.

Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I said :
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquisht by a Maide.
But with a proud Majesticall high scorne
He answer'd thus : Yong *Talbot* was not borne
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench :
So rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtlesse he would have made a noble Knight :
See where he lyes inherced in the armes
Of the most bloody Nursser of his harmes.

Bast. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. Oh no forbear : For that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucie.

Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent ?

Lucy. Submission Dolphin? Tis a meere French word:
We English Warriours wot not what it meanes.
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?

Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare successe in Armes,
Great Earle of *Washford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*,
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingfield*, Lord *Furnivall* of *Sheffield*,
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the Noble Order of S. *George*,
Worthy S. *Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marshall to *Henry* the sixth,
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.

Puc. Heere's a silly stately stile indeede:
The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
Writes not so tedious a Stile as this.
Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,
Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete.

Lucy. Is *Talbot* slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke *Nemesis*?
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
Were but his Picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the prowdest of you all.
Give me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,
And give them Buriall, as beseemes their worth.

Pucel. I thinke this upstart is old *Talbots* Ghost,
He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit:

For Gods sake let him have him, to keepe them here,
They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.

Char. Go take their bodies hence.

Lucy. Ile beare them hence: but from their ashes shal be
reard

A Phoenix that shall make all France affear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what thou wilt.

And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,

All will be ours, now bloody *Talbots* slaine,

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

S E N N E T.

Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack?

Glo. I have my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly sue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.

King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietnesse on every side.

King. I marry Uncle, for I alwayes thought
It was both impious and unnaturall,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reigne among Professors of one Faith.

Glo. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer binde this knot of amitie,
The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to *Charles*,
A man of great Authoritie in France,
Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,

In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie.

King. Marriage Uncle? Alas my yeares are yong :
And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th'Embassadors, and as you please,
So let them have their answeres every one :
I shall be well content with any choyce
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinalls degree ?
Then I perceive, that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesie,
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.

King. My Lords Ambassadors, your severall suites
Have bin consider'd and debated on,
Your purpose is both good and reasonable :
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace.
Which by my Lord of *Winchester* we meane
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I have inform'd his Highnesse so at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the vawle of her Dowry,
He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene.

King. In argument and prooffe of which contract,
Beare her this Jewell, pledge of my affection.
And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Dover*, wherein ship'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

Exeunt.

Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receive
The summe of money which I promised

Should be delivered to his Holinesse,
For cloathing me in these grave Ornaments.

Legat. I will attend upon your Lordships leysure.

Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferiour to the proudest Peere ;
Humfrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That neither in birth, or for authoritie,
The Bishop will be over-borne by thee :
Ile either make thee stoope, and bend thy knee,
Or sacke this Country with a mutiny.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier, and Jone.

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping
spirits :

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turne againe unto the warlike French.

Alan. Then march to Paris Royall *Charles* of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to us,
Else ruine combate with their Pallaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Successe unto our valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accomplices.

Char. What tidings send our Scouts ? I prethee speake.

Scout. The English Army that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoyn'd in one,
And meanes to give you battell presently.

Char. Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there :
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.

Puc. Of all base passions, Feare is most accurst,
Command the Conquest *Charles*, it shall he thine :
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.

Exeunt. Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Jone de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye,
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,
And ye choise spirits that admonish me,
And give me signes of future accidents. *Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes,
Under the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quicke appearance argues prooffe
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerfull Regions under earth,
Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.
They walke, and speake not.

Oh hold me not with silence over-long :
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
Ile lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit :
So you do condescend to helpe me now.

They hang their heads.

No hope to have redresse ? My body ahall
Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite.

They shake their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreate you to your wonted furtherance ?
Then take my soule ; my body, soule, and all,
Before that England give the French the soyle.

They depart.

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
 That France must vale her lofty plumed Crest,
 And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
 My ancient Incantations are too weake,
 And hell too strong for me to buckle with :
 Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

Exit.

*Excursions. Burgundie and Torke fight hand to hand.
 French flye.*

Torke. Damsell of France, I thinke I have you fast,
 Unchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
 And try if they can gaine your liberty.
 A goodly prize, fit for the divels grace.
 See how the ugly Witch doth bend her browes,
 As if with *Circe*, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be :

Tor. Oh, *Charles* the Dolphin is a proper man,
 No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischeefe light on *Charles*, and thee,
 And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd
 By bloudy hands, in sleeping on your beds.

Torke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy tongue.

Puc. I prethee give me leave to curse awhile.

Torke. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

Gazes on her.

Oh Fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye :
 For I will touch thee but with reverend hands,
 I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
 And lay them gently on thy tender side.
 Who art thou, say ? that I may honor thee.

Mar. *Margaret* my name, and daughter to a King,

The King of Naples, who so ere thou art.

Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd

Be not offended Natures myracle,

Thou art allotted to be tane by me :

So doth the Swan her downie Signets save,

Keeping them prisoner underneath his wings :

Yet if this servile usage once offend,

Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend.

She is going.

Oh stay : I have no power to let her passe,

My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.

As playes the Sunne upon the glassie streames,

Twinkling another counterfett'd beame,

So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake :

Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde :

Fye *De la Pole*, disable not thy selfe :

Hast not a Tongue ? Is she not heere ?

Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight ?

I : Beauties Princely Majesty is such,

Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,

What ransome must I pay before I passe ?

For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,

Before thou make a triall of her love ?

M. Why speak'st thou not ? What ransom must I pay ?

Suf. She's beautifull ; and therefore to be Wooed :

She is a Woman ; therefore to be Wonne.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea or no ?

Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,

Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour ?

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not heare.

Suf. There all is marr'd : there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talkes at random : sure the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may bee had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. He win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established betweene these Realmes.
But there remaines a scruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anjou* and *Mayne*, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will scorne the match.

Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne're so much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
Madam, I have a secret to reveale.

Mar. What though I be intral'd, he seems a knight
And will not any way dishonor me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,
And then I need not crave his curtesie.

Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause.

Mar. Tush, women have bene captivate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.

Suf. Say gentle Princesse, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?

Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave, in base servility:
For Princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy Englands Royall King be free.

Mar. Why what concernes his freedome unto mee?

Suf. He undertake to make thee *Henries* Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious Crowne upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my——

Mar. What ?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henries* wife.

Suf. No gentle Madam, I unworthy am
To woe so faire a Dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice my selfe.
How say you Madam, are ye so content ?

Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles,
Wee'l crave a parley, to conferre with him.

Sound. *Enter Reignier on the Walles.*

See *Reignier* see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom ?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolke, what remedy ?

I am a Souldier, and unapt to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes ficklenesse.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Consent, and for thy Honor give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with paine have wooed and wonne thereto :
And this her easie held imprisonment,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.

Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes ?

Suf. Faire *Margaret* knowes,

That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.

Reig. Upon thy Princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

Suf. And heere I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets sound. *Enter Reignier.*

Reig. Welcome brave Earle into our Territorics,
Command in *Anjou* what your Honor pleases.

Suf. Thankes *Reignier*, happy for so sweet a Childe,

Fit to be made companion with a King :

What answer makes your Grace unto my suite ?

Reig. Since thou dost daine to wooe her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord :

Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine owne, the Country *Maine* and *Anjou*,

Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,

My daughter shall be *Henries*, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransome, I deliver her,
And those two Counties I will undertake
Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I againe in *Henries* Royall name,
As Deputie unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for signe of plighted faith.

Suf. *Reignier* of France, I give thee Kingly thanks,
Because this is in Trafficke of a King.

And yet me thinkes I could be well content

To be mine owne Attourney in this case.

Ile over then to England with this newes,

And make this marriage to be solemniz'd :

So farewell *Reignier*, set this Diamond safe

In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King *Henrie* were he heere.

Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, & praiers,
Shall Suffolke ever have of *Margaret*.

Shee is going.

Suf. Farewell sweet Madam : but hearke you *Margaret*,
No Princely commendations to my King.

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin, and his Servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed,
But Madame, I must trouble you againe,
No loving Token to his Majestie ?

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the King.

Suf. And this withall.

Kisse her.

Mar. That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a King.

Suf. Oh wert thou for my selfe : but *Suffolke* stay,
Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs and ugly Treasons lurke,
Solicite *Henry* with her wondrous praise.
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that surmount,
Mad naturall Graces that extinguish Art,
Repeate their semblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'st to kneele at *Henries* feete,
Thou mayest bereave him of his wits with wonder.

Exit.

Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne.

Shep. Ah *Jone*, this kils thy Fathers heart out-right,
Have I sought every Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death :
Ah *Jone*, sweet daughter *Jone*, Ile die with thee.

Pucel. Decrepit Miser, base ignoble Wretch,
I am descended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out : My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so
I did beget her, all the Parish knowes :
Her Mother liveth yet, can testifie
She was the first fruite of my Bach'ler-ship.

War. Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage ?

Yorke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fye *Jone*, that thou wilt be so obstacle :
God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a teare :
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle *Jone*.

Pucel. Pezant avant. You have suborn'd this man.

Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Priest,
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrle.
Wilt thou not stoope? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativitie: I would the Milke
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'st her brest,
Had been a little Rats-bane for thy sake.
Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a-field,
I wish some ravenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Doeest thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good.

Exit.

Yorke. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First let me tell you whom you have condemn'd;
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
But issued from the Progeny of Kings.
Vertuous and Holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,
To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your lustes,
Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of divels.
No misconceyved, *Jone of Airc* hath beene
A Virgin from her tender infancie,
Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heaven.

Yorke. I, I: away with her to execution.

War. And hearke ye sirs: because she is a Maide,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:

Place barrells of pitch upon the fatall stake,
That so her torture may be shortned.

Puc. Will nothing turne your unrelenting hearts ?
Then *Jone* discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priviledge.
I am with childe ye bloody Homicides,
Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

Tor. Now heaven forfend, the holy Maid with child ?

War. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought.
Is all your strict precisenesse come to this ?

Torke. She and the Dolphin have bin juggling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well go too, we'll have no Bastards live.
Especially since *Charles* must Father it.

Puc. You are deceyv'd, my childe is none of his,
It was *Alanson* that enjoy'd my love.

Torke. *Alanson* that notorious Machevile ?
It dyes, and if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. Oh give me leave, I have deluded you,
'Twas neyther *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that prevayl'd.

War. A married man, that's most intollerable.

Tor. Why here's a Gyrl : I think she knowes not wel
(There were so many) whom she may accuse.

War. It's signe she hath beene liberall and free.

Tor. And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.
Use no intreaty, for it is in vaine.

Pu. Then lead me hence : with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious Sunne reflex his beames
Upon the Countrey where you make abode :
But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death
Inviron you, till Mischeefe and Dispaire,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang your selves.

Exit.

Enter Cardinall.

Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and consume to ashes,
Thou fowle accursed minister of Hell.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greete your Excellence
With Letters of Commission from the King.
For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,
Mov'd with remorse of these out-ragious broyles,
Have earnestly implor'd a generall peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and the aspyring French ;
And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
Approacheth, to conferre about some matter.

Yorke. Is all our travell turn'd to this effect,
After the slaughter of so many Peeres,
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrell have beene overthrowne,
And sold their bodyes for their Countryes benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace ?
Have we not lost most part of all the Townes,
By Treason, Falshood, and by Treacherie,
Our great Progenitors had conquered :
Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foresee with greefe
The utter losse of all the Realme of France.

War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace
It shall be with such strict and severe Covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanson, Bastard, Reigneir.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by your selves,
What the conditions of that league must be.

Yorke. Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce, .
By sight of these our balefull enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus :
That in regard King *Henry* gives consent,
Of meere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Countrey of distressefull Warre,
And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt sweare
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy Regall dignity.

Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority,
Retaine but priviledge of a private man?
This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.

Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am possest
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest un-vanquisht,
Detraet so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe
That which I have, than coveting for more
Be cast from possibility of all.

Yorke. Insulting *Charles*. hast thou by secret meanes
Us'd intercession to obtaine a league,
And now the matter growes to compremize,
Stand'st thou aloofe upon Comparison.
Either accept the Title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To cavill in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one

We shall not finde like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie,
To save your Subjects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly scene
By our proceeding in Hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleasure serves.

War. How sayst thou *Charles* ?
Shall our Condition stand ?

Char. It Shall :
Onely reserv'd, you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Garrison.

Tor. Then sweare Allegiance to his Majesty,
As thou art Knight, never to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now dismisse your Army when ye please :
Hang up your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
For heere we entertaine a solemne peace.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Suffolke in conference with the King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me :
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loves settled passions in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempestuous gustes
Provokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her Renowne,
Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her Love.

Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superficiall tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy praise :

The cheefe perfections of that lovely Dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not so Divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,
She is content to be at your command :
Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,
To Love, and Honor *Henry* as her Lord.

King. And otherwise, will *Henry* ne're presume :
Therefore my Lord Protector, give consent,
That *Marg'ret* may be Englands Royall Queene.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sinne,
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd
Unto another Lady of esteeme,
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your Honor with reproach ?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, having vow'd
'To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Listes
By reason of his Adversaries oddes.
A poore Earles daughter is unequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Gloucester. Why what (I pray) is *Margaret* more then that ?
Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.

Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Jerusalem,
And of such great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in Allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earle of Arminacke may doe,
Because he is neere Kinsman unto *Charles*.

Exet. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,

Where *Reignier* sooner will receyve, than give.

Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abject, base, and poore,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Love.

Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich,
So worthlesse Pezants bargain for their Wives,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Attorney-ship :

Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore Lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth us,

In our opinions she should be prefer'd.
For what is wedlocke forced? but a Hell,
An Age of discord and continuall strife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth blisse,
And is a patterne of Celestiall peace.

Whom should we match with *Henry* being a King,
But *Margaret*, that is daughter to a King :
Her peerelesse feature, joyned with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More then in women commonly is seene)
Will answer our hope in issue of a King.

For *Henry*, sonne unto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of so high resolve,
(As is faire *Margaret*) he be link'd in love.
Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
That *Margaret* shall be Queene, and none but shee.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolke : Or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint

With any passion of inflaming love,
 I cannot tell : but this I am assur'd,
 I feele such sharpe dissention in my breast,
 Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
 As I am sicke with working of my thoughts.
 Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France,
 Agree to any covenants, and procure
 That Lady *Margaret* do vouchsafe to come
 To crosse the Seas to England, and be crown'd
 King *Henries* faithfull and anointed Queene.
 For your expences and sufficient charge,
 Among the people gather up a tenth.
 Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
 I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
 And you (good Uncle) banish all offence :
 If you do censure me, by what you were,
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse
 This sodaine execution of my will.
 And so conduct me, where from company,
 I may resolve and ruminare my greefe.

Exit.

Glo. I greefe I feare me, both at first and last.

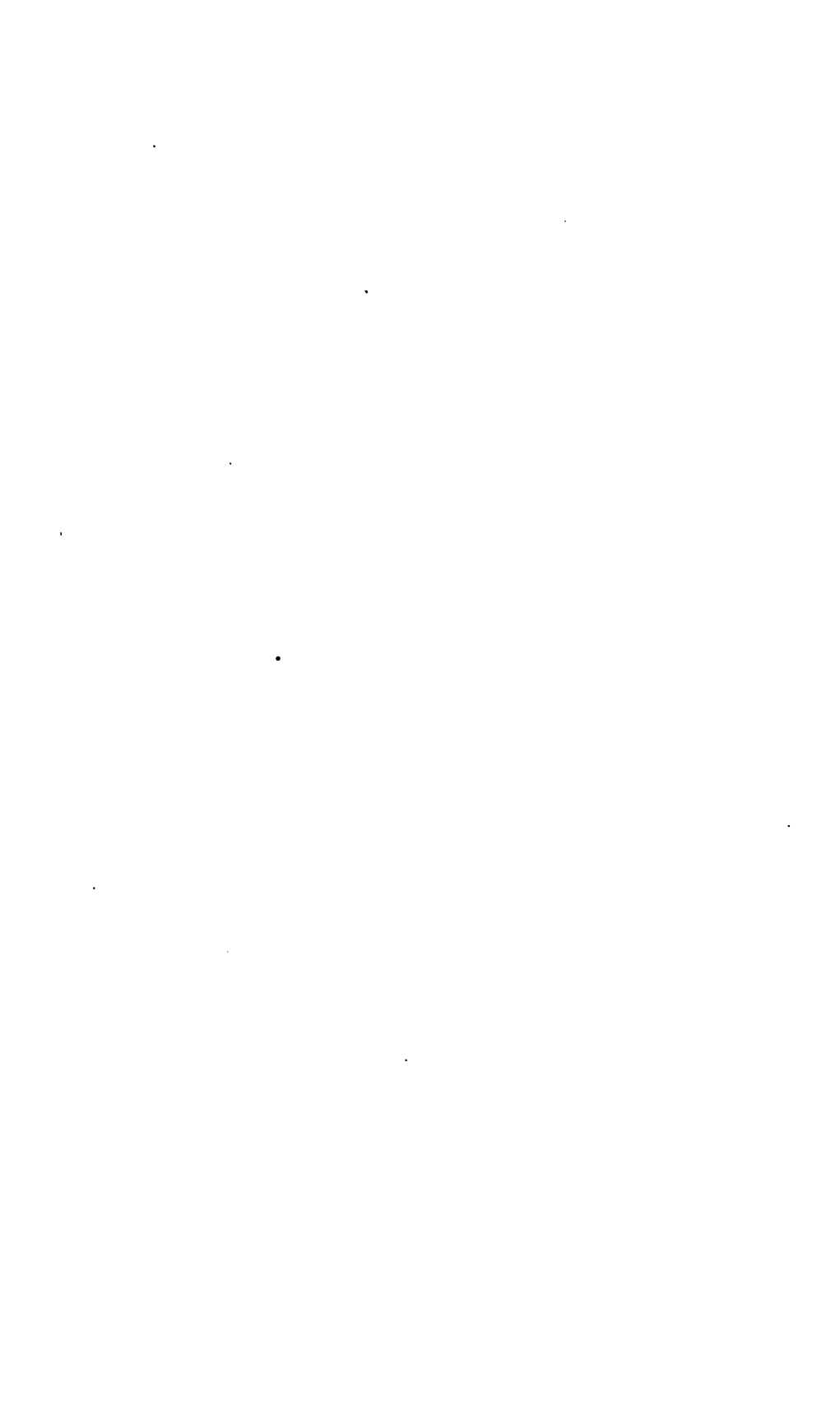
Exit Gloucester.

Suf. Thus Suffolke hath prevail'd, and thus he goes
 As did the youthfull *Paris* once to Greece,
 With hope to finde the like event in love,
 But prosper better than the Trojans did :
Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King :
 But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme.

Exit.

FINIS.





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